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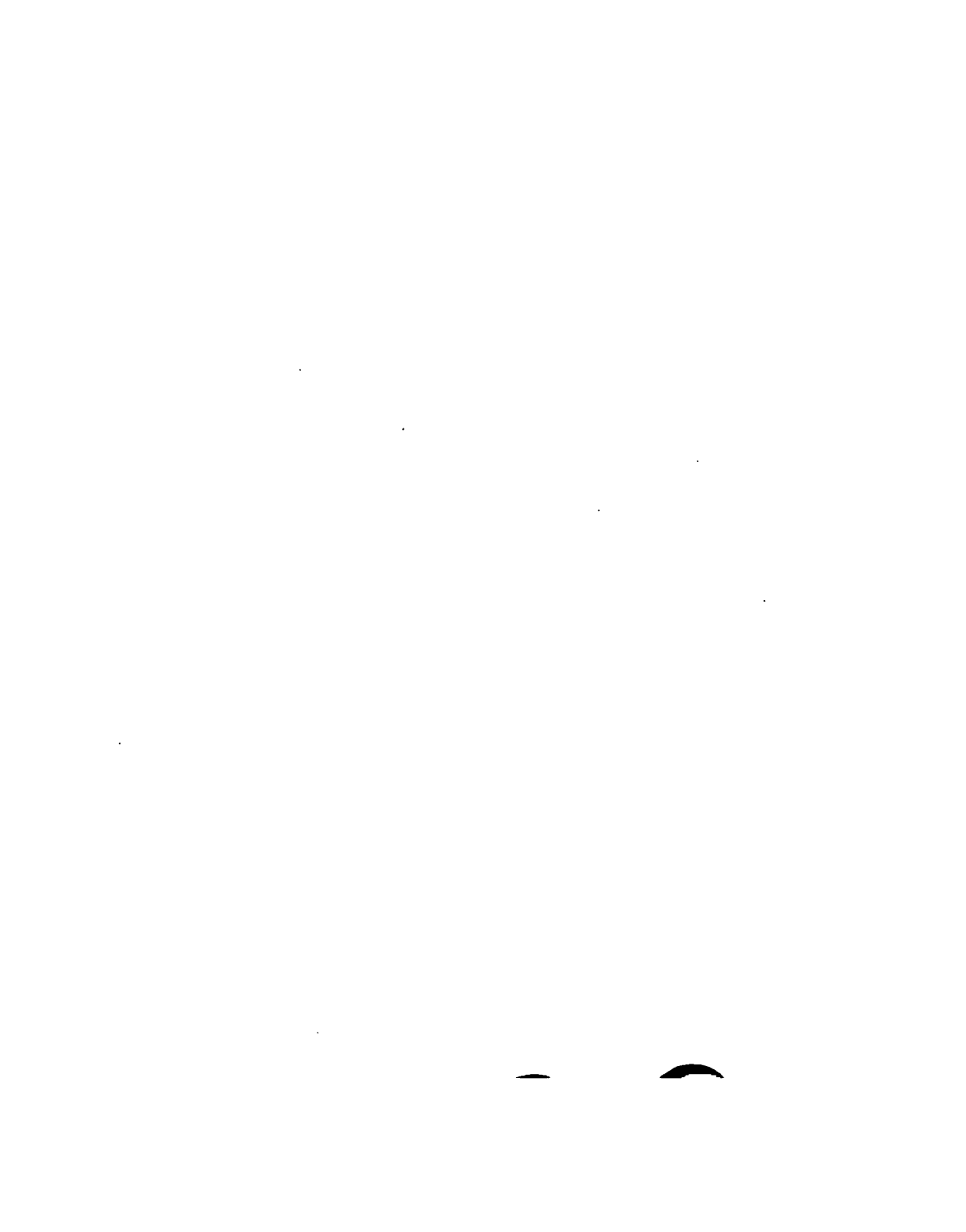
The attention of the teacher is earnestly invited to some suggestions for Phonic Work to be found on and after pages 419 of this book.

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DAYS WITH UNCLE JACK

BY

JOHN W. DAVIS

District Superintendent of Schools, New York City

Part I

FOR FIFTH-YEAR CLASSES

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NOV 23 1914

TO THE TEACHER

The qualities of good reading are: (1) Correct pronunciation; (2) distinct enunciation; (3) clear articulation; (4) proper pitch; and (5) right expression, this including tone, modulation, speed, emphasis, and inflection.

Provided a pupil does not have defective hearing, or a defect in his organs of speech, and is not lacking in the power of concentration, he should be a good reader. If he is not a good reader the fault may be in any one or all of the points laid down.

Proper phonic drill will correct mistakes under the first four heads. Proper understanding of the subject matter read by the pupil should enable him to read with right expression. Sometimes, however, there are pupils who need the help of the teacher in this direction. Then the pupil's faculty of imitation may be brought into play, the teacher reading and the pupil imitating.

1915
AUG
The reading and the allied English work presented for the pupils should not be taken up at the same time, for they are different subjects. It is not intended that the work prescribed at the end of each day should be finished in one lesson. It may take four or five.

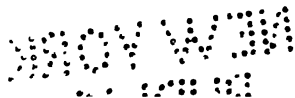
TRANSFER FROM C. D.
The addenda, pp. 419-430, affords much material for the use of pupils who are weak in phonics or tone production.

J. W. D.

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DAYS WITH UNCLE JACK

DAYS WITH UNCLE JACK

FIRST DAY

“Ding!”

“Ding-ding!”

“Ding-ding-ding-ding-ding!”

At the first tap of the engine house bell, there was a scurry of feet within, men came sliding down the poles, while the horses, almost as well trained as the men, jumped into their places.

More quickly than you can read it, almost before the last tapping ceased, the driver was strapped in his seat, the harness was snapped in place, and the apparatus was in the street.

Several people had stopped to see the sight, and among them was a group of six persons, most of whom we have met before.

They were Ben, Belle, May, their father and mother, and their Uncle Jack. They had been down to the pier to see Grandpa off for Europe, and were now on their way back to the hotel at

which they were staying, when they heard the sound of the fire alarm.

The apparatus went flying up the street, the company's dog racing and barking in front of it. Ben, very much excited, exclaimed, "Come on, Father, let's all go to the fire!"

So they followed the crowd as quickly as they could, and in a few minutes they could see smoke and flames coming from some tall tenements.

Getting as close to the fire as they could (which was not very close, for the police had established the fire lines a block in every direction), they watched silently the well-directed work of the firemen.

Suddenly a great cry went up, "Look! look!" and several men pointed to the top of a ladder which leaned against an upper window.

"Oh!" cried Belle, "see the fireman coming down the ladder with a little girl in his arms!"

Sure enough, it was so! And as the smoke blew to one side so that all the crowd saw them, a great cheer went up that drowned the crackle of the flames and the puffing of the engines. And when the fireman reached the ground and handed the child to her anxious mother, another hearty cheer went up. Very soon afterward the fire was under control, and the crowd began to melt away.



A THRILLING FIRE RESCUE

Our group walked slowly along, the children talking excitedly of the dangerous life of the firemen, until May said suddenly: "Father, let's make haste, I'm so hungry."

"Well, my dear," replied her father, "if that's the case, we shall go at once to the hotel. Let us take the car that is coming."

So they boarded the car, and in a quarter of an hour reached their destination.

After luncheon, the family went to their sitting room for a quiet chat. During a lull in the conversation, Uncle Jack opened an afternoon newspaper which he had brought up-stairs with him, saying, "Why, here's an account of the fire we saw this morning! That is certainly quick work."

"What does the paper say about it, Uncle Jack?" asked Belle.

"It says that the fire was caused by a child playing with matches, and that the fire escapes of the tenement house were so cluttered up that they were almost useless. And, further, it says, that on this account many lives would have been lost but for the bravery and skill of the firemen. It seems that we saw only the last one of the many rescues made."

“Why will people cumber the fire escapes? They must know that it is very dangerous,” said Mother.

“It’s the old story,” replied Father. “They are careless or thoughtless, and quite forgetful of the old adage: ‘An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure’.”

“That’s exactly what Chief Guerin says at the close of this article,” said Uncle Jack.

“Won’t you read what the Chief says?” asked Ben.

“Certainly, my boy,” replied Uncle Jack.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Why is the parenthesis used in the eleventh paragraph?

2. **Destination** means the place aimed at; **lull**, quiet, calm; **clutter**, to crowd together in disorder; **cumber**, to load uselessly, to choke up, to clog; **adage**, a proverb, a saying.

Put the proper word in each of the blank spaces following:

An old —— says, “Where there’s a will, there’s a way.” We reached our —— in good time. She was such a careless housekeeper that her rooms were always —— up. Behold, these three years I come

seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down:
why —— eth it the ground? — *Bible*.

3. Supply the missing vowel in each of the following,
and pronounce:

trav – ler

ev – ning

f – ther

harn – ss

appar – tus

re – lly

comp – ny

ten – ments

bus – ness

TO THE TEACHER:

The parenthesis is discussed also on pp. 168, 169, 176,
“Evenings with Grandpa,” Part II.

Phonic review, pp. 419–424.

SECOND DAY

(To be read to the class by the teacher, the pupils having their books open at this page, to follow her.)

What would you do in case of fire? If you were alone in the house and suddenly smelled smoke, or saw it creeping from under the carpet, what would you do? Rush to the telephone, perhaps, seek your valuables, or call in a neighbor. But what *should* you do? The question was taken recently to Chief Guerin of the Fire Prevention Bureau of New York City. If his answer could be so impressed upon our minds as to become "second nature," the horror of uncertainty at such a time could be forever banished. This is his answer:

First of all, run out and send in an alarm. Don't ask Central to give you Fire Headquarters. Don't telephone, even if you know the number, for there are delays in the telephone service. Besides, if you get Headquarters, they have to send your message to the proper district.

So go yourself to the nearest fire box or send a responsible person. Do not wait until you can don the proper attire. Before you rush off, shut the doors of the room that is afire. It takes a remarkably long time for a wooden door to burn through, but an open door allows the fire to cut off avenues of escape. Finally, as you go, shout "Fire!" and so get the place clear of people.

The temptation for the woman alone in the house is to stay and fight the fire, especially if it seems small. This is a great mistake. It is the duty of the Fire Department to put out any fire, no matter how small. Often a fire not thoroughly extinguished will break out in another place later. A trained fireman would have dug out the concealed spark.

In leaving the house or apartment, go *down*, not up, as a general rule. If the fire is severe downstairs, the chances are it will be as bad above. If it is necessary to escape by way of the roof, the best way in an apartment house is to go up by way of the fire escape.

If you are caught in a room that is afire and the exits are for any reason closed off, crawl along the floor, where the air is purest, keeping—if you can get it—a wet cloth to your face. But by all means

get to the window, where you will be seen; and lean out as far as you can with safety.

As you think over these "what you should do's," you see at once that they are dependent upon certain things you *should have* done before that critical moment. You must have the exact address of the nearest fire alarm written down — for memory is a traitor at critical moments — written down, and in a place known to all the family.

Then, too, before you can hope to fight a fire, if the time comes, you must know that *on every floor* there is a pail of water and a long-handled dipper. For without a receptacle to carry water in and hurl it from, all the running water in the house is unavailable. There are no complications about a pail of water, such as there may be about a patent extinguisher; and a pail of water, a dipper, and a cool head is the best extinguisher in the world.

These safeguards are necessary, and equally essential in the whole matter of fire prevention. After you have put out a fire in your house, perhaps in the most cool-headed and perfect manner possible, after the inevitable fright and distress, you constitute yourself a committee of one on investigation of causes, and, finding them, you institute reforms.

Why wait for the fire? It is part of the housekeeper's business to prevent illness in her household by keeping things clean; is it not equally her work to prevent fire by — many things? A monthly inspection of the household should be made to include such activities as these:

1. Inspection of flues. The careful housekeeper knows if her flues smoke or need cleaning, and should act accordingly.

2. Inspection of electric wiring. The "handy man around the house", perhaps in his zeal for a light over his bed, has put additional lights on the electric system and overloaded the circuit. If he has driven nails through the wire into a wooden molding, you have there a short circuit and a fire hazard. The remedy is the advice of a first class electrician.

3. Inspection of gas fixtures. If you find the gas jet, curtain, and draught combination, close up the jet or take down the curtain. If your portable gas stove has a worn out rubber tubing, replace it with an iron one.

4. Inspection of hot ash receivers, which should be metal cans, not wooden boxes; of oily cleaning rags, which should be kept in covered metal cans of some sort; of burned match receivers, which should be metal or clay.

5. Destruction of boxes and barrels of waste material in garret or cellar. It should be against the rules of the house to enter a wardrobe or cellar with a match or candle; this should be done by day or by the light of a pocket electric candle.

6. General carelessness in the kitchen must be warned against, especially the use of kerosene in starting a fire, the hanging of towels over the range, and the use of inflammable cleaning fluids.

7. The particular carelessness of the family smokers must be patiently combated.

8. Finally, the fire escapes should be kept clear. If you live in an apartment and find that your neighbors will not keep their portion of it clear, send a postal to the Tenement House Commissioner reporting the facts. The highest-priced as well as the lowest-priced apartments come under his jurisdiction. And then step boldly out on the escape and try it — up and down; don't wait until you may have to.

REMEMBER!

Before the Fire.

Keep the address of the nearest fire alarm pasted in a prominent place.

Have a pail of water and a dipper on every floor of the house.

Frequently inspect every danger point on the premises.

Plan a definite course of action in case of fire.

In Case of Fire.

Close every door and window in the room where fire breaks out.

Go yourself to the nearest fire alarm box; don't wait to telephone; warn the household as you go.

In general, go DOWN, not UP, to escape from the house.

— The Evening Sun, New York.

“So,” said Father, when Uncle Jack had finished, “the Fire Chief, too, believes in the old adage: ‘An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure’.”

“And rightly, too,” remarked Mother, as she looked at her watch. “But we must not forget that we all have something to do this afternoon. Uncle Jack is going to show you children some of New York’s historic spots, while Father and I are making a call. If we are to sail for Boston tomorrow afternoon, we must make use of every minute if we are to see points of interest.”

“Shall we be able to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Mother?” asked Belle.

“I think so,” was the reply. “What do you think, Uncle Jack?”

“We shall have time for that to-morrow morn-

ing," was the reply. "For our history jaunt there is no time like the present. On with your things, children, and then we'll be off."

They were ready in a few minutes, and off they started, taking a car to the lower part of the city.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Responsible person** is one who can be trusted; **avenue of escape** means a way out; **extinguished**, put out; **critical moment**, important time; **receptacle**, anything that will hold other things; **unavailable**, that cannot be reached; **complications**, mix ups; **inevitable**, that cannot be helped or avoided; **jurisdiction**, authority.
2. Copy the eighth paragraph.
3. Memorize the cautions.

TO THE TEACHER:

Much oral composition should be founded upon Chief Guerin's talk.

Review, pp. 419-424.

THIRD DAY

“Now,” said Uncle Jack, after they had seated themselves in the car, “many of the historic landmarks of this city have been swallowed up in the progress of business. Some, however, are still left, and most of these have been marked by bronze tablets.

“This is the southern end of Broadway,” continued Uncle Jack, as they got off the car. “On the north, it ends at Albany.

“Here is the Custom House. Note that the flag flying over the building shows vertical instead of horizontal stripes. It is the flag of the revenue service.

“On this same site the first fort, called Fort Amsterdam, was begun by the Dutch in 1626. You must not think that the fort was just a rough log house such as the early settlers usually built. Instead, it included several buildings: the Governor’s house, the barracks, the jail, the church, and three grist mills. These were enclosed by a wall



. . . FORT AMSTERDAM, BEGUN BY THE DUTCH IN 1626

and the whole enclosure was called Fort Amsterdam.

“It was on the ramparts of this wall that Governor Peter Stuyvesant, years later, stormed up and down, swearing that he’d die before he’d surrender to the British who were threatening the little city.”

“Oh, Uncle Jack, I know about him!” said Belle. “I think they called him Peg-top Peter.”

“Yes, that’s the man,” said Uncle Jack. “He had only one leg. . . . Well, he did surrender — without dying — and the British changed the name to Fort James, and later, to Fort George. The name of the town was also changed to New York.

“And here in front of the Custom House, at the starting point of Broadway, is Bowling Green. Everybody remembers that the Dutchmen enjoyed

the game of bowls here, but not that it was the heart of the old Dutch town. As Ullmann says:

“‘There the children played, there the youths and maidens danced around the May pole, there the soldiers paraded, and there on Sundays the country wagons were gathered while the people were at church. There, too, after a bloody war with the Indians, a great assembly of chiefs took place, the pipe of peace was smoked, and the tomahawk buried as a sign of peace.’

“Now let us walk up to the City Hall Park. This used to be known as The Common, and it has a history quite as interesting and important as the Boston Common, and for the same general reason, — trouble between the Americans and the British soldiers.

“Over on the Broadway side, somewhere between Warren and Chambers Streets, the Sons of Liberty, organized to resist the obnoxious Stamp Act, set up a liberty pole. The British soldiers came at night and chopped it down. Another was set up and that was chopped down, too — then a third and a fourth.”

“I say, Uncle Jack,” said Ben, “I should like to be a Son of Liberty, if there were any nowadays.”

“So long as you are fighting the wrong, Ben,

you are a present-day Son of Liberty. To go on:

“Then Isaac Sears and a companion caught the soldiers — the morning after the fourth pole was chopped down — posting up bills that were offensive to the Sons of Liberty. This started a fight. More soldiers came up to help. The Mayor called upon the soldiers to disperse. They retreated, followed by the citizens. When they reached what is now the corner of John and William Streets the soldiers were reinforced by the Sixteenth Foot. But the citizens persisted in their attack. The soldiers fired, and *here*, not in King Street, Boston, was shed the first blood of the Revolution. The Battle of Golden Hill (though many do not dignify it with the name of ‘battle’) occurred on January 17, 1770, two months before the Boston massacre. A tablet in the corridor of the Post Office commemorates the event.

“Some say that it was on this Common that Nathan Hale was executed as a spy. That statue just east of the City Hall is to his memory. On its base you may see inscribed his last words:

MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I HAVE BUT ONE LIFE
TO GIVE FOR MY COUNTRY

“The best authorities, however, agree that the Common was not the scene of the martyr’s death,

but that the hanging occurred somewhere near what is now First Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, then called Turtle Bay,—a deep notch in the rocky shore extending from Fortieth to Forty-eighth Streets. Many hangings of lawbreakers and political prisoners did occur on the Common, however.

“I regret that we have not time to go over to Brooklyn to see a monument in Prospect Park. It commemorates the courage of a little group of Maryland men at the battle of Long Island. They held the British at bay—though it cost them their lives—until the American army had made its escape.

“I should like, too, to take you up to Pell’s Point in the Bronx. An important battle was fought there in October, 1776. We had but seven hundred and fifty men, and the British had four thousand. The fight lasted all day, our men fighting from behind the stone walls on each side of the road. We lost six killed and thirteen wounded. The British loss in killed, wounded, and missing was almost a thousand men, nearly as great as their loss at Bunker Hill, where they lost one thousand and fifty-four men, a number almost equal to the attacking party.

“And near Pell’s Point is Hunt’s Point, where is
buried a great American poet. If you will sit
down on this bench, I will tell you his story of

THE AMERICAN FLAG.”

When freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o’er the brave;
When death careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside’s reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o’er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

— *Joseph Rodman Drake*

“And now,” concluded Uncle Jack, “we must go back to the hotel. It is almost time for dinner, and we must not keep Father and Mother waiting for us.”

“No. That wouldn't be right, would it, Uncle Jack?” said May, as they got on the car.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the first stanza of “The American Flag.”
2. Make a list of the adjectives on page 19.
3. **Bronze** is an alloy (mixture) of copper, tin, and zinc; **vertical** means upright, plumb; **revenue**, the money yield of taxes, excise, customs, duties, etc., which a government receives into the public treasury; **citizen**, here an inhabitant of the city; **azure**, blue; **baldric**, a broad belt, worn over one shoulder, across the breast, and under the opposite arm; **symbol**, emblem; **careering**,

moving rapidly; **reeling**, staggering, walking unsteadily;
welkin, the sky; **dome**, the vault of heaven.

TO THE TEACHER:

Note that *I should like* is used frequently in this series of readers. This is done to help correct a very common error,— the use of *I would like*. *I would like* is never right. A little reflection will show why. The same remarks apply to these interrogatives of *like*: *should you like* is correct; *would you like* is incorrect.

Review pp. 419–424.

FOURTH DAY

Next morning everybody was up bright and early, for there was much to see and little time to see it in, before the steamer sailed in the afternoon for Boston.

So busy sightseeing was every one, that there was but little conversation until after they had reached the steamer.

As soon as they went on board, their things were put into their staterooms, and then the six went to the upper deck where they might see, as well as talk.

At exactly five o'clock, the *Priscilla* (for that was the name of their steamer) moved out of the dock. In a few minutes she had passed the Battery and was making her way very rapidly up the East River.

"How far is it to Boston, Uncle Jack?" asked May.

"Three hundred and thirty-seven miles," was the reply.



Courtesy of New England Steamship Co.

. . . SHE . . . WAS MAKING HER WAY UP THE EAST RIVER

“Oh, that’s very far, isn’t it! How many days will it take us to get there?” asked May.

“We should be there about eight-thirty to-morrow morning,” said Uncle Jack with a meaning smile.

“Oh, that isn’t very long,” said May, laughing at her mistake.

“By the way, children,” said Mother at this point, “I have heard nothing yet about your visit to the Metropolitan Museum, this morning. What pictures did you see, and which did you like best?. Let May speak first.”

“I liked the Franz Hals very much, Mother,” said May, “and the Rembrandts.”

“And you, Belle?”

"I enjoyed most of all looking at the paintings of de Hooch and Vermeer van Delft, Mother."

"And Ben, what about you?"

"There were several Landseers. I like Landseer, — and Rembrandt, too."

"You show good taste, children. In a day or two, you will have a chance to look at the pictures in the Boston Museum."

"We shall enjoy that too, Mother," said Ben.

"But look!" continued Ben, pointing to the shore on the left. "There is another engine going to a fire. If you look through the glasses you can see it better. I can see a large dog running in front of the engine, too," he added, handing the glasses to Belle.

"Oh, where? where?" cried both girls together.

"Over there, over there!" replied Ben excitedly, shaking his right forefinger energetically towards the shore.

"Oh, yes, I see," said Belle, handing the glasses to May. "Does every engine own a dog, Uncle Jack?"

"Most of them do, I think," replied he. "Should you like to hear a true story about an engine dog? One told by himself, I mean."

"I should like it very much," replied May.



Frans Hals, 1580-1666

Amsterdam

A MERRY SERENADER

"And I, too," said Belle.

"And I, also, Uncle Jack," said Ben.

"Well, here is the story. Now, make believe that I am the dog:"

SMOKE *

THE STORY OF A FIRE DOG

(Told by Himself)

Jim Kelly's little girl Ellen came in with his dinner about twelve o'clock. As soon as Jim took the pail from her hands and kissed her, she ran over to me and began to say nice things, so I kissed her on her nose.

"Let him alone!" Jim yelled to Ellen. "He's been bad."

Ellen pulled back from me, and I ran to Mamie's stall and got comfortably between Mamie's hind legs. I knew she wouldn't budge as long as I was there, so I moved up after a little while to her front legs. She reached down and nosed me and told me things would be all right after a bit. There are plenty of fine human beings, but there isn't one born yet that is as good a friend to a fire dog as a fire horse is.

* Copyright, May, 1913, by the *American Magazine*, and used by permission.

I tucked down close to Mamie's left hoof and listened.

"What's the matter with Smoke?" I heard Ellen ask her daddy.

"Violating the rules and regulations again," he said. "I had to beat him this morning, and I'll beat him every time he does it."

Ellen looked as if she were going to cry, but her father didn't notice it, as he was swallowing a can of hot soup. It smelled good to me.

"I brought Smoke two bones, Pop," said Ellen, after watching for a while.

"That's all right," said Jim. "Leave them with me."

Ellen began to whimper, and so I whimpered, and Mamie got uneasy and kicked the side of the stall.

It looked as if we were all in disgrace. The only thing we had to be thankful for was the weather. The engine-house doors were wide open, and a cool breeze swept through the stalls.

Bing!

The chain in front of Mamie dropped. The gong was sounding our call on a third alarm, and the men came shooting down the brass pole like lightning, one on top of the other.

Jim grabbed Ellen and tossed her into a corner as he dropped his dinner can.

Mamie was under the harness, in the center, in one half-second, her collar snapped tight, and she ready to make the big lunge that would start us all off. Prince, just as white as Mamie, and Togo, looking like a snow horse, flanked her, and they began slapping the floor with their iron shoes to get the right feel of it for the start.

Number Sixty-four is the heaviest engine in the Department, and there isn't anything in New York can excel our team, — Prince on the left, Mamie in the middle, and Togo on the right.

The second alarm had sounded twenty minutes before, and when the third came to call us out, we knew that there was a big fire to fight, and that it had got beyond the companies already at work.

The fire was down in the oil-and-paint section below the old Brooklyn Bridge. If it was a paint house, that meant sore eyes for everybody, — firemen, horses, policemen and dogs. Paint-smoke cuts like a knife, and the more water you pour on bursting barrels and cans, the worse it is.

Jim's Ellen was safe in the corner, and stood there without fidgeting. There isn't any fireman's little girl afraid of the noise and rush when we make

the start. Jim was up in the driver's seat with the reins in his hands, and leaning over Mamie's big white back.

I ran out and cleared the way for the engine. I barked as loudly as I could, and started the Fulton Street peddlers running for cover. I nipped one of the slow ones on the heel, and he yelled. All the truck-drivers heard me and pulled in to the curbs; and that part of my job was done, and done well. All my folks were in the fire department, and my grandmother Blaze had a reputation when she died, believe me. Her picture hangs on the wall in the Commissioner's office at Headquarters.

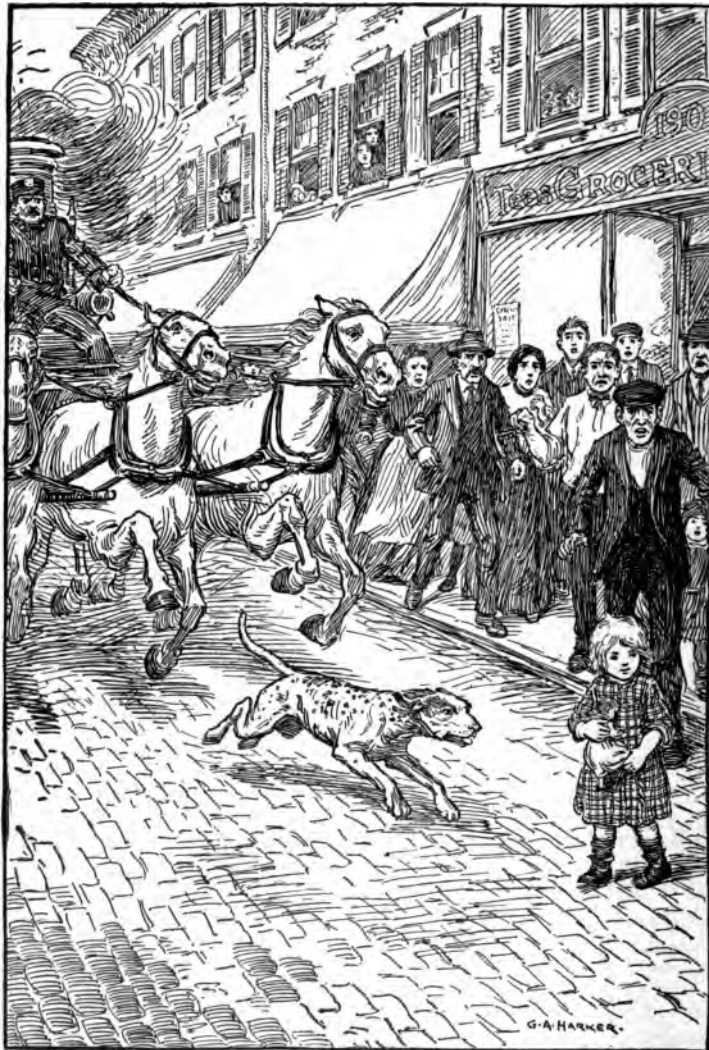
We had a down grade on Fulton Street to William, and our team was good and fresh. We made some fast time and turned north on William. I was keeping close to Mamie's nose all along the first stretch, but I knew what a mean street William is. The cross streets are so narrow and close together that any minute a truck might roll out in front of us. So I spread myself and took a half-block lead on Number Sixty-four.

At Beekman Street I got the sting of the paint-smoke, and saw that the blaze was down near Pearl. I turned east, barking like mad, and sending all the people and vehicles out of the middle of

the road. Jim brought the steamer around the sharp corner with a rush and without touching the stand-pipe or the curb. There isn't a man in the uniform can beat Jim for handling a team and engine as big as ours. He keeps a whip in the socket, but only because the regulations say to keep one. If the regulations told him to drive with one eye shut, he would shut one eye. That's Jim. He's got red hair, and he sticks to the regulations.

I saw him twist his mouth down in the corner, and I knew he was jollying Mamie about being slow. The old girl spread out a little. Prince was slow, and she turned her pink nose around as she pulled away, and nipped him on the jaw. The old man came to life and began to work harder. Togo never thinks of anything but getting to a fire, so Mamie couldn't find fault with his work.

Number Sixty-four was coming down the Beekman Street grade to Pearl faster than any engine ever went over a street in this big town of New York, and so I quickly increased my distance, knowing there would be danger. The big engine belched and screamed as she came along, and the bell of the hose-wagon behind her kept banging away. But all of it didn't count for much. The



I JUMPED FOR THAT BABY . . .

elevated trains over Pearl Street and the big grind of the bridge trains above them would drown any kind of noise. The breeze was blowing from the river, and the smoke got thicker as we ran along.

I could see Jim's eyes watching me over Mamie's white ears as they went up and down, for he depended on me to keep the way clear for him. I wheeled every two bounds to make sure that things were right in both directions. Suddenly Jimmie stood up and began sawing on the reins. I turned a half somersault to look for the trouble and, great Cerberus, if there wasn't a baby no bigger than myself toddling out in the street!

The baby was about five feet from the curb and just getting under way to cross the street. About four steps more and it would have been right in line for death. Everybody on the sidewalks was watching the big engine come down the grade, and the little one was so small that nobody noticed her. There was only one thing to do and I did it. I jumped for that baby and hit it right in the breast with all my weight. It screamed and fell back on the curb. Number Sixty-four had plenty of room, and I saw Jim settle back slowly in his seat and lean over Mamie's back again with a grin on his face.

"Oh, I *am* so glad the baby was saved!" exclaimed May as Uncle Jack finished.

"Smoke was a splendid dog, Uncle," said Ben.

Just then they heard music. The deck orchestra had begun its concert. It had played but a few bars when Uncle Jack said:

"Well, well! What a curious coincidence!"

"What, Uncle?" exclaimed the children.

"Why, here we are talking about one dog, and the orchestra is making music about another."

OLD DOG TRAY

Arr. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. The morn of life is past And ev'n-ing comes at last,
2. The forms I called my own Have van-ish-ed one by one,
3. When tho'ts re - call the past His eyes are on me cast,



It brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of
The loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way; Their
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al -



mer - ry forms I've seen Up - on the vil - lage green, —
hap - py smiles have flown, Their gen - tle voi - ces gone, I've
tho' he can - not speak, I'll vain - ly, vain - ly, seek A

CHORUS



Sport-ing with my old dog Tray. Old dog Tray's ev - er
 noth-ing left but old dog Tray.
 bet-ter friend than old dog Tray.

faith-ful, Grief cannot drive him a-way; He's gen-tle, he is kind,

I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Coincidence** means a falling together, two or more events occurring at the same time.

The prefix *fore* means *before*; as, *fore-tell*, to tell before. Analyze and define: *forenoon*, *forerunner*, *foresee*, *forewarn*, *foresight*, *forethought*.

2. Use each of the following phrases in a declarative sentence: *from whom*, *to whom*, *by whom*, *between you and me*, *between her and me*, *between him and me*.

3. Change each declarative sentence into an interrogative sentence.

TO THE TEACHER:

Review work, pp. 419-424.

FIFTH DAY

As they sailed up the Sound, the children noticed the many lights along the shore, to guide the sailor on his way.

"What light is that, Uncle?" asked Ben, pointing forward.

"You mean the one on the port side?" was Uncle Jack's reply.

"I mean the one on the left-hand side, Uncle."

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "on board ship, the left-hand side looking forward is port, the right hand side, starboard. Now, which is it, port or starboard?"

"On the port side, Uncle Jack."

"That is Execution Rock Light, Ben, flashing white with a flashing red sector. Some day after we get home I may tell you a story about this light. I well remember seeing it while on my first cruise after I was graduated from the Naval Academy, and having this kind of light impressed on my mind by an older officer."

"Are there many kinds of lights, Uncle?" asked Belle.

"Yes, there are at least thirteen different kinds: fixed, flashing, white, and red, and combinations of these. Our coasts, inland and sea, are probably the best lighted in the world. For instance, here on the starboard side is Sand's Point Light, fixed white. A few miles farther on, on the port side, is a fixed white light on Great Captain's Island. Every few miles there is a light. In addition to all these, the government places bell buoys and whistling buoys to mark shoals."

"And do sailormen have to know where all these lights are?" asked May.

"That is part of our business," was Uncle Jack's reply.

"How do they light the buoys, and how are they made to whistle?" questioned Ben.

"Suppose I tell you about a combined whistling and gas buoy that is on our route?" replied Uncle Jack.

"Oh, that's just what I should like to hear about," said May.

"Shouldn't you like to hear about it, too, Belle?" asked Ben.

"Indeed, I should very much like to hear how

they get the gas into the buoy," was Belle's reply.

"There is such a buoy off Point Judith," continued Uncle Jack, "almost halfway between New York and Boston."

"Can't we see it as we go by, Uncle?" asked May.

"You could if you were on deck, May. But



Courtesy of Bureau of Lighthouses.

POINT JUDITH WHISTLING AND GAS BUOY

when we pass it, you'll be below, fast asleep, as it will be about midnight," was the reply.

"You will have to be satisfied with hearing about it and not seeing it, May," said Ben.

"This buoy is really a lighthouse in the sea," Uncle Jack went on. "It is very tall, and it has a powerful light and whistle. It is moored in eight

and a half fathoms of water, a mile and a quarter off Point Judith Lighthouse, at one of the most dangerous points in a stretch of coast where navigation is most difficult in bad weather. The whistle is operated by the action of the sea, the extreme height of the buoy making it respond to the slightest swell. It carries an acetylene light which flashes automatically every five seconds, day and night, the large storage chamber holding enough carbide to operate it for several months without recharging."

"Carbide of what, Uncle?" asked Ben.

"Calcium carbide, which when brought into contact with water sets free a gas that burns with an intense white light," was the reply. "It is much used in country places as well, because of its cheapness and the ease with which it can be manufactured."

"Is it as bright as moonlight?" asked May.

"It's a different kind of light, May. The moon gives a soft and mellow light. As it's almost time to go to bed, suppose I tell you what a great English poet once said of the moon and night?" added Uncle Jack.

And May replied for all: "Please do. We should very much like to hear it."

So Uncle Jack repeated the following lines:

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

— *Southey*

Just as Uncle Jack had finished, along came Father and Mother. They had been chatting with some friends whom they had found sitting amidships. They stopped, and Mother said:

“You look as if you had been having a good time. It’s time, though, for little folks to turn in. Go to bed, get your beauty sleep, and tumble out bright and early in the morning.”

“And if you come up on deck first thing in the morning, you will find me here,” said Uncle Jack.

“All right,” said the youngsters as they went below, with a merry “Good night, all.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Buoy** (*buoi or boi*) is derived from a Latin word meaning to *fetter* or *chain*; so called because a buoy is chained to its place; a float moored to the bottom to indicate a shallow place or a ledge. **Combinations** means mixtures; **route**, (*rōōt or rout*), road, path, or way; **automatically** means acting by itself; **sector**, that part of a circle enclosed by two radii and the arc of the circumference marked off by these radii.

2. Copy and learn the first stanza of the quotation from Southey (*sowth'ī or suth'ī*),

TO THE TEACHER:

The development of the word *buoy* suggests an interesting lead. It is from the old French *boie*, a fetter, which came from the Latin *boia*, a halter (of ox-hide), and this in turn came from *bos*, an ox.

It would be well to illustrate *sector* on the Bb.

SIXTH DAY

Bright and early the next morning, the children were on deck, but Uncle Jack was there before them.

"Good morning, children," said he. "I hope you had a good night's rest."

"Good morning, Uncle Jack," said the three. "We were awakened some time in the night by the blowing of the steamer's whistle," Ben continued.

"Yes. We passed through a fog bank about seven bells last night. The quartermaster was blowing our whistle to warn other craft of our approach," said Uncle Jack.

"What time is seven bells, Uncle?" asked May.

"Oh, pardon me, children. I forgot for the moment that you didn't understand our nautical tongue.

"Time is reckoned on shipboard by bells, from one to eight. Half-past twelve, for instance, is one bell, and for each additional half hour we add another bell. Twelve o'clock, four o'clock, and

eight o'clock are each called eight bells. So seven bells last night must have been half-past eleven o'clock."

"Oh, it makes my head ache! It's as bad as the nine times multiplication table, Uncle Jack," said May.

"Oh, no. It's very easy, child, when you understand it. Let me show you," said he. Taking a piece of paper and a lead pencil out of his pocket, he put down the following, the children watching him intently:

1 bell	4:30 A. M.	8:30 A. M.	12:30 P. M.
2 bells	5:00 "	9:00 "	1:00 "
3 "	5:30 "	9:30 "	1:30 "
4 "	6:00 "	10:00 "	2:00 "
5 "	6:30 "	10:30 "	2:30 "
6 "	7:00 "	11:00 "	3:00 "
7 "	7:30 "	11:30 "	3:30 "
8 "	8:00 "	12:00 M.	4:00 "

"Oh, that's easy, Uncle Jack. I understand it now," said May.

"Isn't it a beautiful morning, Uncle Jack!" exclaimed Belle.

"Yes. But you should have been here when I first came on deck, children. I saw the most

beautiful sunrise, — the forerunner of a pleasant day, I hope. Many a morning such as this have I seen when at sea. To tell the truth, it makes me feel as if I should like to get back into a uniform and go to sea for Uncle Sam, once more. Like the poet, I feel a

LONGING FOR THE SEA."*

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and
the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sail's shaking,
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the sea-
gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy
life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's
like a whetted knife;

*From "The Story of a Round House," by John Masefield. Copyright,
1912, by The Macmillan Company.

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow
rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
over.

There was silence for a few minutes, broken by Uncle Jack exclaiming: "Here come Father and Mother to take us down to breakfast! By the time we shall have finished, it will be about time to go ashore, for we are just abreast of the Boston Lightship, and that is nineteen miles from our pier."

So everybody went down to breakfast.

When they came on deck again, they found that the boat had been made fast to the pier.

A hasty trip to their staterooms to secure their hand baggage, and then our party went ashore, got into a taxi-cab, and were on their way to the hotel.

"At what hotel shall we stay?" asked Mother.

"When I come to Boston I like to stay at 'The Hotel'," said Father.

And soon they were at "The Hotel."

"And now," said Mother, after they had been shown to their rooms, "I must do some shopping. I will take the girls with me, and you men folks may go off together."

"And where do I go, Mother?" asked Ben.

“With the men, of course,” laughingly replied his mother.

“All right,” replied Father. “What shall we do, Jack?”

“I should like to do whatever Ben wishes,” was Uncle Jack’s reply.

“What should you like to do, Ben?” was the next inquiry.

“I should like to go to Fenway Park to see the ball game. Boston and New York play to-day, and we ought to see a good game,” said Ben, who always knew his own mind.

So the women folks went shopping, and the men folks went to the ball game. . . .

At dinner that night, Belle asked Ben how he had enjoyed the game.

“It was a great game,” he replied. “The best I ever saw, I think. Don’t you think so, Uncle Jack?”

“It certainly was a good game, there is no doubt of that. But you haven’t told Belle a thing about it, yet, Ben,” said Uncle Jack.

“That is true, — I haven’t. You see, Belle, it was this way. The Bostons made two triple plays in the game, which they won 6 to 3.”

“How many innings did they play?” asked Belle.

"Nine," was the reply.

"And how were the triple plays made?" asked Belle.

"Well," replied Ben, "the first triple play was made when the catcher scooped up a bunt, there being three on bases, touched home plate and retired men at second and first. The other triple play was when the shortstop caught a liner and then threw to the third baseman, the latter fielding the ball to first."

"Oh!" said Mother, "that puzzles me as much as the multiplication table puzzles May. Let us talk about something I understand."

"Very well," replied Father. "Suppose we talk of some of the historic places we ought to see while we are in Boston."

"I should like to see the place where they had the Boston Tea Party, first of all," said Belle. "We were studying about it just before school closed."

"That is close at hand, and we can see it first thing to-morrow morning," said Uncle Jack, as they rose from the table and walked to the elevator to go up to their rooms.

They were soon comfortably seated in their sitting room. Then Uncle Jack got out his guide book, from which he read:



THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

The “Tea Party Wharf” was near the western line of the present *Atlantic Avenue*, close by Pearl Street. The tablet which we see on the avenue front of the building occupying the northern corner of the two streets marks the site as nearly as possible. The inscription, beneath the model of a tea ship, tells the story of the party thus:

Here formerly stood

GRIFFIN'S WHARF

at which lay moored on Dec. 16, 1773, three
British ships with cargoes of tea. To defeat
King George's trivial but tyrannical tax
of three-pence a pound, about ninety
citizens of Boston, partly disguised
as Indians, boarded the ships,

threw the cargoes, three hundred and forty-two chests
in all, into the sea,
and made the world
ring with the patriotic
exploit of the
BOSTON TEA PARTY.

*No, ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor.*

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Nautical, marine, naval, pertaining to ships; **quartermaster**, a petty officer who attends to the helm, compass, flags, etc.; **trivial** means trifling, petty, commonplace; **exploit**, a deed or act; **arbor**, a shelter of vines or branches, made for shade; **quaffed**, drank.

2. *A. M.* means *ante meridian*, *ante* meaning before, and *meridian*, noon. Is there any difference in meaning between *ante meridian* and *forenoon*? *Post* means after. What does *post meridian*, or *P. M.*, mean?

Analyze the following in this way — *Post meridian* = post, after; *meridian*, midday; *P. M.* = after midday; *Postpone* (*pone* = put); *postscript* (*script* = written); *postlude* (*lude* = play).

3. Write in a column the 13th group of adjectives,

page 429. Consult your dictionary, and after each adjective write its antonym.

TO THE TEACHER:

In Trench, "On the Study of Words", Lecture VII, will be found a paragraph on *trivial* and *rival* that it would be well to read to your class. It may be found on p. 322, Macmillan edition of 1892.

Work of the kind given in Exercise 2 may lead to a desire on the part of the pupil to know something of the derivation of English words, and simple explanations given by the teacher may prove an incentive which will lead him to study the words he uses.

SEVENTH DAY

"Now, children," said Uncle Jack the next day after breakfast, "we four are to go sight-seeing to-day, while your mother and father are visiting a friend in Brookline."

"Where are we going first, Uncle Jack?" asked Belle.

"Let us go to Concord first, returning by way of Lexington, and stopping at Cambridge on our way in. Later we can go to see the Bunker Hill Monument."

Off the party started, reaching Concord in due time. Here they went first to the battle ground. They found seats from which the bridge could be seen, and Uncle Jack recited for the children Emerson's poem:

THE CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson*

After they had seen all that was to be seen at the battle ground, they went to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where Hawthorne, Emerson, Thoreau, and Louisa M. Alcott are buried. After a little time at the graves, it was time to start on the return journey, if they were to get back in good season. So they boarded a trolley car for Lexington. Here, too, they found so much of interest that Uncle Jack had hard work to persuade the children to leave. Finally he said:

“Let us find the boulder that marks the spot

where the minute-men stood, and then we simply must go."

"All right," said Ben. "But where is it?"

"It is near the bronze statue of a farmer with a gun in his hand," was the reply.

"Oh, there it is," said May, pointing to the statue.



AWAKING THE MINUTE-MAN

They walked over to the bowlder, on which were inscribed the words of Captain Parker: "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they mean to have a war, let them have it here."

After reading the inscription, Ben said: "I should like to copy that, Uncle. May I take the time?"

"Certainly, Ben. We surely have time for that," was the reply.

After Ben had finished (he made a copy for Belle, too), they took the car for Cambridge.

"In Cambridge," said Uncle Jack, "we can see some of the buildings of Harvard University, and we can also take a look at the Longfellow house, on Brattle Street. You will remember that Longfellow was for many years a professor in Harvard."

An hour was spent in rambling around. Then the quartette went to the State House to see the historic codfish in the Chamber of Representatives. A trolley trip to the Bunker Hill Monument completed the day.

At dinner, there was much talk among the children about what they had seen during the day and what was to be seen on the following day,—Faneuil Hall, King's Chapel, Old South Church, and other points of interest.

"But," said Father, interrupting the conversation, "we are to spend the week end at 'The Wayside Inn.' Uncle Jack has asked us to be his guests there. And how you are going to be in two places at once, Boston and Sudbury, passes my

comprehension," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

"But, Father, we can't be in two places at the same time," said May. "That's impossible."

"If that is the case, May, then we shall have to go to Sudbury," said Father, smiling.

"Won't that be fun!" exclaimed Belle.

"When are we to start?" asked Ben.

"To-morrow morning we leave for Sudbury town," was Uncle Jack's answer.

"I am sorry the children cannot see some of the pictures in the Museum of Fine Arts, Father. There is a very good de Hooch. There is also a Franz Hals I should like them to see," said Mother.

"We shall have to take another day for sight-seeing," was Father's reply. "We shall come back to Boston on our way to visit Cape Cod."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried Ben, dancing around. "We are going to Cape Cod, too! Plenty of good swimming and good fishing! Oh, what fun we are going to have, Belle!"

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Write the following phrases:

historic landmarks

Bunker Hill

Trinity Church

violating rules

Sons of Liberty	curious coincidence
acetylene light	automatic buoy
dewy freshness	Harvard University
amplifier hospitality	phantom ship

2. Copy and memorize the first stanza of Emerson's poem.

3. Votive means given in fulfillment of a vow. Here, it means that the stone will perpetuate the memory of our forefathers' deeds long after the next generation has gone.

TO THE TEACHER:

Let the phonic work be the distinct enunciation and proper pronunciation of Exercise 1.

Test the pupils' knowledge of "The Concord Hymn."

In all religions, in all ages, votive offerings have been made. It might be well to tell the class about some of the votive offerings of pagan and Biblical times.

EIGHTH DAY

It is but twenty miles from Boston to Sudbury by rail, and a drive of two miles more from the station to the house made immortal by Longfellow in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The time passed so quickly that it seemed as if the party had but just started when they arrived, and were made welcome by the genial host, Mr. Lemon, who told them that they might go anywhere they pleased about the house; so they went

"Round about,
And in and out,"

looking at the quaint and curious relics of colonial days.

While looking through the old kitchen, May came across something that puzzled her. She had never seen anything like it before.

"What is it?" she asked Uncle Jack.

"A bed-warmer," replied he. "In the old days the bedrooms were not heated. Just before going



Courtesy of Mr. E. R. Lemon, Sudbury, Mass.

THE WAYSIDE INN AT SUDBURY, MASS.

to bed, one would put live coals into the receptacle at one end, close the cover, and then put the bed-warmer between the sheets. Now, by means of that long handle, whoever was making the bed ready to sleep in, would move the warmer to and fro, thus making the bed warm. One could then go to bed without danger of freezing almost to death, as would happen if one crept into an unwarmed bed."

Later in the day, as they were looking through the parlor, Uncle Jack called their attention to an interesting letter, hanging on the wall. Here is a copy, made by Belle:

Rome, [Italy], July 4, 1898.*

Mr. Edward R. Lemon, Sudbury, Mass.

DEAR SIR: In answer to your letter of June the 8th I am delighted to learn that you have purchased the dear old house and "carefully restored and put it back in its old time condition." I sincerely hope that it may remain thus for a long time as a memento of the days and customs gone by.

It is very sad for me to think that I am the only living member of that happy company that used to spend their Summer vacation there in the fifties; yet, I still hope that I may visit the old Inn once more before I rejoin those choise [sic] spirits whom Mr. Longfellow has immortalized in his great Poem.

I am glad that some of the old residents still remember me when I was a visitor there, with Dr. Parsons (the poet) and his sisters, one of whom, my wife, is also the only [other] living member of those that used to assemble there.

Both my wife and I remember well Mr. Calvin Howe, Mr. Parmenter and the others you mention, for we spent many summers with Prof. Treadwell (the theologian) and his wife, Mr. Henry W. Wales (the student) and other visitors not mentioned in the Poem, till the death of Mr. Lyman Howe (the landlord) which broke up the party.

* Used by permission of Mr. Edward R. Lemon.

The "musician" and the "Spanish Jew," though not imaginary characters, were never guests at the "Wayside Inn."

Sincerely yours,

(*signed*) LUIGI MONTI

(The young Sicilian).

No sooner had Belle finished her copying, than it was time for dinner. After dinner Mr. Lemon invited the party into the office, where they seated themselves comfortably. Uncle Jack then suggested that Mr. Lemon read the *Landlord's Tale*, adding that he himself would read the *Prelude*. Mr. Lemon being willing, Uncle Jack began:

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

One Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves,
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,

Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,



Courtesy of Mr. E. R. Lemon, Sudbury, Mass.

THE PARLOR OF THE INN

And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low.

It was now Mr. Lemon's turn, and he read:

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade —
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,



. . . A SECOND LAMP IN THE BELFRY BURNS

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay —
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.



. . . . THE FATE OF A NATION WAS RIDING THAT NIGHT

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled —

How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm —
A cry of defianceand not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

In the evening after supper our party joined Mr.
and Mrs. Lemon on the porch.

The topic of conversation was the old days, the
days when Longfellow and his comrades sat where
they were sitting.

Just as the moon peeped over the distant hills,
Uncle Jack lifted up his voice in song, the rest
helping in the chorus. This is what he sang:

OLD BLACK JOE

Arr. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay;
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free?



Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain?
The chil - dren dear, that I held up - on my knee?



Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,



I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;



I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

There was silence for some minutes after the singing, broken finally by Father who said:

“Time for bed. We must be up early, for we leave for Cape Cod in the morning.”

So the party broke up, and good nights were said.

Mother and the girls went up-stairs to the Longfellow room, where they were to sleep, while Father, Uncle Jack, and Ben occupied the Lafayette room, Ben sleeping on an old-fashioned trundle bed. During the day, this bed was hidden beneath the big four-poster in the room. At night, when needed, it was trundled out from underneath.



Courtesy of E. R. Lemon, Sudbury, Mass.

THE LONGFELLOW ROOM

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy Mr. Monti's letter.
2. The square bracket shows that the author of this book put in the word *Italy* after *Rome*, so that it might not be confounded with the Rome in New York. Words enclosed in marks of parenthesis (), occurring within a quotation, are understood to belong to the quotation; words enclosed in brackets [] are understood to be put in by the writer who is quoting. Examples of its use may also be found on pp. 390 and 391. The word *sic*, meaning *thus*, enclosed in brackets, is used after a word or a statement that is incorrect, to mean that the quotation is an exact copy of the original.

3. **Phantom** (făn' tŭm), means spectral, ghost-like; **magnified**, made larger; **grenadiers**, soldiers; **stealthy**, (compare with *steal*), secret, sly, done by stealth or stealing; **impetuous**, rapid, raging, fierce; **alder**, a tree or shrub that grows only on moist land; **aghast**, (ă gâst'), terrified, struck with terror or amazement; **emerge**, to come out; **defiance**, a challenge, a calling out to combat.

TO THE TEACHER:

On p. 93, "Evenings with Grandpa," Part I, you will find the word *defying*, on p. 94, *defiant*, and on p. 98, *the cries of defiance* of both David and Goliath. A proper use of this Biblical story will firmly fix *defy* and its derivatives in the vocabularies of your pupils.

Call the attention of your pupils to the fact that the second line of the third paragraph of the letter should be: *remember me as I was when a visitor*, etc.

Tell the pupils to look up and read Celia Thaxter's "Spring." It is an exquisite little poem, beginning,

"The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls."

NINTH DAY

Next morning, everyone was up bright and early. A good breakfast, hearty good-byes to Mr. and Mrs. Lemon, and our party was off to the train.

On arriving in Boston, they went at once from the North to the South Station where they took the train for Cape Cod.

"How far are we going?" asked Ben as they seated themselves in the car.

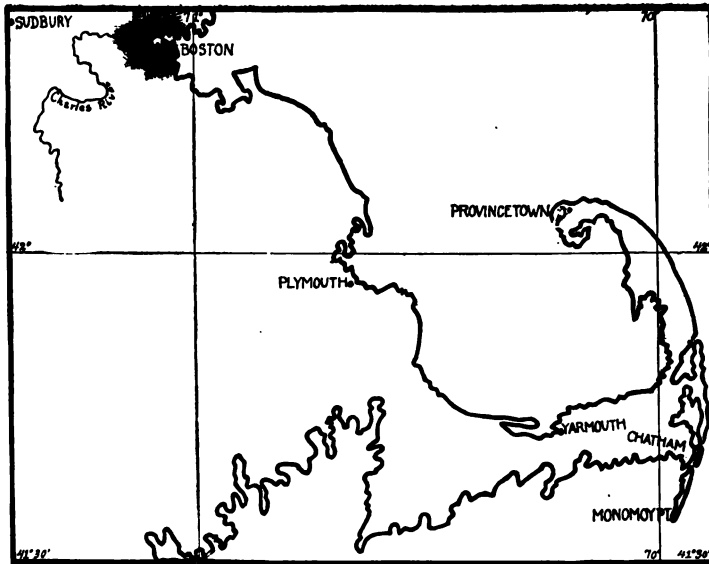
"About one hundred miles from here to the extreme east end of the Cape. The place to which we are going is called Chatham. We shall meet there, I hope, my old friend, Doctor Worth," was Uncle Jack's reply.

"Is it far from the station to the hotel?" asked Belle.

"About a mile," replied Uncle Jack. "The barge will take us there."

"A barge, Uncle Jack?" exclaimed Ben. "Do we have to sail to the hotel?"

"A barge down here sails over a dirt road and is



CAPE COD AND SOME OLD MASSACHUSETTS TOWNS

propelled by horse power,” replied Uncle Jack, smiling.

Three hours were passed very pleasantly reading and conversing, and then: “Chatham! Chatham!” cried the brakeman. “All out! Last stop!”

As the children stepped from the car, they saw backed up against the station platform a wagon marked “Hotel.”

“Come on, Mother!” cried Ben. “There’s the barge,” and he led the way to it, handing in his mother and sisters, and standing by till his father

and Uncle Jack got in. Then, as there was no more room inside, he climbed up and sat by the driver.

"Get along," said the driver to the horse, and they *got* along, arriving in good time at the hotel, which was right on the sea-shore.

"Now," said Uncle Jack when they had been shown to their rooms, "as soon as the trunks are unpacked, get your bathing suits out."

"That'll be splendid, Uncle Jack," said Ben. "Then we can have a swim before dinner."

"Will you teach me to swim, Ben?" asked Belle.

"Certainly I will, with pleasure," replied Ben.

"And me, too?" said May.

"Yes, and you, too," was Ben's reply.

"You will soon learn to swim, girls, if you do just what you are told," said Uncle Jack.

Not very long after, they went in, Belle and May getting their first lesson in swimming from Ben and Uncle Jack.

They were so hungry after their bath, that they thought dinner time would never come. But come it did, at last, and full justice was done to the meal. Shortly after they had finished, Uncle Jack said:

"It's time we called on Doctor Worth." And they started off to make the call.

"Well, my old friend Jack," said the Doctor, as they walked up the path leading to his house, "I certainly am very glad to see you!"

"And I am more than glad to see you, Doctor," replied Uncle Jack. "Permit me to introduce my nieces, Belle and May, and my nephew, Ben."

"I am glad to see you," said the Doctor, as he grasped them one after the other by the hand, each one saying, "I am glad, too," as the hearty hand-clasp was received. "Come up and sit down."

As they sat down, the Doctor asked, "Well, young folks, how are you enjoying Chatham?"

"We are having a splendid time," replied May. "We are learning to swim."

"Yes, water *is* good to swim in," said the Doctor with a twinkle in his eye. "But we people here see so much of it and its cruel strength, that we sometimes get a little afraid of it."

"We had plenty of fun with it, to-day," said May. "And besides, we made forts on the beach, dug holes in the sand, and gathered a great many shells. Oh, we had such fun!"

"And we found a little cave, Doctor," added Belle.

"You didn't find my cavern, did you, children?" asked the Doctor.

“Have you a cavern, Doctor?” inquired May, in reply.

“If you listen, I’ll tell you all about it,” said the Doctor:

The night was thick and hazy
When the Piccadilly Daisy
Carried down the crew and Captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned ’em;
For they never, never found ’em,
And I know they didn’t come ashore with me.

Oh! ’twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I’ve made a little tavern,
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I’m quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden
That I’m cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;

For I live on toasted lizards,
Prickly pears and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very fond of beetle pie.

The clothes I had were furry,
And it made me fret and worry,
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear,

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot,
As refreshment for the parrot,
And a little case of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone;
And we carry home as prizes
Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy
We remain at home and study —
For the goat is very clever at a sum —
And the Dog, instead of fighting,

Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.*

A telephone call came for the Doctor just as he had finished. So with hasty good-nights they returned to the Hotel, the Doctor having promised to see them next day at the hotel.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. a. *Pro* means *for, forth, or forward; pell, to drive. Propelled, then, means what? Analyze the following: pronoun, project* (ject = throw); *progress* (gress = step); *promote* (mote = move); *provide* (vide = see).

b. **Diversion** means amusement, game, play, entertainment.

2. In pronouncing the word *hidden*, the *e* in the second syllable is barely heard. In the dictionary this voice glide is indicated by the apostrophe; thus, *hidden* (hĭd'd'n), *evil* (e'v'l).

*Copyright by the author, Charles Edward Carryl, and used by his permission.

Using this model, show the voice glide in the following,
marking also the accented syllable:

basin	cōtton	ridden
written	ravel	raisin
drivel	smitten	mussel

TO THE TEACHER:

This work should be corrected from your work at the
Bb., or from the dictionary, if each pupil has one.

TENTH DAY

Early the next forenoon the Doctor called to take them all to the Life-saving Station. Father and Mother could not go, as they were about to start on a visit to Yarmouth farther up the coast.

Shortly after they had started, and when nearly abreast of the Twin Lights, Ben wanted to take a picture, with Uncle Jack and the Doctor in it.

So the horse was stopped, and the two men got out, and sat on the edge of the bluff, where they might see the breakers. Ben snapped his camera, while the men's backs were turned to him.

"I shall have to label this picture to tell you apart," said Ben, as the two clambered up again into the carry-all.

"Hardly any need for that," said the Doctor, as he took up the reins. "The bald spot on the back of the head will show which is I," and he laughed merrily at his own joke.

"Are there many life-saving stations about here, Doctor?" asked Belle, as they jogged along.



ON THE EDGE OF THE BLUFF AT CHATHAM

“As this is a dangerous coast, there are a great many. In fact, they are as plentiful as light-houses, not only here, but wherever they are needed. The government looks well after its shore line. But the men who work for the government — they have a hard life.”

“They are not any too well paid, I understand,” said Uncle Jack.

“No, they are not. Their work is hard and dangerous. It’s a pity that the Government cannot, or does not, give these men a better wage. They surely are deserving of it,” said the Doctor. “But let me tell you one of Joe Lincoln’s stories as we go along. Then you will know more about the way a life-saving station is run,” he continued.

JOE LINCOLN'S STORY*

The ocean was on the left, and from the hill . . . they saw twenty miles of horizon line with craft of all descriptions along it. Schooners there were of all sizes, from little mackerel seiners to big four- and five-masters. A tug with a string of coal barges behind it was so close in, that they could make out the connecting hawsers. A black freight steamer was pushing along, leaving a thick line of smoke like a charcoal mark on the sky. One square-rigger was in sight, but far out.

"What do you make of that bark, Perez?" inquired Captain Eri, pointing to the distant vessel. "British, ain't she?"

Captain Perez leaned forward and peered from under his hand. "French, looks to me," he said.

"Don't think so. Way she's rigged for'ard looks like Johnny Bull. Look at that fo'tops'l."

"Guess you're right, Eri, now I come to notice it. Can you make out her flag? Wish I'd brought my glass."

"Great Scott, man!" exclaimed Ralph. "What sort of eyes have you got? I couldn't tell whether she had a flag or not at this distance. How do you do it?"

*From "Cap'n Eri"; copyright, 1904, by A. S. Barnes and Company.



TWENTY MILES OF HORIZON LINE

“ ’Cordin’ to how you’re brought up, as the goat said ’bout eatin’ shingle-nails,” replied Captain Eri. “When you’re at sea you’ve jest got to git used to seein’ things a good ways off and knowin’ ’em when you see ’em, too.”

“I remember, one time,” remarked Mrs. Snow, “that my brother Nathan—he’s dead now—was bound home from Hong Kong fust mate on the bark *Di’mond King*. ’Twas the time of the war and the *Alabama* was cruisin’ ’round, lookin’ out for our ships. Nate and the Skipper—a Bangor

man he was — were on deck, and they sighted a steamer a good ways off.”

This set the captains going, and they told sea-stories until they came to the road that led down to the beach beneath the lighthouse bluff. The life-saving station was in plain sight now, but on the outer beach, and that was separated from them by a two-hundred-yard stretch of water.

“Well,” observed Captain Eri, “here’s where we take Adam’s bridge.”

“Adam’s bridge?” queried Elsie, puzzled.

“Yes; the only kind he had, I cal’late. Git-dap, Daniel! What are you waitin’ for? Left your bathin’ suit to home?”

Then, as Daniel stepped rather gingerly into the clear water, he explained that, at a time ranging from three hours before low tide to three hours after, one may reach the outer beach at this point by driving over in an ordinary vehicle. The life-savers add to this time-limit by using a specially built wagon, with large wheels and a body considerably elevated.

“Well, there now!” exclaimed the lady from Nantucket, as Daniel splashingly emerged on the other side. “I thought I’d done about everything a body could do with salt water, but I never went ridin’ in it afore.”

The remainder of the way to the station was covered by Daniel at a walk, for the wheels of the heavy carry-all sank two inches or more in the coarse sand as they turned. The road wound between sand dunes, riven and heaped in all sorts of queer shapes by the wind, and with clumps of the persevering beach grass clinging to their tops like the last treasured tufts of hair on partially bald heads. Here and there, half buried, sand-scoured planks and fragments of spars showed, relics of wrecks that had come ashore in past winters.

"Five years ago," remarked Captain Eri, "there was six foot of water where we are now. This beach changes every winter. One good no'theaster jest rips things loose over here; tears out a big chunk of beach and makes a cut-through one season, and fills in a deep hole and builds a new shoal the next. I've heard my father tell 'bout pickin' huckleberries when he was a boy off where those breakers are now. Good dry land it was then. Hey! there's Luther. Ship ahoy, Lute!"

The little brown life-saving station was huddled between two sand-hills. There was a small stable and a henhouse and yard just behind it. Captain Davis, rawboned and brown-faced, waved a welcome to them from the side door.

“Spied you comin’, Eri,” he said in a curiously mild voice, that sounded odd coming from such a deep chest. “I’m mighty glad to see you, too! Jump down and come right in. Pashy’ll be out in a minute. Here she is now.”

Miss Patience Davis was as plump as her brother was tall. She impressed one as a comfortable sort of person. Captain Eri did the honors and everyone shook hands. Then they went into the living room of the station.

What particularly struck Mrs. Snow was the neatness of everything. The brass on the pump in the sink shone like fire as the sunlight from the window struck it. The floor was white from scouring. There were shelves on the walls and on these, arranged in orderly piles, were canned goods of all descriptions. The table was covered with a figured oilcloth.

Two or three men, members of the crew, were seated in the wooden chairs along the wall, but rose as the party came in. Captain Davis introduced them, one after the other. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of these men was the quiet, almost bashful, way in which they spoke; they seemed like big boys, as much as anything, and yet the oldest was nearly fifty.



THE CAPTAIN POINTED OUT ONE THING AFTER ANOTHER

“Ever been in a life-saving station afore?” asked Captain Eri.

Elsie had not. Ralph had and so had Mrs. Snow, but not for years.

“This is where we keep the boat and the rest of the gear,” said Captain Davis, opening a door and leading the way into a large, low-studded room. “Those are the spare oars on the wall. The reg’lar ones are in the boat.”

The boat itself was on its carriage in the middle of the room. Along the walls on hooks hung the men’s suits of oilskins and their sou’westers. The Captain pointed out one thing after another, the cork jackets and life-preservers, the gun for shooting the life line across a stranded vessel, the life car hanging from the roof, and the “breeches buoy.”

“I don’t b’lieve you’d ever git me into that thing,” said the Nantucket lady decidedly, referring to the buoy. “I don’t know but I’d ’bout as liefs be drowned as make sech a show of myself.”

“Took off a bigger woman than you one time,” said Captain Davis. “Wife of a Portland skipper, she was, and he was on his fust v’yage in a brand-new schooner jest off the stocks. Struck on the Hog’s Back off here and then drifted close in and struck again. We got ’em all, the woman fust.

That was the only time we've used the buoy sence I've been at the station. Most of the wrecks are too fur off shore and we have to git out the boat."

He took them upstairs to the men's sleeping rooms and then up to the little cupola on the roof.

"Why do you have ground-glass windows on this side of the house?" asked Elsie, as they passed the window on the landing.

Captain Davis laughed.

"Well, it is pretty nigh ground-glass now," he answered, "but it wa'n't when it was put in. The sand did that. It blows like all possessed when there's a gale on."

"Do you mean that those windows were ground that way by the beach sand blowing against them?" asked Ralph, astonished.

"Sartin. Git a good no'therly wind comin' up the beach and it fetches the sand with it. Mighty mean stuff to face, sand blowin' like that is; makes you think you're fightin' a nest of yaller-jackets."

With the telescope in the cupola they could see for miles up and down the beach and out to sea. An ocean tug bound toward Boston was passing, and Elsie, looking through the glass, saw the cook come out of the galley, empty a pan over the side, and go back again. . . .

* * * * *

By this time Dr. Worth's party had reached the life-saving station and, thanks to the story, they felt quite at home when they went through it, and had no difficulty in understanding the explanations that were given them by the captain.

On the way back, while driving through a patch of woods, they were attacked by numberless mosquitoes and green-head flies.

"Ouch!" said Ben, as he slapped at himself energetically; "they know how to bite, Doctor."

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "they came into the world with remarkably good appetites and with a remarkably good apparatus to enable them to satisfy their hunger. There's one now, making very good use of his feeding apparatus on your forehead, Ben."

"Not only on my forehead, Doctor," replied Ben, as he killed the mosquito, "but on my nose, my mouth, my ears, my cheeks, my neck, my hands and in my hair, even. But why don't they bite you, Doctor?"

"They don't bother us down-easters much. Our hides are too tough. We don't have them all the summer, you know, — only when the wind's this way."

As soon as they drove out of the patch of woods,

they left the pests behind, and the rest of the drive was very pleasant.

When they reached the Twin Lights, the horse was stopped, and Ben got down to snap a picture of the lighthouse and the monument, the latter being a mute witness of the perils and dangers of the sea. Belle, meanwhile, copied the inscriptions on the north, south, and east sides of the monument.

North side

Monomoy Life Savers

**Lost March 17th 1902 in attempting to rescue
William H. Mack and Crew of Barge *Wadena***

Marshall Eldridge

Osborn F. Chase

Isaac T. Foye

Valentine D. Nickerson

Arthur W. Rogers

Edgar C. Small

Elijah Hendrick

South side

Crew of Barge *Wadena* lost on Shovelful Shoal

March 17th 1902

Christian Olsen, Capt.

Robert Molanux

Walter Zeved

Manuel Enos



THE TWIN LIGHTS AND MONUMENT AT CHATHAM

East side

In memory of
WILLIAM HENRY MACK
of Cleveland, Ohio
1873 — 1902

Erected October, 1903
By his loving Mother and Sister

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark:
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

The inscriptions on the monument bear mute testimony to the dangers of the sea. Every man of the life-saving crew was lost, as well as all on board the bark.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy the following:*

It is I.	It was I.	Isn't it I?
It is he.	It was he.	Isn't it he?
It is she.	It was she.	Isn't it she?
It is we.	It was we.	Isn't it we?
It is they.	It was they.	Isn't it they?

It isn't I.	It wasn't I.	Wasn't it I?
It isn't he.	It wasn't he.	Wasn't it he?
It isn't she.	It wasn't she.	Wasn't it she?
It isn't we.	It wasn't we.	Wasn't it we?
It isn't they.	It wasn't they.	Wasn't it they?

Be careful never to say, *it is me; it is her; it is him; it is us; or, it is them.*

2. Mackerel seiner (sēn or sãn), a mackerel fishing boat using nets.

TO THE TEACHER:

Have the pupils keep their papers, and read them aloud each day for two weeks at least, so that their eyes

*From the California Revised Series Grammar.

may be accustomed to the correct forms, and their ears attuned to the correct sounds, of these constructions.

Call the attention of your pupils to the peculiarities of pronunciation that are to be met with in Lincoln's stories, and also to the fact that the speech of the inhabitants of other parts of the United States shows other peculiarities; for instance, in New York City, the slurring of the *r* as in *goil* for *girl*, in the South, *suh* for *sir*; while the Yankee's *I guess* becomes *I reckon* in the South and in the Middle West.

ELEVENTH DAY

The next morning was rainy, so that the children could not go out. After breakfast, Uncle Jack cheered the disconsolate children, by saying:

“What do you say to my finishing the story by Joe Lincoln which Doctor Worth began yesterday?”

“Just the thing!” cried Belle and May.

“You can’t begin too soon for me, Uncle Jack,” said Ben, So Uncle Jack began:

A “NO’THEASTER” BLOWS

It had begun to snow early in the evening, a light fall at first, but growing heavier every minute, and, as the flakes fell thicker and faster, the wind began to blow, and its force increased steadily. Ralph, hearing the gusts as they swooped about the corners of the house, and the “swish” of the snow as it was thrown against the window panes, several times rose to go, but Captain Eri in each instance urged him to stay a little longer. Finally, the electrician rebelled.

"I should like to stay, Captain," he said, "but how do you think I am going to get over to the station if this storm grows worse, as it seems to be doing?"

"I don't think," was the calm reply. "You're goin' to stay here."

"Well, I guess not."

"I guess, yes. S'pose we're goin' to let you try to row over to the beach a night like this? It's darker'n a nigger's pocket, and blowin' and snowin' great guns besides. Jest you look out here."

He rose, beckoned to Ralph, and then opened the outer door. He had to use considerable strength to do this, and a gust of wind and a small avalanche of snow roared in, and sent the lighter articles flying from the table. Elsie gave a little scream, and Mrs. Snow exclaimed, "For the land's sake, shut that door this minute! Everything'll be soppin' wet."

The Captain pulled the door shut again, and dropped the hook into the staple.

"Nice night for a pull, isn't it?" he observed, smiling. "No, sir, I've heard it comin' on, and I made up my mind you'd have to stay on dry land for a spell, no matter if all creation wanted you on t'other side."

Ralph looked troubled. "I ought to be at the station," he said.

"Maybe so, but you aren't, and you'll have to put up at this boardin' house till mornin'. When it's daylight one of us'll set you across. Mr. Langley isn't foolish. He won't expect you to-night."

"Now, Mr. Hazeltine," said the housekeeper, "you might jest as well give it up fust as last. You *know* you can't go over to that station jest as well as I do."

So Ralph did give it up, although rather against his will. There was nothing of importance to be done, but he felt a little like a deserter, nevertheless. . . .

When bedtime came there was some argument as to where the guest should sleep. Ralph insisted that the haircloth sofa in the parlor was just the thing, but Captain Eri wouldn't hear of it.

"Haircloth's all right to look at," he said, "but it's the slipperiest stuff that ever was, I cal'late. Every time I sit on a haircloth chair I feel's if I was draggin' anchor."

The question was finally settled by Josiah and Captain Eri going upstairs to the room once occupied by John Baxter, while Ralph took that which they vacated.

It was some time before he fell asleep. The gale seemed to be tearing loose the eternal foundations. The house shook and the bed trembled as if a great hand was moving them, and the snow slapped against the windows till it seemed that they must break.

In the morning there was little change in the weather. The snow had turned to a sleet, half rain, that stuck to everything and coated it with ice. The wind was blowing as hard as ever.

Captain Eri and Ralph, standing just outside the kitchen door, and in the lee of the barn, paused to watch the storm for a minute before they went down to the beach. At intervals they caught glimpses of the snow-covered roofs of the fish shanties and the water of the inner bay, black and threatening and scarred with white-caps; then another gust would come, and they could scarcely see the posts at the yard gate.

"Think you want to go over, do you?" asked the Captain.

"I certainly do, if I can get there."

"Oh, we can git there all right. I've rowed a dory a good many times when 'twas as bad as this. This is no picnic day, though, that's a fact," he added, as they crossed the yard, and caught the full



RALPH . . . WONDERED HOW HIS COMPANION MANAGED TO
ROW . . . AND STEER . . .

force of the wind. "Lucky you put on those ile-skins."

Ralph was arrayed in Captain Jerry's "dirty-weather rig," and although, as Captain Eri said, the garments fitted him "like a shirt on a hand-spike," they were very acceptable.

They found the dory covered with snow and half-full of slush, and it took some few minutes to get her into condition. When this was accomplished they hauled her down to the shore, and Captain Eri, standing knee-deep in water, stead-

ied her while Ralph climbed in. Then the Captain tumbled in himself, picked up the oars, and settled down for the pull to the outer beach.

A dory, as everyone acquainted alongshore knows, is the safest of all small craft for use in heavy weather. It is unsinkable, for one thing, and, being flat-bottomed, slips over the waves instead of plowing through them. But the high freeboard is a mark for the wind, and to keep a straight course on such a morning as this requires skill, and no small amount of muscle. Ralph, seated in the stern, found himself wondering how on earth his companion managed to row as he did, and steer at the same time. The strokes were short, but there was power in them, and the dory, although moving rather slowly, went doggedly on.

"Let me take her," shouted Ralph after a while, "you must be tired."

"Who, me?" Captain Eri laughed. "I could keep this up for a week. There isn't any sea in here. If we were outside now, 'twould be diff'rent, maybe."

They hit the beach at almost exactly the right spot,—a feat which the passenger considered a miracle, but which the Captain seemed to take as a matter of course. They beached and anchored the

dory, and, bending almost double as they faced the wind, plowed through the sand to the back door of the station. There was comparatively little snow here on the outer beach — the gale had swept it nearly all away.

Mr. Langley met them as they tramped into the hall. The old gentleman was glad to see his assistant, for he had begun to fear that the latter might have tried to row over during the evening, and met with disaster. As they sat round the stove in his room he said, "We don't need any wrecks inside the beach. We shall have enough outside, I'm afraid. I hear there is one schooner in trouble now."

"That so?" asked Captain Eri. "Where is she?"

"On the Hog's Back shoal, they think. One of the life-saving crew told McLaughlin that they saw her last night, when the gale first began, trying to make an offing, and that wreckage was coming ashore this morning. Captain Davis was going to try to reach her with the boat, I believe."

"I should like to be at the life-saving station when they land," said Ralph. "It would be a new experience for me. I've seen the crew drill often enough, but I have never seen them actually at work."

“What d’you say if we go down to the station?” asked the Captain. “That is, if Mr. Langley here can spare you.”

“Oh, I can spare him,” said the superintendent. “There is nothing of importance to be done here just now. But it will be a terrible walk down the beach this morning.”

“Wind’ll be at our backs, and we’re rigged for it, too. What d’you say, Mr. Hazeltine?”

Ralph was only too glad of the opportunity to see, at least, the finish of a rescuing expedition, and he said so. So they got into the oilskins again, pulled their sou’westers down over their ears, and started on the tramp to the life-saving station.

Here, the sun, which had been trying to break through the clouds for some minutes, shone squarely into Uncle Jack’s eyes.

“Hello!” he cried, “it’s cleared up! Outdoors with you, young folks! We can finish the story later on. And yonder comes Dr. Worth to remind me that I promised to accompany him this morning on a short trip.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Rebel** means to fight against lawful authority; **avalanche**, a snow slip or a vast body of snow, ice, or

earth sliding down a mountain; **eternal**, everlasting, never-ending; **interval** (inter between, val=a wall) a space between; **acceptable**, sure of being received with pleasure, pleasing to the one who receives; **freeboard**, distance from the gunwale to the water; **doggedly**, unyieldingly, obstinately, persistently.

2. Put the proper one of these defined words in each of the following sentences. Do not consider *freeboard* or *doggedly*.

When steep mountain sides are shaken by a violent earthquake, great masses are often detached from their sides and descend as ———. — *N. S. Shaler*. Sometimes in the Alps an ——— buries an entire village. We should not ——— against the commands of our superiors. By scouring the coast, and posting men at proper ———, their [the enemy's] retreat can easily be prevented. — *Cooper*, "The Pilot." ——— vigilance is the price of liberty. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart, be ——— in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer. — *Psalms xix*.

How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at ——— upon the ear
In cadence sweet! — *Cowper*.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The ——— years of God are hers. — *Bryant*.

3. Copy the second paragraph of the story.

4. Write the following:

eternal foundations	kitchen door
short intervals	heavy weather
right spot	mere song
new experience	rescuing expedition

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 may be oral or written.

Review work, pp. 419–424.

TWELFTH DAY

Right after breakfast the next day, the party of four gathered on the porch, where Uncle Jack continued the story:

The electrician is not likely to forget that walk.

The wind was, as the Captain said, at their backs, but it whistled in from the sea with terrific strength, and carried the sleet with it. It deluged them with water, and plastered them with flying seaweed and ice. The wet sand came in showers like hail, and beat against their shoulders until they felt the sting, even through their clothes.

Toward the bay was nothing but gray mist, streaked with rain and sleet; toward the sea was the same mist, flying with the wind over such a huddle of tossing green and white as Ralph had never before seen. The surf poured in in rollers that leaped over each other's humped backs in their savage energy to get at the shore, which trembled as they beat upon it. The ripples from

one wave had not time to flow back before those of the next came threshing in. Great blobs of foam shot down the strand like wild birds, and the gurgle and splash and roar were terrific.

They walked as near the water line as they dared, because the sand was harder there. Captain Eri went ahead, hands in his pockets and head down. Ralph followed, sometimes watching his companion, but oftener gazing at the sea. At intervals there would be a lull, as if the storm giant had paused for breath, and they could see for half a mile over the crazy water; then the next gust would pull the curtain down again, and a whirl of rain and sleet would shut them in. Conversation meant only a series of shrieks and they gave it up.

At length the Captain turned, grinned pleasantly, while the rain drops splashed on his nose, and waved one arm. Ralph looked and saw ahead of them the clustered buildings of the life-saving station. And he *was* glad to see them.

“Whew!” puffed Captain Eri as they opened the door. “Nice mornin’ for ducks. Hey, Luther!” he shouted, “wake up here; you’ve got callers.”

They heard footsteps in the next room, the door opened, and in came — not Luther Davis, but Captain Perez.

"Why, Eri!" he exclaimed amazedly.

"For the land's sake, Perez! What are you doin' here?"

"What are *you* doin' here, I should say. How d'you do, Mr. Hazeltine?"

Captain Eri pushed back his "sou'wester," and strolled over to the stove. Ralph followed suit.

"Well, Perez," said the former, extending his hands over the fire, "it's easy enough to tell you why we're here. We heard there was a wreck."

"There is. She's a schooner, and she's off there on the Hog's Back. Luther and the crew put off to her more'n two hours ago, and I'm gittin' worried."

Then Perez went on to explain that, because of the storm, he had been persuaded to stay at Mrs. Mayo's all night; that Captain Davis had been over for a moment that evening on an errand, and had said that the schooner had been sighted and that, as the northeaster was coming on, she was almost certain to get into trouble; that he, Perez, had rowed over the first thing in the morning to get the news, and had been just in time to see the launching of the lifeboat, as the crew put off to the schooner.

"There's nothin' to worry 'bout," observed



. . . THE LAUNCHING OF THE LIFE BOAT . . .

Captain Eri. "It's no slouch of a pull off to the Hog's Back this weather, and besides, I'd trust Lute Davis anywhere on salt water."

"Yes, I know," replied the unconvinced Captain Perez, "but he ought to have been back afore this. There was a kind of let-up in the storm jest afore I got here, and they saw her fast on the shoal with the crew in the riggin'. Luther took the small boat 'cause he thought he could handle her better, and that's what's worryin' me; I'm afraid she's overloaded. I was jest thinkin' of goin' out on the

p'int to see if I could see anything of 'em when you folks came."

"Well, go ahead. We'll go with you, if Mr. Hazeltine's got any of the chill out of him."

Ralph was feeling warm by this time and, after Perez had put on his coat and hat, they went out once more into the gale. The point of which Perez had spoken was a wedge-shaped sand ridge that, thrown up by the waves and tide, thrust itself out from the beach some few hundred yards below the station. They reached its tip, and stood there in the very midst of the storm, waiting for the lulls, now more frequent, and scanning the tumbling water for the returning lifeboat.

"Schooner's lyin' right over there," shouted Captain Perez in Ralph's ear, pointing off into the mist. "'Bout a mile off shore, I cal'late. Wicked place, the Hog's Back is, too."

"Wind's lettin' up a little mite," bellowed Captain Eri. "We've had the wust of it, I guess. There's not so much ——"

He did not finish the sentence. The curtain of sleet parted, leaving a quarter-mile-long lane, through which they could see the frothing ridges racing one after the other, endlessly. And across this lane, silent and swift, like a moving picture on

a screen, drifted a white turtleback with black dots clinging to it. It was in sight not more than a half minute, then the lane closed again, as the rain lashed their faces.

Captain Perez gasped, and clutched the electrician by the arm.

"Oh, look there!" he exclaimed.

"What was it?" shouted Ralph. "What was it, Captain Eri?"

But Captain Eri did not answer. He had turned, and was running at full speed back to the beach. When they came up they found him straining at the side of the dory that Luther Davis used in tending his lobster pots. The boat, turned bottom up, lay high above tide mark in the little cove behind the point.

"Quick, now!" shouted the Captain, in a tone Ralph had never heard him use before. "Over with her! Lively!"

They obeyed him without question. As the dory settled right side up two heavy oars, that had been secured by being thrust under the seats, fell back with a clatter.

"What was it, Captain?" shouted Ralph.

"The lifeboat upset. How many did you make out hangin' onto her, Perez? Five, seemed to me."

"Four, I thought. Eri, you aren't goin' to try to reach her with this dory? You couldn't do it. You'll only be drowned yourself. What'll Pashy do?" he moaned, wringing his hands.

"Catch a-holt now," commanded Captain Eri. "Down to the shore with her! Now!"

They dragged the dory to the water's edge with one rush. Then Eri hurriedly thrust in the tholepins. Perez protested again.

"Eri," he said, "it ain't no use. She won't live to git through the breakers."

His friend answered without looking up. "Do you s'pose," he said, "that I'm goin' to let Lute Davis and those other fellows drown without makin' a try for 'em? Push off when I tell you to!"

"Then you let me go instead of you."

"Don't talk foolish. You've got Pashy to look after. Ready now!"

But Ralph Hazeltine intervened.

"I'm going myself," he said firmly, putting one foot over the gunwale. "I'm a younger man than either of you, and I'm used to a boat. I mean it. I'm going."

Captain Eri looked at the electrician's face; he saw nothing but determination there.

"We'll all go," he said suddenly. "Mr. Hazeltine, run as fast as the Lord'll let you back to the station and git another set of oars. Hurry!"

Without answering, the young man sprang up the beach and ran toward the buildings. The moment that he was inside Captain Eri leaped into the dory.

"Push off, Perez!" he commanded. "That young feller's got a life to live."

"You don't go without me," asserted Perez stoutly.

"All right! Push off, and then jump in."

Captain Perez attempted to obey. He waded into the water and gave the dory a push, but, just as he was about to scramble in, he received a shove that sent him backwards.

"Your job's takin' care of Pashy!" roared Captain Eri.

Perez scrambled to his feet, but the dory was already halfway across the little patch of comparatively smooth water in the cove. As he looked he saw it enter the first line of breakers, rise amid a shower of foam, poise on the crest, and slip over. The second line of roaring waves came surging on, higher and more threatening than the first. Captain Eri glanced over his shoulder, turned the

dory's bow toward them and waited. They broke, and, as they did so, the boat shot forward into the whirlpool of froth. Then the sleet came pouring down and shut everything from sight.

When Ralph came hurrying to the beach, bearing the oars, he found Captain Perez alone.

Here Uncle Jack closed the book, saying: "It's time for your morning dip, children. Run and get into your bathing suits. I will finish the story to-morrow."

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Huddle** means to crowd things together confusedly; **blob**, a bubble; **gurgle**, to run or flow in a broken, noisy current; **poise**, to balance; **deluged**, overwhelmed in a flood of water. The great flood in the days of Noah is called the Deluge.

2. Copy the following adjectives, writing after each the name of some animal which it fittingly describes:

stealthy

faithful

graceful

huge

awkward

patient

3. Tell what these contractions mean: *Shan't*, *won't*, *he's*, *she's*.

4. Write in a column the 14th group of adjectives, page 429. Consult your dictionary, and after each adjective write its antonym.

TO THE TEACHER:

The reading matter for the Twelfth Day affords an excellent opportunity of bringing home to your pupils the fact that words independent by direct address are set off from the rest of the sentence by a comma.

Review, pp. 419-424.

THIRTEENTH DAY

The next morning the children could hardly wait for Uncle Jack to finish breakfast, so eager were they to hear the rest of the story. He did not keep them long, however, and soon they were listening intently to the story of the rescue.

ERI GOES BACK ON A FRIEND

Captain Eri knew that the hardest and most dangerous portion of his perilous trip was just at its beginning. If the dory got through the surf without capsizing, it was an even bet that she would stay right side up for a while longer, at any rate. So he pulled out of the little cove, and pointed the boat's bow toward the thundering smother of white, his shoulders squared, his hands tightened on the oar handles, and his under-jaw pushed out beyond the upper.

Old foremast hands, those who had sailed with the Captain on his coasting voyages, would, had they seen these signs, have prophesied trouble

for someone. They were Captain Eri's battle-flags, and just now his opponent was the gray Atlantic. If the latter won, it would only be after a fight.

The first wave tripped over the bar and whirled beneath him, sending the dory high into the air and splashing its occupant with spray. The Captain held the boat stationary, waiting for the second to break, and then, half rising, put all his weight and strength on the oars. The struggle had begun.

They used to say on board the *Hannah M.* that the skipper never got rattled. The same cool head and steady nerve that Josiah had admired when the catboat threaded the breakers at the entrance of the bay, now served the same purpose. The dory climbed and ducked, rolled and slid, but gained, inch by inch, foot by foot. The advancing waves struck savage blows at the bow, the wind did its best to swing her broadside on, but one hundred and eighty pounds of clear grit and muscle were tugging at the oars, and, though the muscles were not as young as they had been, there were years of experience to make every pound count. At last the preliminary round was over. The boat sprang clear of the breakers and crept farther and farther, with six inches of water slopping in her bottom, but afloat and seaworthy.

It was not until she was far into deep water that the Captain turned her bow down the shore. When this was done, it was on the instant, and, although a little more water came inboard, there was not enough to be dangerous. Then, with the gale astern and the tide to help, Captain Eri made the dory go as she, or any other on that coast, had never gone before.

The Captain knew that the wind and the tide that were now aiding him were also sweeping the overturned lifeboat along at a rapid rate. He must come up with it before it reached the next shoal. He must reach it before the waves, and worse than all, the cold had caused the poor fellows clinging to it for life to loose their grip.

The dory jumped from crest to crest like a hurdler. The sleet now beat directly into the Captain's face and froze on his eyebrows and lashes, but he dared not draw in an oar to free a hand. The wind caught up the spindrift and poured it over him in icy baths, but he was too warm from the furious exercise to mind.

In the lulls he turned his head and gazed over the sea, looking for the boat. Once he saw it, before the storm shut down again, and he groaned aloud to count but two black dots on its white surface.



. . . THE POOR FELLOWS CLINGING TO IT FOR LIFE . . .

He pulled harder than ever, and grunted with every stroke, while the perspiration poured down his forehead and froze when it reached the ice dams over his eyes.

At last it was in plain sight, and the two dots, now clearly human beings, were still there. He pointed the bow straight at it and rowed on. When he looked again there was but one, a figure sprawled along the keel, clinging to the center-board.

The flying dory bore down upon the lifeboat,

and the Captain risked what little breath he had in a hail. The clinging figure raised its head, and Captain Eri felt an almost selfish sense of relief to see that it was Luther Davis. If it had to be but one, he would rather it was that one.

The bottom of the lifeboat rose like a dome from the sea that beat and roared over and around it. The centerboard had floated up and projected at the top, and it was about this that Captain Davis' arms were clasped. Captain Eri shot the dory alongside, pulled in one oar, and the two boats fitted closely together. Then Eri reached out, and, seizing his friend by the belt round his waist, pulled him from his hold. Davis fell into the bottom of the dory, only half conscious and entirely helpless.

Captain Eri lifted him so that his head and shoulders rested on a thwart, and then, setting his oar against the lifeboat's side, pushed the dory clear. Then he began rowing again.

So far he had been more successful than he had reason to expect, but the task that he must now accomplish was not less difficult. He must reach the shore safely, and with another life besides his own to guard.

It was out of the question to attempt to get

back to the cove; the landing must be made on the open beach, and, although Captain Eri had more than once brought a dory safely through a high surf, he had never attempted it when his boat had nearly a foot of water in her and carried a helpless passenger.

Little by little, still running before the wind, the Captain edged in toward the shore. Luther Davis moved once or twice, but said nothing. His oil-skins were frozen stiff and his beard was a lump of ice. Captain Eri began to fear that he might die from cold and exhaustion before the attempt at landing was made. The Captain resolved to wait no longer, but to take the risk of running directly for the beach.

He was near enough now to see the leaping spray of the breakers, and their bellow sounded louder than the howl of the wind or the noises of the sea about him. He bent forward and shouted in the ear of the prostrate life-saver.

"Luther!" he yelled, "Lute!"

Captain Davis' head rolled back, his eyes opened, and, in a dazed way, he looked at the figure swinging back and forth with the oars.

"Lute!" shouted Captain Eri, "listen to me! I'm goin' to try to land. D'you hear me?"

Davis' thoughts seemed to be gathering slowly. He was, ordinarily, a man of strong physique, courageous, and a fighter every inch of him, but his strength had been beaten out by the waves and chilled by the cold, and the sight of the men with whom he had lived and worked for years drowning one by one, had broken his nerve. He looked at his friend, and then at the waves.

"What's the use?" he said feebly. "They're all gone. I might as well go, too."

Captain Eri's eyes snapped. "Lute Davis," he exclaimed, "I never thought I'd see you playin' cry-baby. Brace up! What are you, anyway?"

The half frozen man made a plucky effort.

"All right, Eri," he said. "I'm with you, but I ain't much good."

"Can you stand up?"

"I don't know. I'll try."

Little by little he raised himself to his knees.

"'Bout as fur's I can go, Eri," he said, between his teeth. "You look out for yourself."

The dory was caught by the first of the great waves, and, on its crest, went flying toward the beach. Captain Eri steered it with the oars as well as he could. The wave broke, and the half-filled boat paused, was caught up by the succeeding

breaker, and thrown forward again. The Captain, still trying to steer with one oar, let go of the other, and seizing his companion by the belt, pulled him to his feet.

“Now then,” he shouted, “stand by!”

The boat poised on the curling wave, bent down like a hammer, struck the sand, and was buried in water. Just as it struck, Captain Eri jumped as far shoreward as he could. Davis sprang with him, but it was really the Captain’s strength that carried them clear of the rail.

They kept their feet for an instant, but, in that instant, Captain Eri dragged his friend a yard or so up the shelving beach. Then they were knocked flat by the next wave. The Captain dug his toes into the sand and braced himself as the undertow sucked back. Once more he rose and they staggered on again, only to go down when the next rush of water came. Three times this performance was repeated, and, as they rose for the fourth time, the Captain roared, “Now!”

Another plunge, a splashing run, and they were on the hard sands of the beach. Then they both tumbled on their faces and breathed in great gasps.

But the Captain realized that this would not do,

for, in their soaked condition, freezing to death was a matter of but a short time. He seized Davis by the shoulder and shook him again and again.

“Come on, Lute! Come on!” he insisted. “Git up! You’ve *got* to git up!”

And, after a while, the life-saver did get up, although he could scarcely stand. Then, with the Captain’s arm around his waist, they started slowly up the beach toward the station.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. a. **Occupant** means one who has possession — in this case, the man who was in the boat; **stationary** means not moving; **preliminary**, preparatory, introductory; **conscious**, having possession of one’s senses; **exhaustion**, total loss of strength; **prostrate**, lying down.

b. Use the proper word in each one of the blank spaces:

There are ——— tubs in our kitchen. The ——— of the taxi-cab gave the chauffeur a tip when he got out. He was made un ——— by the fall. The soldier fell ——— when he was shot. The winner of the hundred-yard dash was in a state of ——— for some time after the race. ——— to the game, each nine was allowed fifteen minutes for practice.

2. Mark diacritically the vowels in the following words:

fray	back	play	came	cap
ball	term	her	blow	bold
got	small	tune	pure	fun
cruel	rule	obey	bird	create
task	chance	swan	what	harp

3. Turn to page 430. Place each adjective in group 24 before a noun it describes.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercises 1 and 3 may be oral. Exercise 2 should be corrected from your work on the Bb.

FOURTEENTH DAY

“To-day,” said Uncle Jack, as he and the girls went down to the beach to bathe, “I am going to give you a lesson in swimming, myself, as Ben will be late coming in. He has gone up to the Doctor’s with a message from me.”

“Oh, that will be fine, Uncle Jack,” said the two girls as they ran into the water. “We will wait for you here,” they added.

They had not long to wait, for Uncle Jack went straight to the bath house, donned his bathing suit, and ran quickly into the water.

“Now,” said he, as he took them out into water that was up to their armpits, “just watch me.” And Uncle Jack stretched himself out in the water, face down, his feet together and the palms of his hands together. “Now, Belle and May, I want you to do exactly what I did,” he added, rising and shaking the water from his chin.

Both girls did as they were told, with some help from Uncle Jack.

"Now," continued Uncle Jack, "separate your hands, and bring your arms backward, palms pushing against the water, so as to make a quarter of a circle. Your arms are now straight out from your sides."

The children after a dozen attempts, managed to get through the first movement to Uncle Jack's satisfaction.

"For the second movement, bring the arms to your body, hands, the palms together, under your chin like this," said Uncle Jack, going through the motions. "At the same time draw your legs up, feet together, like this. Now, let me see you try it."

"That's very good," said Uncle Jack, after Belle and May had made several vigorous imitations.

"Now, for the last movement. Shoot your arms out straight ahead, and then repeat the first movement; at the same time throw back your legs, so that the feet, pushing against the water, will push the body forward. Then continue for the second movement."

"This is the way a frog swims, isn't it, Uncle Jack?" sputtered Belle, who was vigorously following Uncle Jack's instruction.

"Exactly," was the reply. "And when you can



"THIS IS THE WAY A FROG SWIMS," . . . SPUTTERED BELLE

swim like a frog, Belle, you'll need no further teaching, for you will have learned it all."

After the girls had practised their "One, two, three," until they did fairly well, Uncle Jack said: "That is enough for to-day. To-morrow we will try it again."

Next day the lesson was repeated. The girls did so well that Uncle Jack suggested that they try to float. He showed them how, Ben making the first attempt. He lay on his back, legs straight out, feet together, arms close to his sides, and head

well back in the water. And before very long Ben could float almost as well as his Uncle.

"That looks easy," said Belle to May. "Let us try it."

So they tried it, Uncle Jack putting his hand underneath the back of Belle's head, and Ben doing the same for May, so as to give the girls confidence. Before the lesson was finished they could float "just a little," as May said, which was pretty good for the first lesson.

As they walked along the beach on their way to the hotel, May picked up an unusually beautiful shell. "What is it, Uncle Jack?" she asked, showing the shell to him. The children clustered around Uncle Jack as he looked at it.

"That," said he, "was the home of a little animal. He is gone, but his home remains."

"Were all the shells we see here homes for animals?" asked May.

"Yes. Every one of them. Tennyson tells of them in language so beautiful that I think you would like to hear what he says."

"Tell us, Uncle Jack. We should very much like to hear," said May, speaking for all.

"Well, listen, and then put it in your commonplace books later:

“‘ See, what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl . . .
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairly well,
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design . . .
Void of the little living will
That made its stir on the shore,
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl’d,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro’ his dim water-world?’

“Do not these quaint, delightful lines seem to have caught the very spirit of the sea-shell?” concluded Uncle Jack.

On arriving at the Hotel they found Doctor Worth waiting for them on the porch. After greetings had been exchanged, May called the Doctor’s attention to her beautiful shell, telling him that an animal used to live in it.

“Yes, that’s true,” replied the Doctor. “Oysters, clams, mussels, and scallops all have homes in shells, as do countless other fish. I speak of these, May, because I have an intimate knowledge

of them based on having eaten a great number. Still, I can hardly call myself a naturalist, great as my knowledge is."

"What's a naturalist, Doctor?" asked May.

"A naturalist is one who knows a great deal about everything in nature. Should you like to hear a story about one of the greatest naturalists that ever lived?"

"We certainly should," cried the three.

"Well, here it is," said the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Some boy friends of Darwin once plotted a surprise for the great naturalist. Capturing a centipede, they glued on to it a beetle's head, the wings of a butterfly and the long legs of a grasshopper. Then putting the queer result into a box, they took it to Darwin, and asked him what it could be, explaining that they had caught it in the fields. Darwin looked it over carefully.

"Did it hum when you caught it?' he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir,' they answered, nudging one another, 'it hummed like everything.'


"Then,' said the naturalist, 'it is a humbug.'"

The children laughed heartily, for they had not expected just that kind of story.

Just at that moment, through the open windows, came the sound of music from the orchestra in the dining room.

UNCLE NED

In moderate time



-

130



place where the wool ought to grow. Then lay down the
had to let the hoe - cake be.
never see his like a - gain.



shov-el and the hoe, . . Hang up the fid-dle and the bow!



For there's no more work for poor old Ned, He's gone where the good darkies go.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Frail** means delicate, easily broken, injured, or destroyed; **minute**, very small; **intimate knowledge**, complete or full knowledge, resulting from familiarity; **centipede**, a hundred footed insect.

2. On p. 430 you will find four types of sentences illustrated. Write two of the *a* type, and two of type *d*.

TO THE TEACHER:

When you take up the excerpt from Tennyson, it would be well to show the pupils a univalve. The sixth line will mean something to them then. *Whorl* is the volution or turn of the spire of a univalve shell.

Sentences of the *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* type referred to in No. 2 above are fully discussed on pp. 46 and 135 of "Evenings with Grandpa", Part II.

FIFTEENTH DAY

“To-day,” said Uncle Jack, as they were going in bathing, “I am going to teach Ben how to dive. First, you girls, as well as Ben, must watch me from the end of the pier. There is a spring-board there, and I will go in off that.”

The three went to the end of the dock and found seats on a bench. Uncle Jack, as he stepped on the spring-board, called to them:

“Notice that I poise myself on the edge, with my toes extending a couple of inches beyond. I straighten my arms out before me, palms together, and then raise them until my ears are covered. Now watch, closely, — I won’t jump off, but keeping my knees stiff, I let my body fall forward.”

And suiting the action to the word Uncle Jack dived into the water. He swam back to the pier, and clambered up to where the children were, saying:

“Did you notice that I did not separate my hands until I was in the water? Then by curving

my spine inward and keeping my head up, I came to the surface. Are you ready to try, Ben?"

"Yes, Uncle Jack," and Ben, following his uncle's directions very carefully, made his first successful dive.

"One thing you must be careful of, children," cautioned Uncle Jack. "Never dive in shallow water, or in water which you don't know. You will run the risk of breaking your necks, if you do." . . .

While sitting on the porch after dinner, some boats came sailing into the harbor. "What boats are they, Uncle Jack?" asked Ben.

"Fishing boats," was the reply. "Those with the 'pulpit' rigged forward are swordfishers. The others are either cod or mackerel boats."

"What's the pulpit for, Uncle Jack?" asked May, "for the minister?"

"No, child. The pulpit in a swordfisher is the place where the man stands who harpoons the swordfish," was the reply.

"Yes," said the Doctor, who came up the steps at this moment, "and the harpooner must be keen of eye and strong of arm. Is fish the topic of conversation this fine morning?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Jack. "It came up through



SWORD FISHING

noticing those fishing boats coming in through the channel.”

“Well,” said the Doctor, “Massachusetts owes a great deal to fish. The codfish has always been especially important in our state. In colonial days a wooden codfish was our emblem, just as a flour barrel was the emblem of New York. And you know that, to-day, the historic codfish hangs in Representatives’ Hall in the State House, Boston.”

“Yes,” said Uncle Jack, “the codfish has brought

much wealth to your state. But it has cost the lives of thousands of your men."

"There is no doubt of that," replied the Doctor. "Gloucester, our most prosperous fishing port, has many a sorrowing home."

"I can well believe it," said Uncle Jack. "I remember once when my ship was in Gloucester harbor, I went ashore to attend the memorial service for those who had been drowned during the year while off on fishing trips. It made a deep impression on me. At its conclusion, I remember, the minister recited Kingsley's poem:"

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west, —

Out into the west when the sun went down;

Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,

And the children stood watching them out of the town;

For men must work, and women must weep;

And there's little to earn, and many to keep,

Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,

And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;

And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,

And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;

But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep, —
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep, —
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

— *Charles Kingsley*

“Yes,” said Doctor Worth as he rose to take leave, “the fisherman’s life is a hard life at best.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Compare the following adjectives:

Positive

Comparative

Superlative

shallow

keen

strong

good

most

big

prosperous

deep

less

2. Study the models on page 430. Write two sentences of the *b* type, and two of the *c* type.

3. Memorize the first stanza of "Three Fishers."

TO THE TEACHER:

The first exercise is to be corrected from your Bb. work. The second should be collected, corrected, and returned.

Test the pupils' knowledge of the memory gem.

SIXTEENTH DAY

About ten o'clock the next morning, a telegram was received from Father, reading as follows: "Meet us to-morrow at Provincetown. Leave there day after to-morrow for Boston."

Immediately after reading it, Uncle Jack said, "Ben, please telephone the Doctor at once that we leave to-morrow morning, and ask him if he won't have luncheon with us to-day."

"All right, Uncle Jack," said Ben, going into the telephone booth.

Ben: Hello, Central! Give me two-nought.

Other end: _____

Ben: This is Ben, Doctor.

Other end: _____

Ben: Yes, it's I, and I am telephoning from the hotel.

Other end: _____

Ben: Uncle Jack wishes me to tell you that we should be pleased to have you lunch with us to-day, Doctor.

Other end: _____

Ben: Twelve-thirty?

Other end: _____

Ben: Very well, Doctor. Good-bye.

And Ben hung up the receiver.

"He says he'll be here at 12:30," said Ben, re-joining Uncle Jack.

"Thank you, Ben. Now there is plenty of time for a swim, children," said Uncle Jack, leading the way to the bath house.

"Well," said the Doctor, as they gathered on the porch after luncheon, "I am very sorry to have you leave Chatham. I shall certainly miss you when you go."

"And we are sorry to go, Doctor, and shall certainly miss you greatly. We cannot thank you enough for the many courtesies you have shown us."

"The pleasure is all on my side," replied the Doctor, smiling. "See," he continued, pointing seaward, "there go the United States battleships on their way to Provincetown Harbor."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, "I believe that the fleet is to assemble there to be reviewed by the President to-morrow."

“Oh, then we shall see it all, sha’n’t we, Uncle Jack?” interrogated May.

“Yes, if we get there in time,” was the reply.

“I have an idea,” exclaimed the Doctor. “Let me drive you over in my car to-morrow morning. It’s only thirty-five or thirty-six miles. You can send your baggage to Boston by express.”

“That’s a good idea, Doctor, and we thank you very much,” replied Uncle Jack.

“Doctor,” asked Belle, at this point, “who is that old, old man walking slowly along the beach? I have noticed him before, and meant to ask you about him, but I forgot.”

“Oh!” replied the Doctor, “I think he must be

THE LAST LEAF.”

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o’er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found



THE OLD TOWN CRIER

By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, —
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago, —
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

“Did you know Oliver Wendell Holmes, Doctor?” asked Ben, as the Doctor finished.

“Yes. I met him in Boston several times. He was very genial and very witty. I heard a good story about him recently,” replied the Doctor.

“Dr. Holmes, upon going to dine with a Boston neighbor, was met by his hostess who, with an apologetic air, said:

“‘Doctor, I could not get another man. So we are just four women, and you will have to take us *all* in to dinner.’

“‘To be forewarned is to be *four-armed*,’ he said with a bow.”

“That was a witty reply,” said Uncle Jack, “and a clever use of the old adage. Do you remember one of his fine poems, — the song written in 1836 for the centennial celebration of Harvard University?”



O. W. HOLMES

"I don't recollect it," replied Doctor Worth.

"Oh, you must," said Uncle Jack. "It begins

'When the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts
And Indians red as deer.'"

"Oh, yes, I remember! There was something
in it about

' . . . and tomahawks and scalping knives,
That made folks' heads look queer.'"

"Indians! Tomahawks! Scalping-knives! Here,
Doctor!" exclaimed May.

"Oh, yes. At one time there was nothing but
Indians here," was his reply.

"Who saw them first?" asked Ben.

"The French," replied the Doctor, "in 1606,
three years before Hudson discovered the river
that bears his name."

"Why did the French come over here, Doctor?"
asked Ben.

"Let me tell you the story as given by Parkman
in his 'Pioneers of France in the New World.'
You should know first, however, that Champlain
and a number of other Frenchmen, who settled in

1606 at Port Royal in Nova Scotia where the climate was very severe, were the first white settlers in North America. Now, for Parkman:*

Champlain, bent on finding a better site for their settlement in a more southern latitude, set out on a voyage of discovery, in an ill-built vessel of eighteen tons, while Lescarbot remained in charge of Port Royal. They had little for their pains but danger, hardship, and mishap. The autumn gales cut short their exploration. . . . Along the eastern verge of Cape Cod they found the shore thickly studded with the wigwams of a race who were less hunters than tillers of the soil. At Chatham Harbor — called by them Port Fortuné — five of the company, who, contrary to orders, had remained on shore all night, were assailed, as they slept around their fire, by a shower of arrows from four hundred Indians. Two were killed, while the survivors fled for their boat, bristling like porcupines with the feathered missiles. . . .

He (Champlain) and Poutrincourt, with eight men, hearing the war-whoops and the cries for aid, sprang up from sleep, snatched their weapons,

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pulled ashore in their shirts, and charged the yelling multitude, who fled before their spectral assailants, and vanished in the woods. "Thus," observes Les-carbot, "did thirty-five thousand Midianites fly before Gideon and his three hundred." The French buried their dead comrades; but, as they chanted their funeral hymn, the Indians at a safe distance on a neighboring hill, were dancing in glee and triumph, and mocking them with unseemly gestures; and no sooner had the party re-embarked, than they dug up the dead bodies, burnt them, and arrayed themselves in their shirts. Little pleased with the country or its inhabitants, the voyagers turned their prow towards Port Royal, though not until, by a treacherous device, they had lured some of their late assailants within their reach, killed them, and cut off their heads as trophies.

"So you see," concluded the Doctor, "that the French were active in exploring. You might put it this way: The French, as explorers, were to the Gulf of St. Lawrence what the Spaniards were to the Gulf of Mexico."

"'Gideon and his three hundred',— I don't understand that allusion, Doctor," said Ben.

"Well," replied the Doctor, "the story is told

in the Seventh Chapter of Judges. Suppose you get the Bible, Belle, and read it to us."

So Belle got the Bible, and this is what she read:

And the Lord said unto Gideon, the people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hands, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, Mine own hand hath saved me.

Now therefore go to, proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from mount Gilead. And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there: and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee; the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go.

So he brought down the people unto the water: and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.

And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go every man unto his place.

So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets: and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men: and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

And it came to pass the same night, that the Lord said unto him, Arise, get thee down unto the host; for I have delivered it into thine hand.

But if thou fear to go down, go thou with Phurah thy servant down to the host:

And thou shalt hear what they say; and afterward shall thine hands be strengthened to go down unto the host. Then went he down with Phurah his servant unto the outside of the armed men that were in the host.

And the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels were

without number, as the sand by the seaside for multitude.

And when Gideon was come, behold, there was a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along.

And his fellow answered and said, This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: for into his hand hath God delivered Midian, and all the host.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Pruning knife**, a knife used to cut off from a vine, shrub or tree any excess of branches or twigs; **wan** means pale, sickly looking; **melancholy**, sad, low-spirited, down-hearted, unhappy; **apology**, excuse; **site**, a place fitted for permanent use or occupation; **latitude**, distance north or south of the equator; **stud** means (1) to set thickly with small points or projections, especially with bright knobs or studs; as, He has *studded* the heavens with stars; (2) to be set thickly upon; as, The daisies *stud* the meadows; **treacherous**, faithless, betraying a trust, traitorous; **device**, a scheme, design; **trophies**, anything taken from an enemy and preserved as a memorial of victory.

2. Lescarbot (lā cār'bō); **Fortuné** (for tū' nā); **Pou-trincourt** (poo trăn' cōōr').

TO THE TEACHER:

Take up the suffix *ous* in connection with Exercise 1.

Phonics, the pronunciation of the words in Exercise 2.

SEVENTEENTH DAY

Next morning, bright and early, the Doctor came with his car, as promised, and in a few minutes Uncle Jack and the children were on their way with the Doctor to Provincetown, Ben sitting next to the chauffeur, who on this occasion was Dr. Worth, himself.

As they passed through Orleans, the Doctor called their attention to the shore station of the French Cable Company.

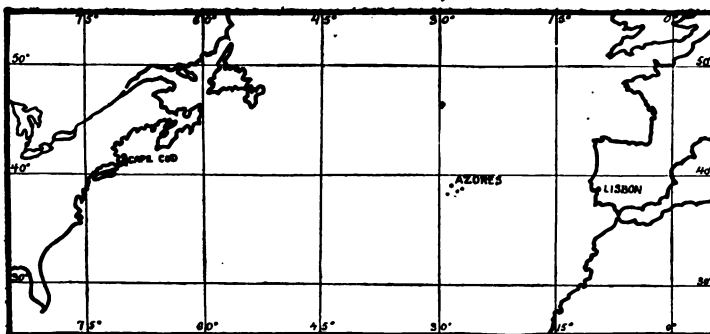
“How far is it from here to France?” asked May.

“Roughly speaking,” replied Uncle Jack, “about three thousand miles.”

“Suppose you sailed out that way, straight across the ocean,” said Belle, pointing to the east, “what would be the first land you would see?”

“If you sailed due east, it would be the coast of Portugal just north of Lisbon, if my memory serves me aright,” replied Uncle Jack.

As they talked, the car rolled smoothly and quietly on, and in less than two hours the Doctor



"IF YOU SAILED DUE EAST IT WOULD BE THE COAST OF PORTUGAL. . . ."

stopped the machine in front of the hotel where Father and Mother were staying. In a few minutes the party was reunited, and they all started out to take a look at the quaint, old town.

"It looks," said Ben, after they had walked a little while, "as if there were but one street in this place."

"That is true," replied Uncle Jack. "That is just the remark I made the first time I visited here. And there was a curious coincidence about my visit: It was the first time I had ever set foot in the State of Massachusetts, and I came ashore from the *Massachusetts*, which was the craft on which I did my first service. Then, as now, all the business of the town was carried on in this street. There is another street, however, parallel with it

farther up the hill, and many short intersecting streets; but it might still be called the quaint-town-of-one-street."

As our party walked along, they were passed and repassed by officers and seamen, who had come ashore from the battleships anchored in the harbor.

As Uncle Jack exchanged salutations with some of the older officers who passed, he said to Ben:

"These men, whom I saluted just now, were junior officers when I was in command. In fact, some of them served under me just before I went on the retired list."

"Look, Uncle Jack! What flag is that they are raising on the *Wyoming*?" asked Ben, pointing to where that battleship lay.

"That's the President's flag," Uncle Jack replied, as the flag reached the peak, and unfurled in the breeze.

"What does it mean?" asked Belle.

"It means that the President of the United States has just gone aboard the *Wyoming*," replied Uncle Jack. "Suppose as we walk to the Hotel I tell you a little about the etiquette that is prescribed when the President of the United States visits a man-of-war?"



Photo by Paul Thompson, New York City

RECEIVING A SUPERIOR OFFICER ON A WARSHIP

**“Oh, do, Uncle Jack! Please do,” replied May.
And Uncle Jack went on:**

“You must remember, that under the Constitution, the President is also Commander-in-Chief of the entire Army and Navy. As the Constitution is the supreme law of the land, so is the President the supreme authority in Army and Navy matters.”

When the President visits a ship of the United States Navy his flag is raised at the main at the

moment he reaches the deck and kept flying as long as he is on board. His flag is lowered simultaneously with the booming of the last gun of the salute.

To receive him, the entire corps of officers in special full dress assembles on the side of the quarter-deck at which he enters. He is received at the gangway by the flag officer and captain, accompanied by such other officers as may be designated. The yards or rail are manned; the marines paraded; and such of the crew as are not otherwise employed are formed in order forward of the marines.

As the Chief Executive reaches the deck the officers and men salute, the marine guard presents arms, the drums give four ruffles, and the bugles sound four flourishes. The ruffles and flourishes are followed by the national air, during the playing of which the President and all on board stand in silence with uncovered heads.

Every United States ship-of-war present, either at the arrival or departure of the President, mans the yards and fires a national salute of twenty-one guns, which is likewise a salute to the national flag.

So long as the President's flag flies from a ship-of-war, it becomes the senior ship present. Her

motions are followed accordingly, and all other United States ships of war on meeting her, at sea or elsewhere, and all naval batteries which she passes, must fire the national salute of twenty-one guns.

“High as the President’s position is, it is not, however, high enough to place him above the Colors,” said Uncle Jack. “The President must salute the Colors whenever they pass him, just as does the youngest midshipman,” he continued, and one of the most imposing features of an inaugural parade is the dipping of the Colors by each regiment as it passes the President’s stand. Each time the Colors are dipped, the President, with the Army and Navy officers and all members of the Diplomatic Corps present, must rise and stand uncovered until they have passed.

While they were at luncheon, the conversation turned on the work of the United States Navy.

Said the Doctor: “The enlisted men we met ashore to-day are as fine a body of young men as I have ever seen. They are well set up and most manly looking.”

“That is very true,” said Uncle Jack. “In my

early days the enlisted men were largely foreigners. Now they are native Americans."

"How do you account for the change?" asked Father.

"Well," was the reply, "the enlisted man has a splendid chance to see the world, he is well paid and well treated, and if he wishes to learn a trade while aboard ship, he can now do so."

"What trades may be learned?" asked Father.

"Navigation, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, and correspondence school courses on almost any subject desired," was Uncle Jack's reply. "So you see that a boy, entering at seventeen, which is as early as he may enter, and leaving when his four-year term of enlistment is over, goes out of the service with the money he has saved, a trade, and the valuable knowledge gained by travel, — quite enough to make him a winner in life's race, if he has the quality of stick-to-it-iveness."

"It is wonderful to me," said the Doctor, "how they will take an awkward boy, one who can't walk without falling over his own feet, and make him over into a well set-up young man."

"The setting-up drill will, indeed, do wonders," replied Uncle Jack. "As a matter of fact," he

went on, "these boys receive the finest physical training in the world."

"I know one awkward fellow, however, whom they never could make anything of," said the Doctor, with a chuckle.

"Who is he, if I may ask?" inquired Mother.

"I won't tell you his name, but I will tell you what he did," responded the Doctor.

"He accidentally shot his neighbor's dog. In explaining to his neighbor how he did it, he accidentally shot the neighbor. He was called before the coroner and a jury, and in explaining to them how he shot the dog and the man, he managed to shoot the coroner.

"So they discharged him, for fear that, if kept in custody, he would do some more explaining and, consequently, some more shooting."

"They have no use for that type in the United States Navy," said Uncle Jack, laughing.

"And now for the Pilgrim Monument," said the Doctor, "which is one of the great sights of this town."

The party started at once, the Doctor telling them the story of the monument as they walked along:

"Do you remember the sign at Chatham, the

one where Ben took a picture of my bald spot? That sign tells why the Pilgrim Monument was erected at Provincetown instead of at some other spot, on the coast of New Jersey or Virginia.

“The Monument,” continued the Doctor, “which stands upon Town Hill, is a landmark for many miles around. It was erected to commemorate the landfall of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod on the eleventh day of November, 1620; their anchoring in this harbor; the adoption in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, on the day of the arrival, of the Compact of government, the first charter of a democratic government in the world’s history; the birth here of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England; the death of Dorothy Bradford, the wife of William Bradford, afterward governor of Plymouth; the explorations in search of a place for permanent colonization; and the entire train of events which preceded the settlement at Plymouth.”

By this time they had reached the monument, itself. Climbing to the top, they enjoyed the magnificent view for a few minutes, after which they were ready to go back.

On their return to the hotel, Ben picked up a copy of Kipling’s “Captains Courageous,” which

happened to be lying on the table, and read aloud the dedication:

To
James Conland, M. D.,
Brattleboro, Vermont

*I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease
For the old sea-faring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas.*

— LONGFELLOW

After reading it, he said:

“Doctor, didn’t you know Doctor Conland?”

“Yes, indeed, I knew him very well,” was the reply. “He was reared in Chatham by Captain E. M. Eldredge. And it was their knowledge of the sea that Kipling wrought into ‘Captains Courageous’.”

There was a lull in the conversation, and the playing of the band on the flagship *Kentucky* could plainly be heard. They listened in silence to several numbers, but when the strains of “My Old Kentucky Home” came floating in through the open windows, they all sang with the band:

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

Art. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

STEPHEN C. FOSTER



1. { The sun shines bright' in my old Ken-tuck-y home;
young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor,
2. { They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon,
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart,
3. { The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
few more days for to tote the wea - ry load,



'Tis sum-mer, the dar-kies are gay; The corn-top's ripe,
All mer - ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n'-by Hard Times
On the mea-dow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more
With sor-row where all was de - light; The time has come
Wher-ev - er the dark-y may go; A few more days
No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light; A few more days



and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mus-ic all the
come a-knock-ing at the door, (*Omit*)
by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
when the dark-ies have to part, (*Omit*)
and the trou-ble all will end, In the field where the sugar canes
till we tot - ter on the road, (*Omit*)



day. The Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good - night!
door. The Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good - night!
grow. A Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good - night!

CHORUS



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day!



We will sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y home,



For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

Just before sunset the bugles were heard playing:

TO THE COLOR

Quick time



END.



D.C.

“What’s that, Uncle Jack?” asked May.

“‘Colors’,” replied Uncle Jack, and as he spoke the strains of the National Anthem came floating through the air. “It is a beautiful ceremony. It is described in the ‘Battleship Boys at Sea’”.*

At sunset, that night, the bugle blew for “colors,” meaning the formalities always observed in lowering the Flag at sunset when the ship is at anchor. This was the first time Dan had had an opportunity to see “colors” since he came aboard, for the ship had been under way constantly.

A few moments before the sunset hour the different divisions marched aft to the quarter-deck, each division in charge of a midshipman or an ensign. Coming to a halt, the divisions faced midships, banked on each side of the quarter-deck.

Grouped aft on the starboard side was the band. In the center stood the captain, with his executive officer, facing the Flag, and with the marines drawn up just back of the jackies.

A deep silence pervaded the deck.

“*Attention!*”

The Flag slowly fluttered toward the deck.

* From “Battleship Boys at Sea,” copyright, 1910, by Howard E. Altemus.

Every face was turned toward the stern, every eye fixed on the Flag as it crept slowly downward.

As the Flag reached the arms of the Quarter-master, the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." The heart of every jackie on the quarter-deck swelled with patriotism, the strains of the national anthem bringing a deeper color to the rows of tanned, manly faces lined up in solid ranks on the quarter-deck of the battleship *Long Island*. At the last note of the music every one saluted.

"*Attention! First division right face. Forward march!*"

To the rhythmic tap of the drum, the ship's company began marching from the deck in steady lines, one division following another until all had disappeared save a group of officers who stood chatting on the quarter-deck.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Describe the ceremony of "Colors" in the American navy.

2. Be ready to use each of the following phrases in a sentence: *magnificent view; democratic government; first charter; sea-faring men; interesting coincidence; National Anthem; beautiful ceremony; deep silence; rhythmic (rhythmic) sound; bugle blew.*

3. **Coroner** means an officer who looks into the cause

of any violent, sudden, or mysterious death; **predecessor**, fore-runner. The prefix *a* means *in* or *on*; as, a-shore, a (on) shore. Analyze : *aboard*, *abed*, *afire*, *asleep*, *afoot*, *aground*.

4. Make a sketch map showing the relative positions of Cape Cod and Portugal. Time 2 minutes.

5. Copy the nouns in group 4 of the Vocabulary and place before each an appropriate adjective.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 5 may be used as a snappy recitation instead of written work. Criticize Exercise 4 as you pass about the room.

Review, pp. 419-424.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

On the morrow "Good-byes" were said, the Doctor returning to Chatham, and the rest of the party going to Boston by boat.

On arriving at the hotel, in Boston, our party found their baggage waiting for them, it having arrived from Chatham by express the day before.

"We go to Plymouth to-morrow and sail for Portland the day after to-morrow," said Father, "so you children must make the most of your time, and do all the sight-seeing you can."

"All right, Father," replied Ben. "We shall get Uncle Jack to take us about, as he has several things he wants to show us."

"Now, girls, where do you want to go?" asked Uncle Jack, when they finally started off.

"I should like to see the Old North Church, Uncle Jack, where the lanterns were hung," replied May.

"And I should like to see the Public Gardens, Uncle Jack," was Belle's answer.

“What about you, Ben?”

“I should like to go to the Common, Uncle Jack,” was Ben’s reply.

“That will be very easy. Let us go first to Salem street by the elevated road, to see the Old North Church. Then we can walk to the Common and the Gardens by way of Hanover and Tremont streets,” said Uncle Jack.

It did not take them long to reach the church, and it was but a short walk from the church to the Common and the adjacent Gardens.

They sat on a bench near the lake and fed the numerous flocks of tame sparrows and the swans while Uncle Jack told them about Bunker Hill and other Revolutionary happenings.

“Here is something I learned as a little boy, and used to recite at school,” he said, as they walked back through the beautiful Public Gardens and across the Common toward the Hotel:

THE BOYS OF THE REVOLUTION

For a great many years the boys of Boston used the Common as a playground, for sliding or skating in winter and for other sports in summer.

When the British troops were in Boston, the soldiers used to amuse themselves by spoiling the



. . . "SIR, WE WILL BEAR IT NO LONGER."

ice in the pond and by tearing down the snow houses that the boys had built.

At last the boys determined to bear it no longer, and sent some of the largest of their number to complain to the British general.

No doubt the boys hated the British troops, and perhaps their manner of presenting their complaint was abrupt. At least the general seemed offended, and asked them if their fathers had been teaching them rebellion and had sent them to him with their complaints.

"Nobody sent us," said the leader; and his eyes sparkled with anger while he stood proudly and fearlessly before the general.

"We have never injured your troops, but they have thrown down our snow hills and spoiled our skating pond. We have complained, and they called us young rebels and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the captain, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed again; and, sir, we will bear it no longer."

General Gage could not restrain his admiration for the boys who knew their rights and dared to maintain them.

"The very children," said he, "draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe. Go, my

brave boys, and if my soldiers molest you again, they shall be punished.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Adjacent** means near. Two things are *adjacent* when they lie close to each other, not in actual contact. What is *adjacent* to your schoolhouse?

2. The suffix *ish* means *like* or *somewhat*, or *belonging to*; as Brit+ish, belonging to Britain.

Analyze in a similar way: *boyish*, *girlish*, *clownish*, *English*, *Scottish*, *sweetish*.

3. Why are the adjectives *British*, *English*, and *Scottish* capitalized?

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 should be written.

Review, pp. 419–424.

NINETEENTH DAY

Early next morning our party was on the train for Plymouth. It was but a short run — less than an hour and a half, but in that time Uncle Jack found time to tell them of Captain Miles Standish, of Governors Carver and Bradford, ending by reciting the poem of Felicia Hemans:

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;



From Painting by A. Gishert.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam —
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

— *Felicia Hemans*

Just as Uncle Jack finished, the train drew into the station of Plymouth.

“Suppose,” said Father as they left the train, “suppose that in visiting this historic spot, we go first to Pilgrim Hall. Then we can have luncheon, and end with a visit to the ancient graveyard and to the National Monument. What say you, Jack?”

“A good idea,” was the reply. “There is much to be seen, and we can make the most of our time by following the plan you suggest.”

So Father’s plan was adopted and a busy day followed. . . .

“How did you enjoy your visit to Plymouth, Belle?” asked Uncle Jack, when they were on the train again, on the way back to Boston.

“Very much, indeed, Uncle Jack,” was Belle’s reply. “But how can I remember all the historic things we have seen to-day! There are so many of them! I copied two of the quaint old epitaphs

in the graveyard, as they were too good to lose and I couldn't possibly remember them."

"May I see them, Belle?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Certainly, Uncle Jack," replied Belle, as she handed him her commonplace book.


And Uncle Jack read these two queer old epitaphs:

MARY

widow of Elder Cushman and daughter of
Isaac Allerton

Died — XXVIII — November, MDCXCIX, aged
about — XC — years

The last survivor of the first comers in the
Mayflower.

Here lies Interred
The body of Mrs
SARAH SPOON-
ER, who dece-
ased January
ye 25th A. D. 1767
in the 72d year of
her age. She was
widow to 

[*Pointing to the next stone.*]

"Those are certainly quaint and curious, Belle,"

said Uncle Jack, as he returned the book. "I think I shall give you some lines written by John Boyle O'Reilly on the Pilgrim Fathers, which you may put with them."

"Please do, Uncle Jack, I shall be very glad to have them," said Belle.

"Listen, then," and Uncle Jack recited the following lines:

(To be read by the teacher to the pupils, who should follow the reading in their books.)

THE PILGRIM FATHERS*

One righteous word for Law — the common Will;
One living truth of Faith — God regnant still;
One primal test of Freedom — all combined;
One sacred Revolution — change of mind;
One trust unfailing for the night and need —
The tyrant-flower shall cast the freedom-seed.

So held they firm, the Fathers aye to be,
From Home to Holland, Holland to the sea, —
Pilgrims for manhood, in their little ship,
Hope in each heart and prayer on every lip.
They could not live by king-made codes and creeds;
They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.

* Copyright; used through the courtesy of James S. Murphy, trustee of the O'Reilly estate.

Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned;
Through pains and prisons harried from the land;
Through double exile, — till at last they stand
Apart from all, unique, unworldly, true,
Selected grain to sow the earth anew;
A winnowed part, a saving remnant they:
Dreamers who work, adventurers who pray!
In every land wherever might holds sway
The Pilgrims' leaven is at work to-day.

.
Still must we keep in every stroke and vote
The law of conscience that the Pilgrims wrote;
Our seal their secret: *Liberty can be;*
The state is freedom if the town is free.

.
O People's Voice! when farthest thrones shall hear;
When teachers own; when thoughtful rabbis know;
When artist minds in world-wide symbol show;
When serfs and soldiers their mute faces raise;
When priests on grand cathedral altars praise;
When pride and arrogance shall disappear,
The Pilgrims' Vision is accomplished here!

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the last stanza of "The Landing of the Pilgrims."
2. Copy the proper nouns you find on page 177.

TO THE TEACHER:

Use for dictation:

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in Ireland in 1844.

He enlisted in the British army at the age of eighteen. Four years afterward he was accused and convicted of high treason and sentenced to death. This sentence was changed later to twenty years' penal servitude in Australia.

After one year's imprisonment, he escaped from the western coast of Australia in an open boat, was picked up by an American whaler that was on the lookout for him, and reached Philadelphia in 1869.

He afterward made his home in Boston, where he did considerable literary work.

He died in 1890.

TWENTIETH DAY

"And now for Portland," said Uncle Jack as they went on board the steamer next morning.

"How far is it?" asked May.

"About one hundred and ten miles," replied Uncle Jack. "This boat makes about fourteen knots an hour. So you can easily tell how long it will take us to make the run."

"But I don't know how much a knot is," said May.

"A knot is about one and one-seventh miles. Now what's the answer?" replied Uncle Jack.

"About seven hours," said Ben, quickly.

"Well done," said Uncle Jack, with emphasis. "That is near enough for present purposes."

"How did they get from place to place in colonial days?" asked May. "No steam power was used then."

"By sailing vessels, on waterways," was Uncle Jack's reply. "On land some people traveled on horseback, and others used different kinds of

vehicles. It took about six days to make the trip from Boston to New York by road — just about as many days, then, as it takes hours now.”

“Oh, wasn’t that slow!” said May.

“Slow but sure,” remarked Belle.

They were all standing at the starboard rail, looking out over the broad Atlantic, as they chatted. There was a little swell on; not a great deal, but enough to send “poor sailors” to their staterooms.

“Is it not beautiful?” said Uncle Jack. “I don’t believe I have ever told you of Barry Cornwall’s poem on the sea. It is a great favorite of mine.”

“You have never told it to us,” replied Ben.

“Then I will do so now. There is no time like the present,” said Uncle Jack:

THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth’s wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, — O, *how* I love! — to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was*, and *is*, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!
— *Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall)*

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the fourth stanza of "The Sea."
2. What is the exact answer to Uncle Jack's question, paragraph five?
3. Write two declarative sentences. Rewrite, changing to interrogative form.

TO THE TEACHER:

Review pp. 419-424.



TWENTY-FIRST DAY

“What a beautiful city!” said Belle the next morning as they were walking to the Longfellow house.

“Yes,” replied Uncle Jack. “Portland, Maine, is one of the most attractive of American cities. There is another Portland in Oregon, where the roses bloom all the year around, although there is very little difference in the latitude of the two cities, the Portland in Oregon being actually farther north.”

You can see from the above photograph of Longfellow’s house that roses could not bloom all the year round in Portland, Maine.

“Here we are at Congress street, Uncle Jack,”
said Ben.

“And here is the house. It is set back from the street, as you see. Longfellow was not born in this house, but he passed his youth in it. His birthplace is near the Grand Trunk station. There is one poem in which Longfellow commemorates Portland, and I think we should take time to listen to it here in the house where the poet lived so long.” And Uncle Jack repeated from memory:

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me,
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And the islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea fight far away,*
How it thundered o’er the tide!

*This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

.

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

— *Longfellow*

" 'The sea fight far away' brings to my mind another sea fight on the coast of Maine in the early days of the Revolution. In fact, it was the first sea fight of that war, and it took place not far from here," said Uncle Jack, as they were returning to the hotel. "Suppose I tell you about it some day?" he added.

“Oh, do tell us, to-day, after luncheon!” cried May.

“I’m afraid that I shall not be free to do so until to-morrow, as I have some letters to write this afternoon,” said Uncle Jack. “But let us agree, now, to meet in the sitting room after luncheon, to-morrow,” he added, as they reached the hotel.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the first stanza of “My Lost Youth.”

2. Write two sentences of the *b* type, and two of the *c* type. Put a single horizontal line underneath the subject, and double horizontal lines underneath the predicate.

TO THE TEACHER:

Test the pupils’ knowledge of the memory gem.

Collect, correct, and return Exercise 2.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY

Just as soon as luncheon was over the next day, the children followed Uncle Jack into the sitting room, where he told them the following story:

THE HAYMAKERS OF MACHIAS*

That memorable event on the night of December 17, 1773, when a party of men in Indian garb boarded the tea-ship *Dartmouth* in Boston harbor and flung her unwelcome cargo overboard to make a tea-party for the fishes, was not a naval event in the true sense of the words. It was landlubbers that did the work. And, for that matter, it was landlubbers still who were the actors in the first scene of actual naval warfare in our country's history — the bold haymakers of Maine, and Jerry O'Brien, their gallant leader. The story of their exploit is most notable, as being the first occasion on which the genuine Yankee spirit was shown upon the "briny deep."

* From "Heroes of the Navy," by Charles Morris. Copyright 1907 by J. B. Lippincott Co., and used by permission of the author and publishers.

The 19th of April, 1775, had passed and the "Minute Men" of New England were swarming in wrath around Boston, to avenge the patriots shot down on Lexington green. The tidings of this event spread rapidly in some quarters, slowly in others, and it was not until twenty days later that rumors of the tale of Lexington crept up to the little town of Machias on the far northern coast of Maine.

No proud port was Machias. A seaside village rather, its people mainly haymakers, for it lay amid grassy meadows beside its bay. But there were woodsmen among its population who knew how to swing an ax and bring down the giants of the Maine forests; and it had, no doubt, its share of men of the sea, for the ports of New England in those days were often busy scenes of ocean ventures.

The people of Machias did not love King George. All the tall, straight trees in their woods were reserved to make masts for British ships, and no woodsman dared set ax to one of their giant pines for fear of arrest by the agents of the king.

It was not to their liking, then, when, on a May morning in 1775, a small fleet sailed into their quiet harbor, consisting of the *Margaretta*, a British

armed schooner, and two sloops sent to get lumber for the fortifications at Boston.

The news that war had broken out and that the "Minute Men" were in arms around Boston was like a torch to the patriot sons of Machias. They hastened to plant a liberty pole on the village green and were very ill-disposed to supply Captain Moore of the *Margaretta* with the lumber he demanded. As for his order to them to cut down their liberty pole and his threat to fire upon them if they did not, they heard these with defiance.

There were bold souls in Machias, men more disposed to take than to give. Their fellows farther south were besieging Boston. Here lay a king's ship. Why not make a bold stroke for the cause by capturing it? A plot was quickly formed, a group of ardent patriots meeting in the woods near the town and laying plans for their daring enterprise. It was proposed to seize Captain Moore and his officers on Sunday when they were ashore attending the village church and then attack and capture their ship.

Prominent among the conspirators were six stalwart fellows named O'Brien, sons of an Irish resident of the town, and one of these in particular, a daring young colonist named Jeremiah, took a

leading part in the events that followed. Messengers were sent to a neighboring settlement for help, every one was pledged to secrecy, and the plotters waited in excited anticipation for the coming Sunday.

The looked-for day dawned. All seemed to go well, Captain Moore coming on shore to attend the village church, without a thought that men with arms occupied some of the seats, and that some bold fellows sat directly behind him, intent on his capture. But near by was an open window, the river was in plain view, and as the service went on he saw some men crossing it, muskets in hand.

He knew the people to be in a dangerous mood. There were other suspicious movements on the shore. Evidently something was afoot. Quick to take alarm, he sprang from his seat, reached the window with a bound, leaped through and was off for the beach almost before his foes in the church could leave their seats.

His waiting boat quickly put him on board, and on reaching the deck he ordered some shots to be fired over the town to frighten the people, numbers of whom were now hurrying to the water-side. Not liking the look of things ashore, Captain Moore had the anchor lifted and then he sailed sev-

eral miles down the bay, where he came to anchor again under a high bank. It was not a safe place for shelter, for the townsfolk had followed him along the shore, and one of them called from the bank, bidding him to surrender and threatening to fire if he refused.

“Fire and be hanged!” was his defiant reply, and some shots were exchanged, but the anchor was soon raised again and the *Margaretta* ran out into the bay, where she was beyond the reach of the village conspirators.

Here he seemed safe and the project at an end, but there were men in Machias of daring spirit, and the next day told a different tale. There lay the sloops in the harbor. Where a schooner could go a sloop could follow, and on Monday morning four of the venturesome young men of the town, moved by a sudden impulse, boarded one of the lumber vessels and took possession.

Their easy feat was followed by three hearty cheers, which roused the people and brought a crowd of them to the wharf where the sloops lay. Foremost among them was Jerry O’Brien, “an athletic, gallant man,” as the records say. On reaching the wharf he called to those on board:

“What is in the wind?”

“We are going for the King’s ship,” answered Joseph Wheaton, one of the captors. “This craft can outsail her, and if we have men and guns enough we can take her.”

“My boys, we can do it!” cried the bold Jerry, with an enthusiasm that sent the crowd off in a hurry in search of arms.

A sorry show of arms they found with which to attack a vessel well supplied with cannon, for the *Margaretta* boasted four six-pounders and twenty swivels, each firing a one-pound ball. All the hay-makers could muster were twenty guns, with enough powder and shot to make three loads for each. One of these was a “wall piece,” a musket too heavy to fire from the shoulder. The rest of their weapons consisted of thirteen pitchforks and twelve axes.

Men were plenty, but only thirty-five were chosen, the most athletic of the throng. Among them were the half-dozen O’Brien brothers, and Jerry, a village leader in all matters that called for decision, was elected captain. Setting sail on the *Unity*, the sloop they had taken, away they went for the first naval battle of the Revolutionary War.

Captain Moore saw his foes coming and apparently did not like their looks any too well, or had

good reasons of his own for avoiding a fight, for he hastily got up anchor again and fairly ran away. His quick movement was no lucky one, for in going about, the main-boom swung across so sharply that it struck the backstays and broke short off.

This was an ugly accident for a runaway, but chance enabled the British captain to quickly replace the broken spar, for a merchant schooner lay near by at anchor. Laying the *Margaretta* beside this vessel, he made no ceremony in robbing it of its boom to replace his, and in a brief time was under sail again, heading for the open sea with a timidity that seemed strange under the circumstances, as his vessel was strong enough in cannon to make short work of the *Unity*, if he had chosen to fight.

Meanwhile time was passing and Captain O'Brien, with his amateur crew, was fast coming up. The sloop proved the better sailer of the two, and the last tack had brought it so close aboard that Captain Moore now cut adrift his boats in his eagerness to escape. For a British captain dealing with "rebels," he seemed strangely timid. Not until the *Unity* was within striking distance did he make up his mind to fight, showing the new spirit that animated him by firing a gun. This was followed

by a broadside, but the guns were apparently badly aimed, for though one man fell dead, no other harm was done to vessel or crew.

The eager patriots retorted with a volley of musketry, the wall-piece being fired by a dead-shot moose-hunter of the backwoods, who aimed so truly that he picked off the man at the helm and sent everybody scurrying from the schooner's quarter-deck.

Left to take care of herself, her helm swinging free, the schooner broached to, and in a moment more the sloop, then very close at hand, crashed into her. In an instant more the axmen and hay-makers were tumbling over the rail and a hot affray was in progress, the schooner's crew, with Captain Moore at their head, rushing up to repel the eager boarders.

The killing of the helmsman and the boarding of the schooner had in an instant overcome all the superiority it possessed by virtue of its armament, and hand to hand the battle went on with such weapons as could be seized.

With muskets, pitchforks and axes the patriots shot, thrust and cut at the British crew, who fought valiantly with cutlasses, hand grenades, pistols, and boarding pikes, Captain Moore flinging grenades

fiercely at his foes. But when a musket-ball stretched him dead upon the deck, his men lost heart and drew back, the Yankees poured hotly upon them, and in a minute more the *Margaretta* was ours.

The fight had been fast and furious, for twenty men, more than a fourth of all those engaged, were killed and wounded.

Thus ended the haymakers' fight, the opening event in the ocean warfare of the Revolution. The *Margaretta* was greatly the stronger, in men, in guns, and the skill and training of captain and crew, yet she had been taken by a party of landsmen, with muskets against cannon and pitchforks against cutlasses. It was a victory of which they could well be proud.

This is not the end of the story of Jerry O'Brien, the hero of the haymakers' fight. He had now under him a fighting crew, plenty of cannon and ammunition, and before him the open ocean, offering prizes and glory to men of his mold. Taking in the *Margaretta*, landing his prisoners, and shifting the cannon and small arms of the captured vessel to his swifter sloop, which he renamed the *Machias Liberty*, he set sail on a privateering cruise, the first, so far as history tells us, in American annals.

The British naval authorities, eager to punish O'Brien and his men for their daring act, soon gave them an opportunity to show their mettle. On hearing of what they doubtless considered his presumption, they sent down two armed schooners, the *Diligence* and the *Tapanagouche*, from Halifax to deal with the bold Yankee-Irishman. But Captain O'Brien knew something about handling a ship, as he had already proved. By skilful movements he succeeded in separating the cruisers and then dashed on them one at a time in the bold manner in which he had dashed on the *Margaretta*. As a result, he brought them both in as prizes to Watertown, Massachusetts, and handed them over to the colonial authorities.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Ardent** means warm; **conspirators**, plotters; **anticipate**, to foresee, to foretaste; **anticipation** here means the act of foretasting their coming triumph — (note the prefix *fore*); **ceremony** means here observance of etiquette; **timidity**, fear; **amateur**, not professional; **presumption**, passing beyond the ordinary bounds of good-breeding, respect, or reverence.

2. In the paragraph beginning "Prominent among the, etc.," what synonymous expressions can you use for the following: *Prominent among the conspirators*;

stalwart fellows; leading part; events that followed; neighboring settlement; excited anticipation.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 should be a snappy oral exercise, after the pupils have had an opportunity to study the matter.

In discussing the word *anticipation* (*ante* = before + *capio* = take), call the attention of the pupils to the similarity of meaning in the two prefixes, *ante* and *fore*.

Conspire (*con* = together + *spiro* = breathe) is to plot closely and secretly (as if *breathing together*). This word also will bear further discussion.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY

“Should you like to take a swim to-day, Ben?” asked Uncle Jack, as they were going in to breakfast.

“That would be fine,” replied Ben. “Shall I tell the girls?”

“Yes,” said Uncle Jack. “Tell Belle to put all our bathing suits into the small valise, as that will be the easiest way to carry them.”

The children were all excitement at breakfast.

“Oh, Mother,” exclaimed Belle, when Mother and Father came to the table, “we are going swimming with Uncle Jack! Isn’t that fine?”

“Yes, daughter, I am glad that you are going off for a good time. Father and I will go to the organ recital, while you are away. Where are you going to take the children, Jack?” asked Mother.

“Out to Orr’s Island,” was the reply.

“I remember that name,” said Father, “in connection with a book I read some years ago: ‘The Pearl of Orr’s Island’.”

"Yes," replied Uncle Jack, "the book was written by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a very interesting book it is. You must read it, children, after you return home."

"We shall be glad to do so," was Belle's reply, as they rose from the table to get ready for their trip.

An hour or so afterward, they were on the steamer and on their way to Orr's Island.

"What water are we on, Uncle Jack?" asked May.

"This is Casco Bay, May. It is, as you see, a very large sheet of water, and there are a great many islands in it, — three hundred sixty-five to be exact. It is easy to remember that number, isn't it?" was Uncle Jack's reply.

"Yes," said Belle, "for it is the same as the number of days in a year."

"Oh, look at those!" cried May. "What are they?" pointing to a number of small-sized animals which could be seen disporting themselves in the water and upon the rocks.

"Those are seals," replied Uncle Jack. "They are protected in these waters, though they play sad havoc with the mackerel when those fish come into the Bay."



SEALS IN CASCO BAY

“Is that the kind of seal whose skins are made into ladies’ coats?” asked Belle.

“No,” replied Uncle Jack, “these are not the fur seal.”

Shortly after this they reached Orr’s Island. After a good swim and some time on the beach the return to Portland was made.

“Now,” said Uncle Jack, when they had made their landing, “let us take the trolley, and run out to Cape Elizabeth.”

So off they went in the trolley.

For a time they sat in silence enjoying the

swift movement of the car and the refreshing salt breeze.

“Uncle Jack,” said Ben, breaking the silence, “ever since you told us the story, I have been thinking about those men at Machias. Did the men in the other Colonies feel as those men did?”

“Well, Ben,” replied Uncle Jack, “I think the feeling of discontent was pretty general. In the first place, all Colonies tend to become independent nations, just as boys in time become men. Then there were the mistaken and obnoxious laws which had been passed by the English Parliament in restraint of labor. Just think, Ben,” Uncle Jack continued, “there were no fewer than twenty-nine of these laws, restricting Colonial industry! Some of the more objectionable contained such provisions as the following:*

““They forbade the use of waterfalls, the erecting of machinery, of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; they set the king’s arrow upon trees that rotted in the forest; they shut out markets for boards and fish, and seized sugar and molasses and the vessels in which these articles were carried; and they defined the limitless ocean as but

*From Sabine’s “Loyalists in the American Revolution.”

a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as wore the British flag. To me, then, the great object of the Revolution was to release labor from these restrictions.'

"So no wonder the Colonists were discontented," concluded Uncle Jack.

"My teacher says that these unjust restrictions in trade tended to increase smuggling," said Belle, as Uncle Jack paused.

"There is no doubt of that," he returned. "But we are missing the beautiful view. See, there is the ocean again! Now, which of you, I wonder, can recall a poem about the sea?" Uncle Jack inquired.

"I am learning that one by Barry Cornwall which you recited to us not long ago," said Belle. "But I don't know it well enough to repeat."

"Well, I am going to repeat another, this time by Tennyson, and quite different from Cornwall's. Then you can tell me which you like the better." And Uncle Jack repeated Tennyson's beautiful poem:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

“Oh, I like this one much more than the other,”
cried Belle as Uncle Jack finished. “I think it is
beautiful!”

“So do I,” echoed May.

“I like Barry Cornwall's best,” said Ben. “This
one is too sad for me.”

And all the way back to Portland the children
continued to discuss the two poems.

After dinner, Uncle Jack and Father began to
discuss plans for the rest of the trip.

"Where are we going next?" inquired the former.

"Well," replied Father, "we should get to Montreal during the coming week. Shall we go direct, or *via* Halifax? What say you, Mother?"

"Suppose we leave it to the children," was Mother's reply.

"All right," replied Father. "What say you, children?"

"Halifax first! Halifax first!" was the exclamation in answer.

"So be it," replied Father. "To-morrow we shall start for Halifax, Nova Scotia, *via* St. John, New Brunswick."

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Disporting** means amusing oneself; **havoc**, destruction, waste; **restricted**, bound down, hemmed in; **Parliament**, (pär' lĩ ment) the lawmakers of England.

2. Copy and memorize the third stanza of Tennyson's poem.

3. Write the antonyms of the following adjectives: *huge, brilliant, ancient, graceful, faithful, amiable.*

TO THE TEACHER:

Test the pupils' knowledge of the selected stanza.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY

“And now for a long ride,” said Uncle Jack, as the train started next morning.

“How long will it take us to get to St. John, and how far is it?” asked May.

“It will take us about eleven hours to travel the three hundred and forty-five miles between Portland and our first stop in Canada,” was Uncle Jack’s reply.

“While we are in St. John at what hotel shall we stay?” asked Ben.

“At the ‘Royal’, Ben. You will hear more or less of royalty while we are traveling in Canada, as the Canadians are very proud of their royal family, though it does belong in England. So we might as well begin at the ‘Royal Hotel’.”

“Uncle Jack,” said Ben, who was looking at a railway map, “here is a Yarmouth in Nova Scotia.”

“And there is one near Portland in Maine, and still another in Cape Cod where Father and Mother went to visit,” said Belle.

"There are doubtless many more, too," responded Uncle Jack. "Such duplication of names shows clearly that both the United States and Canada originally had many settlers from England, who used the names of their old home towns, in naming the new towns they were making."

"I never thought of that," replied Belle.

"Yarmouth in England was made famous by Charles Dickens in his 'David Copperfield,' written while Queen Victoria was on the throne. The Yarmouths over here are named after it," added Uncle Jack.

"Who is on the throne of England now?" asked May.

"King George V, a grandson of Victoria. His father, King Edward VII, was Prince of Wales, when I was last in New Brunswick, and it was in the very city we are going to — St. John — that I heard a very good story of him when he was a small boy. Shall I tell it?"

"Oh, do, Uncle Jack, do," was the response.

During the first twenty years of his life the little Prince, who was afterward King Edward VII, rarely forgot for a moment that he was in all probability to be a ruler of the land. He lived in the firm belief that "a King can do no wrong." When he was a boy of ten he



QUEEN VICTORIA

was with his mother, Queen Victoria, at Balmoral Castle in the Highlands of Scotland. At that time the Queen was a skillful painter in water colors and spent many days by the waterfalls and in the glens making pictures.

One day she was sitting at her easel on a sandy beach of the river beneath a waterfall. Young Edward was playing about. The little Prince suddenly caught sight of a Highland lad in kilts. The lad was making a sand castle and adorning it with sprigs of heather and pebbles from the brook.

The Prince advanced to him with royal pride and asked for whom the sand castle was being built.

"For bonnie Prince Charlie," was the playful reply of the boy, who stood with his hands on his hips to see the effect of a thistle on the top story. The lad had no idea that his questioner was any different from any other boy.

The young Prince, however, determined to make it clear that he — and not Prince Charlie — was to be King some day. He kicked over the sand castle.

The Highland boy glared at him and said:

"Ye'll no dae that again!"

It was a challenge. The lad rebuilt his sand castle very deliberately. The Prince waited until the thistle was stuck on the top story, then kicked it over as deliberately as it had been built.

“Ye’ll no dae that a third time!” challenged the little Scot, beginning to rebuild with even more deliberation.

The Queen had been watching and listening. She set aside her brush and palette, but said nothing.

A third time Prince Edward kicked over the Highland lad’s sand castle. No sooner was it done than its kilted builder closed his fists and lowered his head. In another moment the two boys were at each other.

The Queen sat there and never interfered by word or act. The little Prince presently emerged, weeping, bruised, and bloody-nosed, while the little Scot stood apart, himself considerably frayed, waiting to see if a further service were needed in the training of royal children.

To the little Prince’s plea for speedy vengeance, the Queen merely replied, as she wiped the blood from the future King’s nose with her pocket handkerchief:

“It served you quite right, Edward.”

“It did serve him right, too,” said Belle at the end of the story.

“Here we are at St. John,” said Uncle Jack, as the train came to a stop. “Now for the hotel bus.”

“Here it is,” said Father, as he led the way to it, and in less than ten minutes they were in the “Royal Hotel.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. From the proper noun *Canada* we made the adjective *Canadian*. Supply the missing word in each of the following lines:

<i>Proper noun</i>	<i>Adjective</i>
America	
	Welsh
France	
	German
Austria	
Brazil	
	Peruvian
	Chinese
Japan	
Turkey	

2. Be ready to use the following in sentences:

ardent patriot	small valise
Casco Bay	disporting themselves
sad havoc	Machias (ma tchí'as); Me.

3. Write in a column the 27th group of adjectives, page 430. Consult your dictionary, and after each adjective write its antonym.

4. 'Bus is a contraction of the word *omnibus*.

TO THE TEACHER:

Have a pupil do Exercise 1 on the Bb., and let the pupils correct their work by comparison.

Exercise 2 should be oral.

Read the pupils that part of Chapter LV of “David Copperfield” which describes the storm at Yarmouth and the death of Ham and Steerforth.

Review, pp. 419–424.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY

"Is St. John an old city, Uncle Jack?" asked Belle the next morning as they were getting ready to go on their way to Halifax.

"No," replied Uncle Jack. "It was settled by some of the people who left New York in 1783; I mean those who had been loyal to the crown during the Revolution."

"Were there many of them, Uncle Jack?" asked Ben.

"Over thirty thousand left New York alone in 1783. Some settled here, some in Nova Scotia, and others in Ontario. Each and every one of their descendants is now entitled to affix to his name the letters *U. E. L.*," said Uncle Jack.

"What do they mean?" asked May.

"United Empire Loyalist," was the reply.

Here the conversation was interrupted by Father, who said, "It is time for the boat, everybody."

So they all went to the boat, and got aboard.

"And now where are we going, Uncle Jack?" asked May, after the boat started on its way.

"We are crossing the Bay of Fundy to Digby."

"Is this the Bay of Fundy which is noted for its very high tides?" inquired Ben, looking over the rail. "Our geography teacher told us that the difference between high and low tide here is seventy feet, — and that is the height of a seven-story house," he added.

"Yes, Ben," answered Uncle Jack, "and there are few spots in the world — if any — where the tides are as high as here, in the Bay of Fundy. Then, the A shape of the Bay itself causes the tide to rise very swiftly. It comes rushing up so fast that there is no time for anything in its path to escape. Cattle, boats, and even people are all overtaken and swept away. The tide has actually been known to overtake a swiftly galloping horse."

"How terrible it would be to be caught in that cruel tide!" cried Belle, with a shiver.

"Can't you tell us a story about the high tide?" said May, slipping her hand into that of Uncle Jack.

"I don't seem to remember one about the Bay of Fundy, child," said Uncle Jack, after searching his memory in vain. "But," he added after a



INUNDATED VILLAGES

moment or two, "Jean Ingelow wrote a most interesting poem about a famous high tide on the coast of England, which was more destructive than any in the Bay of Fundy, — one which washed away several villages. There won't be time for me to repeat it before the boat reaches Digby, but I will do so as soon as we are settled in the train for Halifax."

In about an hour after this, and while their train was speeding through the "Evangeline Country," Uncle Jack repeated the following poem:

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;

Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he,
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby'."

Men say it was a stolen tide —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the door,
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melic groweth
Faintly came her milking song —

“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
“For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,

Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
The steeple towered from out the green;
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife, Elizabeth;

Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They said, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down;
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my son
Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.)

“The old sea wall (he cried) is down,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
Go sailing up the market-place.”
He shook as one that looks on death:
“God save you, mother!” straight he saith;
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth?”

“Good son, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “Ho Enderby!”
They rang “The Brides of Enderby!”

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river’s bed,
A mighty current reared his crest,
And up the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

So far, so fast the current drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:

The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high —
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roof to roof who fearless rowed;
And I — my son was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear;
The waters laid thee at his door,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
“Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!” calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
“Cusha! Cusha!” all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melic groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,

“Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”
— *Jean Ingelow*

And shortly after Uncle Jack had finished, the train drew into Halifax station.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Melic** (mĕl'ik) means moor grass.
2. “The Brides of Enderby” is an old English song.
3. Write five words having the suffix *ous*. Place after each its meaning.

TO THE TEACHER:

This work should be examined by you as you walk about the room, while individual pupils recite as you call upon them.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY

The next morning they rambled around Halifax to their hearts' content. They saw its wonderful harbor, walked through the beautiful Public Gardens, inspected as much of the Citadel and the fortifications as they were permitted to, and then walked through St. Paul's Cemetery.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, as they proceeded on their way, "Halifax is to a very pronounced degree, an English city, the most English on the continent; nor is this strange when you remember that for a long, long time this garrison and naval post of England was manned by British troops."

"Isn't it now?" asked Ben.

"No," replied Uncle Jack. "The soldiers you see manning the fortifications are Canadians. The last time I was here, however, — some thirty years ago — the soldiers were from Yorkshire in England.

"An interesting thing for you to remember in connection with Halifax," he continued, "is that after the *Shannon* had defeated the *Chesapeake* in

Boston Harbor, she brought her prize here. Do you recall the dying words of Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake*, Ben?"

"Don't give up the ship!" was the instant reply.

"Captain Lawrence was dead when the ships reached this port," continued Uncle Jack, "and a most affecting tribute was paid to his memory at the funeral, which was marked with all the pomp and glory of war. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the British service who were then in Halifax, and the naval officers crowded in to pay the last sad honors to a man who was lately their foe, but now their foe no longer.

"Three months afterward the body of the gallant Lawrence was sent to New York and there, with fitting ceremonies, it was interred in Trinity Cemetery by the municipality."

"I remember the monument," said Belle. "We saw it when we were in New York."

"Now, children," said Uncle Jack, "it is time we were getting back to the Hotel for luncheon."

"Now," said Uncle Jack after they had all finished luncheon, "there are but two trains a day out of Halifax for Quebec, or rather Levis (which is directly opposite Quebec), one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Which shall we take?"

"Which is the better one for us to take?" asked Father.

"The morning train would get us to Levis about half past three in the morning, and I don't know whether the ferry runs at that early hour," was Uncle Jack's reply.



THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

"Then that train is out of the question," said Father. "The afternoon train is the better of the two anyway. Can we catch it?" looking at his watch as he spoke. "Oh, yes. There's time enough — about two hours."

"Have you set your watch since you left Boston?" asked Uncle Jack of Father.

"No. Why?" asked Father.

"Because if you haven't, your watch is slow. It's one hour behind Halifax time. Atlantic Standard time is in use here and at all points east and south of Campbelltown on the Intercolonial R. R. Boston uses Eastern Standard time."

"Oh, dear, we shall need the multiplication table again!" interjected Mother.

"It's simple enough," said Uncle Jack. "Just allow one hour in time for every fifteen degrees in longitude. Let us compare watches."

They did so, and sure enough, Uncle Jack's said two o'clock, while Father's said it was one.

"However," remarked Uncle Jack, "an hour is plenty of time in which to catch that train. I'll telephone to the station-master to reserve us three sections in the sleeper attached to the 3:10 P. M. train."

And even after reaching the station, there remained plenty of time to get some reading matter and some fruit, before our party boarded the train and were whirled out of the station on their trip to the west.

Our party were the only passengers in the car after leaving Rimouski where, by the way, they had their first glimpse of the majestic St. Lawrence. Until dark, the children amused themselves by

watching the view from the car windows and puzzling over the French names on the stations.

The next morning after breakfast, while they were chatting about this, that, and the other thing, Uncle Jack said suddenly: "Did I ever tell you of a visit I once made to this country in the winter?"

"No, Uncle Jack," said the children.

"Then I must tell you now," said he. "Some years ago, I made a pilgrimage with my friend Mr. Warker to the city we are going to."

"Do you mean Quebec, Uncle Jack, or Levis?" asked May.

"Quebec," replied he. "It was bitterly cold weather and the snow was very deep. We hired a sleigh to take us out to the Falls, and on our way, we found the snow even with the tops of the fences. I remember that, after we got back to the hotel, and after we had begun to thaw out, Mr. Warker recited, with the most severe countenance, and in the most solemn tones, Kipling's famous limerick: "

There was a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck;
When they said, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is —
But we don't call *this* cold in Quebec."

"Now that you have introduced limericks," said Mother, "I have a good one. Listen to this:"

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."

"I know a funny verse," said Ben. "Here it is:"

THE MODERN HIAWATHA
(*After Longfellow*)

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

"Here's another," said Father, laughing. "Rich-

ard Burton wrote it, though it is sometimes credited to President Wilson:”

In good looks I am not a star.
There are others more lovely by far.
But my face — I don’t mind it,
Because I’m behind it —
It’s the people in front that I jar.

“Well,” said May, “I am little, but I learned one of Carolyn Wells’s limericks in school that is harder than any that has been given.”

“It’s your turn, May,” said Father. “Go ahead.”

And this is May’s limerick:

A canner, exceedingly canny,
One morning remarked to his granny,
“A canner can can
Anything that he can;
But a canner can’t can a can, can he?”

And it was agreed that May’s was the funniest of them all.

It was 12:40 P. M. when the train pulled into Levis.

“Just on time. About six hundred and seventy-five miles in twenty-one and a half hours,” said

Uncle Jack, as they walked into the cabin of the ferryboat that was to carry them over the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Place each adjective in group 27, page 430, before an appropriate noun.
2. Compare the adjectives *horizontal*, *better*, *hottest*, *cold*, *deep*, *smooth*, *most severe*.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 1 should be oral, also Exercise 2.

This would be a good time to exhibit a United States map showing standard time, so as to fix the fact that each degree in longitude means four minutes in time.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY

"Now for sightseeing," said Uncle Jack next morning as they emerged from the hotel. "I think the best way for us to do will be to take carriages this morning, and in the afternoon we can go about on the trolley." And he hailed a cabman from the cab stand, near by.

The cabman drove up, saying, as he reined in his horse, "Good morning, sir. It's a long time since I had the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Warker."

"Indeed it is, McDermott," replied Uncle Jack. "It is not so cold this morning as when you drove us out to the Falls many years ago."

"Ah, that was a cold day! Cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, as they say in these parts. Where do you wish to go this morning, sir?"

"To the Citadel and to the Plains of Abraham," was the reply, "but one carriage is not enough for our party. You'll have to get another."



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THE CITADEL OF QUEBEC

“All right, sir.” And he immediately summoned another carriage, hailing the driver and giving him the necessary instructions in French.

“What did the cabman say when he spoke to the other cabman?” inquired May, as soon as they were comfortably seated and on their way to the Citadel.

“He spoke in French, lassie, and told the other man to drive up quickly,” was the reply.

"I didn't know that you understood French, Uncle Jack," said Belle.

"That is one of the many things we had to learn at the Naval Academy. And a very useful thing it is, when traveling here," he added.

"Here we are, at the entrance to the Citadel," said McDermott, turning in his seat and addressing Uncle Jack. "I am not permitted to go any farther. The corporal of the guard will detail a private to show you around."

They alighted, and proceeded with the soldier who, after a few minutes time, had been detailed to accompany them through the Citadel.

One of the first things to which he drew their attention was a small brass cannon, with its muzzle embedded in the ground, its butt reaching about three feet above the surface.

"There," said the soldier, triumphantly, "we captured that from the Yankees at Bunker Hill."

"Humph!" exclaimed Belle. "We have the hill, and you have the cannon."

He had nothing more to say about the cannon, as he took the party about, showing them the other points of interest in this American Gibraltar. On their return to the entrance, Uncle Jack thanked him courteously, giving him the customary fee.

"Where next?" asked McDermott, as they got into the carriages.

"The Plains of Abraham," was the reply.

"Why are we going there?" asked May.

"It will take a long story to answer that," replied Uncle Jack. "But I will try to make it clear:

"Champlain, a Frenchman, settled in Quebec in 1608, and from that time to this French has been the language of this Province. Moreover, the French, following the line of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi, extended their language and their influence from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. During this same time, the English were extending their influence westward from the Atlantic, and when the two came in contact, there could be but one result, — war. And on the Plains of Abraham came the last great battle of that war.

"But here we are," he concluded, as he alighted and aided the rest to do so. "Look first for the monument to Wolfe."

Hardly had they reached it, however, when the rain, which had been threatening for some time, began to fall, heavily.

"We had better get back to the hotel," said

Uncle Jack. "Otherwise, we shall soon be wet through." So back they went.

On their way, Uncle Jack called their attention to the tablet which marks the scene of our Montgomery's death, and which bears the inscription: "Here Montgomery fell, Dec. 31, 1775." He also pointed out the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, which bears an inscription in Latin, the English translation of which is: "Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

Uncle Jack also called their attention to the fact that General Wolfe's name is commemorated in the Canadian National song, "The Maple Leaf Forever," as follows:

In days of yore from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.

When they had reached their rooms in the hotel Uncle Jack said:

"It looks as if the rain would last all day. Suppose I read you something about Quebec from the guide book?"

“Please do,” said May. “And as Father gave me a box of candy, we can have a very good time, even if it is raining,” she added, passing the candy around and then seating herself close to her Uncle.

“All right,” said Uncle Jack, opening the guide book. “Now listen to this:”

At such places as the Citadel, Wolfe’s Cove, and the Plains of Abraham, the steps of the victor and the vanquished, the English and the French, may be seen. There is but one Quebec, old, quaint, and romantic, the theater that has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

Five generations of men have seen and honored the British flag on the Citadel; but, to a very great degree, the religion, language, and customs of old France remain. The past speaks as does the present. We may roam through queer, crooked, narrow old streets, and enter quaint, old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the by-gone centuries.

Of all the French settlements in Canada, Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the Fortress of Louisburg; but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world.

"It's an interesting thought to follow out," said Father, as Uncle Jack concluded.

"What thought is that, Father?" asked May, as she again passed the candy around.

"What would have happened had France instead of England been victorious on the Plains of Abraham," was the response.

"Probably, the people of the United States would all be speaking French instead of English," said Mother.

"Perhaps," said Uncle Jack. "But I want to call your attention to a fact which has always interested me. Call it a coincidence if you will: Quebec fell in 1759. And that meant a democracy in what is now the United States. In that same year a poet was born in Scotland — a poet of the people, the poet of democracy — Robert Burns. As has been well said: — 'The birth of Burns in the old world and the fall of the French in the new, marked the birth of democracy.' As Burns puts it:"

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!



Robert Burns - Pref.

For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Who struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might.
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
(As come it will for a' that,)

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Valor** means courage, heroism; **common**, belonging equally to more than one; **posterity**, (post = after) those coming after; **hoddin-gray**, woolen cloth of a very coarse quality; **birkie**, a conceited fellow; one who thinks too much of himself; **coof**, a blockhead, a ninny; **aboon**, above, up; **mauna**, must not; **to bear the gree**, to be decidedly the victor.

2. Copy and memorize the last stanza of "A Man's a Man for A' That."

TO THE TEACHER:

The word *common* should be dwelt on until it is thoroughly understood.

Test the pupils' knowledge of the memory gem.

Review, pp. 419-424.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY

Next day at breakfast, a bell-boy brought a telegram to Father, who after opening and reading it said, "Well, Mother, I see we have to be home next week. Shall we have to modify our plans much, Uncle Jack, to enable us to do this?"

"The only change will be to cut down the time we intended to spend in each place," he replied. "For instance, if we omit seeing the Lower Town, we can take the steamer, to-day, for Montreal, and the one hundred and fifty miles between here and there will be covered before nightfall."

"How long can we stay in Montreal?" inquired Mother, "and from there where do we go?"

"We can stay a couple of days in Montreal, going from there to Toronto, and then home *via* Niagara Falls," was Uncle Jack's reply.

As this seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to everybody, plans were arranged in accordance, and within a comparatively short time our party was aboard the steamer for Montreal.

The children enjoyed the river trip immensely. They were particularly impressed by the river itself, the wide reach from shore to shore, and the rush of the current, getting for the first time some idea of the tremendous volume of water carried by the St. Lawrence to the sea.

During the last hour of the journey, their steamer kept abreast with a large ocean-going steamer, also headed for Montreal. They were so near at times that they could see the passengers on the upper deck, who appeared to be as eager to reach Montreal as the children themselves.

"Do tell us something about Montreal, Uncle Jack," said Belle. "From the name, I feel sure it is just as French as Quebec," she added.

"And so it is," said Uncle Jack. "Like Quebec, Montreal was settled by the French — by Maisonneuve in 1642. And if there ever was a fighter, Maisonneuve was one."

"Do, please, tell us about one of his fights, before the boat reaches Montreal," said May.

"Parkman tells of one he had with the Indians exactly where Montreal now stands. It is a very interesting story, as you will note," said Uncle Jack.*

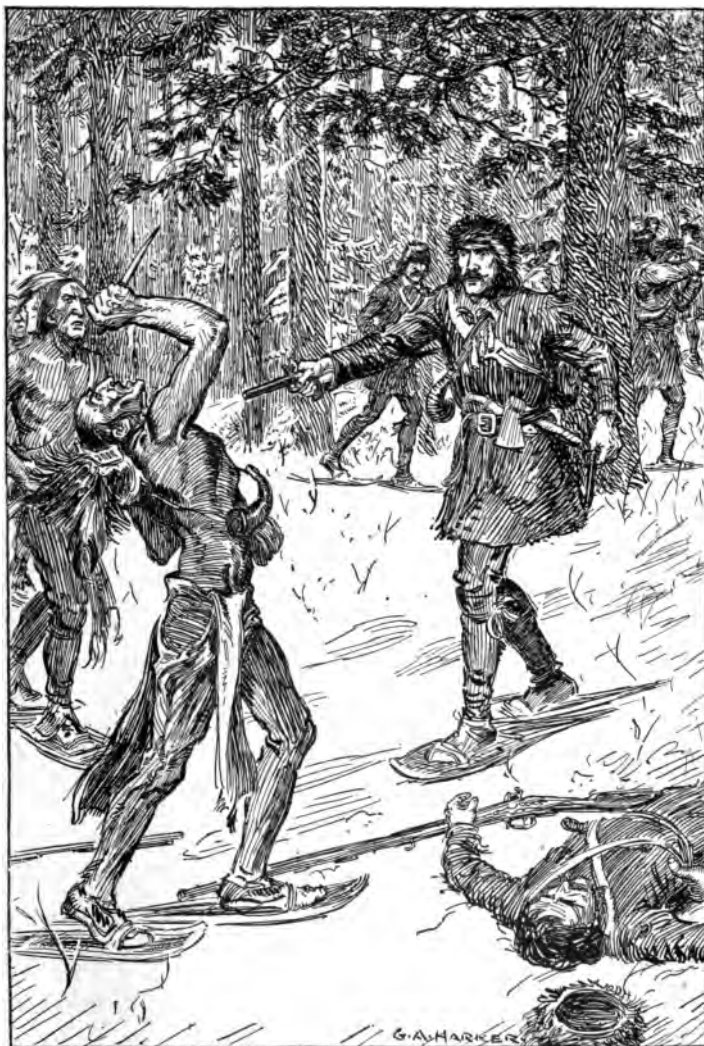
* From "Jesuits in North America"; copyright by Francis Parkman and used by permission of Little, Brown & Company.

. . . All was bustle in the fort. Guns were loaded, pouches filled, and snow-shoes tied on by those who had them and knew how to use them. There were not enough, however, and many were forced to go without them.

When all was ready, Maisonneuve sallied forth at the head of thirty men, leaving the remainder to hold the fort. They crossed the snowy clearing and entered the forest, where all was silent as the grave. They pushed on, wading through the deep snow, with the countless pitfalls hidden beneath it, when suddenly they were greeted with the screeches of eighty Iroquois, who sprang up from their lurking-places, and showered bullets and arrows upon the advancing French.

The emergency called, not for chivalry, but for woodcraft; and Maisonneuve ordered his men to take shelter, like their assailants, behind trees. They stood their ground resolutely for a long time; but the Iroquois pressed them close, three of their number being killed; others were wounded, and their ammunition began to fail. Their only alternatives were destruction or retreat; and to retreat was not easy.

The order was given. Though steady at first, the men soon became confused and over-eager to



MAISONNEUVE RETREATED BACKWARDS DOWN THE TRACK

escape the galling fire which the Iroquois sent after them. Maisonneuve directed them towards a sledge-track which had been used in dragging timber for building the hospital, and where the snow was firm beneath the foot. He himself remained to the last, encouraging his followers and aiding the wounded to escape.

The French, as they struggled through the snow, faced about from time to time, and fired back to check the pursuit; but no sooner had they reached the sledge-track than they gave way to their terror, and ran in a body to the fort.

Those within, seeing this confused rush of men from the distance, mistook them for the enemy; and an over-zealous soldier touched the match to a cannon which had been pointed to rake the sledge-track. Had not the piece missed fire, from dampness of the priming, he would have done more execution at one shot than the Iroquois in all the fight of that morning.

Maisonneuve was left alone, retreating backwards down the track and holding his pursuers in check, with a pistol in each hand. They might easily have shot him; but, recognizing him as the commander of the French, they were bent on taking him alive. Their chief coveted this honor

for himself, and his followers held aloof to give him the opportunity.

He pressed close upon Maisonneuve, who snapped a pistol at him which missed fire. The Iroquois, who had ducked to avoid the shot, rose erect, and sprang forward to seize him, when Maisonneuve, with his remaining pistol, shot him dead.

Then ensued a curious spectacle, not infrequent in Indian battles. The Iroquois seemed to forget their enemy, in their anxiety to secure and carry off the body of their chief, and the French commander continued his retreat unmolested, till he was safe under the cannon of the fort. From that day, he was a hero in the eyes of his men.

Quebec and Montreal are happy in their founders. Champlain and Maisonneuve are among the names that shine with a fair and honest luster on the infancy of nations.

“Ugh!” exclaimed Belle, as Uncle Jack finished. “I am glad I didn’t live in those days.”

By this time the steamer had docked, and in a few minutes our party had collected their baggage and were on the way to a hotel. . . .

“Now,” said Uncle Jack, as soon as they had left their baggage at the Hotel, “let us go out and



Courtesy of Richelieu & Ontario Lines, Canada

STEAMER SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS

take a drive around the city before dark. Tomorrow we are to go to St. Anne de Bellevue, and there take a boat coming back to Montreal, shooting the Lachine Rapids on the way."

"Won't that be fun?" cried May, clapping her hands.

"It certainly will," said Ben.

As they were about to drive past a shop in St. James Street, Uncle Jack stopped the drivers, whereupon they all got out and went into the shop, on his invitation, so that each of the children

might choose a souvenir. May chose a papoose, Belle a pair of moccasins, and Ben picked out a toboggan.

As they emerged from the shop, they heard the strains of "Yankee Doodle" from a fife-and-drum corps. All waited at the curb, and in a few minutes they could distinguish a regiment of soldiers coming down the hill to their right. A few minutes later, the right of line could be seen swinging in column of fours into St. James Street from Victoria Square.

"What regiment is that?" asked Ben excitedly, for he could see by their flag that they were Americans.

"They are the Ninth Massachusetts, who are here as the guests of the Municipality," responded Uncle Jack.

They were in heavy marching order, and as they swung by they presented a very fine appearance — one that would bring a glow of pride to the face of each American who saw them.

As the Colors went by, Ben took off his hat, as did his father and uncle, while his mother and the girls saluted, as the girls had been taught to do in school at the order, — "Right hand, salute!"

"Oh, I say, Uncle Jack!" said Ben, as the left

of the line swung by, "I certainly am proud that I am an American."

They then reëntered their carriages and finished their drive.

Early next day they started with Uncle Jack to St. Anne de Bellevue to return by boat in the afternoon.



THE OLD STONE COTTAGE AT ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE

On their way out, Uncle Jack told them that the island on which Montreal is situated is thirty miles long and divides the Ottawa River as it flows down to join the St. Lawrence. "St. Anne," continued he, "is only one of the many villages on it, but it is famous because Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, once lived in it."

They spent about an hour in the little town, and then went down to await the arrival of the Ottawa boat. They got aboard as soon as the steamer made fast to the pier, securing good seats forward.

“That is a curious coincidence,” said Uncle Jack as they pulled away from the dock. “Look at that stone house” — pointing to one they had visited an hour or two before — “that is where Tom Moore lived when he wrote the ‘Canadian Boat Song’, and the orchestra is playing it now.”

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

Arr. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

THOMAS MOORE



1. Faint-ly as tolls the even - ing chime, Our voi - ces keep
2. Why should we yet our sail un - furl? There is not a
3. U - ta - wa's tide, this trem - bling moon Shall see us



tune and our oars keep time, Our voi - ces keep tune, and our
breath the blue wave to curl; There is not a breath the blue
float o'er thy sur - ges soon, Shall see us float o'er thy



oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll
wave to curl; But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh,
sur - ges soon; Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers, Oh,



sing at St. Ann's our part - ing hymn; Row, brothers, row, the
sweet - ly we'll rest the wea - ry oar; Blow, breez-es, blow, the
grant us cool heav'ns and fav'-ring airs! Blow, breez-es, blow, the



stream runs fast, The rap - ids are near, and the



day-light's past, The rap - ids are near, and the day-light's past.

When they reached the hotel on their return to Montreal, they found that Mother had packed and closed the trunks and was all ready to leave for Toronto, Father having secured the necessary accommodations in the sleeper, to save time.

“So,” said Uncle Jack when they boarded the sleeper, “the three hundred and thirty-three miles between here and Toronto will pass as in a dream.”

And it did.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Modify**, change; **via**, by way of; **Maisonneuve**, (mā zon nŭv’); **Lachine** (lah shēn’); **souvenir**, a remembrance, a memento, something to remember by.

2. Phrase spelling:

necessary accommodations	evening chime
unnecessary trouble	parting hymn
blue (blu) wave	sallied forth

3. Substitute for each expression in Exercise 2 a synonymous one.

TO THE TEACHER:

In connection with Exercise 3, let the phonic work be the clear enunciation of each of the phrases in Exercise 2.

Review, pp. 419–424.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY

The next day they were in Toronto.

"We are getting pretty near home, aren't we, Mother?" said Belle, as they rose from the breakfast table.

"Yes, daughter," said Mother. "Make the most of your time, for vacation will soon be over."

"How should you like to go and see the games, Ben?" asked Uncle Jack at this point.

"I should very much like to go," was Ben's reply.

"And may we go, too?" asked the two girls.

"Certainly," replied Uncle Jack. "We shall be glad to have you." So early in the afternoon they started, and by following the crowd, they soon found themselves in the park where all the athletic events of Toronto are played off.

THE GAMES*

The program opened with the one hundred yards' flat race. For this race there were four en-

* From "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor. Copyright, 1912, by George H. Doran Company, and used by permission of the publishers.

tries, Cahill from London, Fullerton from Woodstock, La Belle from nowhere in particular, and Wilbur Freeman from Maplehill. But Wilbur was nowhere to be seen. The secretary came breathless to the platform.

“Where’s Wilbur?” he asked of his father.

“Wilbur? Surely he is in the crowd, or in the tent perhaps.”

At the tent the secretary found Wilbur nursing a twisted ankle, heartsick with disappointment. Early in the day he had injured his foot in an attempt to fasten a swing upon a tree. Every minute since that time he had spent in rubbing and manipulating the injured member, but all to no purpose. While the pain was not great, a race was out of the question.

The secretary was greatly disturbed and as nearly wrathful as he ever allowed himself to become. He was set on his brother making a good showing in this race; moreover, without Wilbur there would be no competitor to uphold the honor of Maplehill in this contest, and this would deprive it of much of its interest.

“Whatever were you climbing trees for?” he began impatiently, but a glance at his young brother’s pale and woe-stricken face changed his

wrath to pity. "Never mind, old chap," he said, "better luck next time."

Back he ran to the platform, for he must report the dismal news to his mother, whose chief interest in the program for the day lay in this race in which her youngest son was to win his spurs. The cheery secretary was nearly desperate. It was an ominous beginning for the day's sports. What should he do? He confided his woe to Mack and Cameron, who were standing close by the platform.

"It will play the very mischief with the program," said Cameron. "It will spoil the whole day, for Wilbur was the sole Maplehill representative in the three races; besides, I believe the youngster would have shown up well."

"He would that!" cried Mack heartily. "He *is* a runner, I tell you. But is there no one else from the Hill that could enter?"

"No, no one with a chance of winning, and no fellow likes to go in simply to be beaten," said the secretary.

"What difference?" said Cameron. "It's all in a day's sport."

"That's so," said Mack. "If I could run myself I would enter. I wonder if Danny would —"

"Danny!" said the secretary shortly. "You

know better than that. Danny's too shy to appear before this crowd even if he were sure of winning."

"Say, it is too bad!" continued Mack, as the magnitude of the calamity grew upon him. "Surely we can find someone to make an appearance. What about yourself, Cameron? Did you ever race?"

"Some," said Cameron. "I raced last year at the Athole Games."

The secretary threw himself upon him.

"Cameron, you are my man! Do you want to save your country, and perhaps my life, certainly my reputation? Get out of those frills," touching his kilt, "and I'll get a suit from one of the jumpers for you. Go! Bless your soul, anything you want that's mine you can have! Only hustle for dear life's sake! Go! Go!! Go!!! Take him away, Mack, and we'll get something else on!"

The secretary actually pushed Cameron clear away from the platform and after him big Mack.

"There seems to be no help for it," said Cameron, as they went to the tent together.

"It's very good of you," replied Mack, "but you can see how hard the secretary takes it, though it is not a bit fair to you."

"Oh, nobody knows me here," said Cameron, "and I don't mind being a victim."

But as Mack saw him get into his jersey and shorts, he began to wonder a bit.

"Man, it would be great if you should beat yon Frenchman!" he exclaimed.

"Frenchman?"

"Yes! La Belle. He is that proud of himself; he thinks he is a winner before he starts."

"It's a good way to think, Mack. Now let us get down into the woods and have a bit of a practice in the 'get away.' How do they start here? With a pistol?"

"No," replied Mack, "we are not so stylish. The starter gives the word this way, 'All set? Go!'"

"All right, Mack, you give me the word sharp. I am out of practice and I must get the idea into my head."

"You are great on the idea, I see," replied Mack.

"Right you are, and it is just the same with the hammer, Mack."

"Aye, I have found that out."

For twenty minutes or so Cameron practiced his start and at every attempt Mack's confidence grew, so that when he brought his man back to

the platform he announced to a group of the girls standing near, "Don't say anything, but I have the winner right here for you."

"Better wait," said Cameron, "I have entered this race only to save the secretary from collapse."

At this the secretary bustled up.

"All ready, eh? Cameron, I shall owe you something for this. La Belle objected strenuously against your entering at the last minute. It is against the rules, you know. But he has given in."

The secretary did not explain that he had intimated to La Belle that there was no need for anxiety as far as the "chap from the old country" was concerned; he was there merely to fill up.

But if La Belle's fears were allayed by the secretary's disparaging description of the latest competitor, they sprang full grown into life again when he saw Cameron "all set" for the start, and more especially when he heard his protest against the Frenchman's method in the "get away."

"I want you to notice," said Cameron firmly, to Dr. Kane, who was acting as starter, "that this man gets away *with* the word 'Go' and not *after* it. It is an old trick, but long ago played out."

Then the Frenchman fell into a rage.

"Eet ees no treeck!" sputtered La Belle. "Eet ees too queeck for him."

"All right!" said Dr. Kane. "You are to start *after* the word 'Go.' Remember! Sorry we have no pistol."

Once more the competitors crouched over the scratch.

"All set? *Go!*"

Like the releasing of a whirlwind the four runners spring from the scratch, La Belle, whose specialty is his "get away," in front, Fullerton and Cameron in second place, and Cahill a close third. A blanket would cover them all. A tumult of cheers from the friends of the various runners follows them along their brief course.

"Who is it? Who is it?" they cry breathlessly.

"Cameron, I swear!" roars Mack, pushing his way through the crowd to the judges.

"No! No! La Belle! La Belle!" cried the Frenchman's backers from the city. The judges are apparently in dispute.

"It is Cameron!" roars Mack again in their ears, his eyes aflame and his face alight with a fierce and triumphant joy. "It is Cameron, I am telling you!"

"Oh, get out, you big bluffer!" cries a thin-faced

man, pressing close upon the judges. "It is La Belle, by a mile!"

"By a mile, is it?" shouts Mack. "Then go and hunt your man!" and with a swift motion his big hand fell upon the thin face and swept it clear out of view, the man bearing it coming to his feet in a white fury some paces away. A second look at Mack, however, calmed his rage and from a distance he continued leaping and yelling, "La Belle! La Belle!"

After a few moments' consultation the result was announced.

"A tie for the first place between La Belle and Cameron! Time, eleven seconds! The tie will be run off in a few minutes."

In a tumult of triumph, big Mack shoulders Cameron through the crowd and carries him off to the dressing tent, where he spends the next ten minutes rubbing his man's legs and chanting his glory. . . .

Once more the runners face the starter, La Belle gay, alert, confident; Cameron silent, pale, and grim.

"All set? Go!" La Belle is away ere the word is spoken. The bell, however, brings him back, wrathful and less confident.

Once more they stand crouching over the scratch. Once more the word releases them like shafts from the bow. A beautiful start, La Belle again in the lead, but Cameron hard at his heels and evidently with something to spare. Thus for fifty yards, sixty, yes sixty-five.

“La Belle! La Belle! He wins! He wins!” yell his backers frantically, the thin-faced man dancing madly near the finishing tape. Twenty yards to go and still La Belle is in the lead. High above the shouting rises Mack’s roar.

“Now, Cameron! For the life of you!”

It was as if his voice had touched a spring somewhere in Cameron. A great leap brings him even with La Belle. Another, another, and still another and he breasts the tape a winner by a yard, — time, ten and three-fifths seconds.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Manipulating**, treating skillfully with the hands; **competitor**, rival, one who contends with another for the same thing; **ominous**, foreshowing disaster, threatening; **calamity**, deep distress, grievous disaster; **disparaging**, bringing discredit on, lowering, speaking of slightingly, belittling.

2. Put the proper word in each of the following blank spaces:

The spectators made many —— remarks about the awkward way in which the winner of the 100-yard dash ran. There were many —— in the 60-yard dash. “A black cloud came up in the west, —— of rain.” The city was almost destroyed by an earthquake, — a —— from which it took many years to recover. By —— the tired muscles, the trainer got his man ready for the next race in good time.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 1 may be oral or written.

Review, pp. 419–424.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY (*continued*)

“Let us wait until this crowd disperses,” said Uncle Jack after the games were over; “then walk over to the hotel on the Point, and have supper.”

So they walked over leisurely, and sat down at a table where they could see the Bay, which was dotted with innumerable pleasure craft. Soon they were having an enjoyable meal.

“Uncle Jack,” said Ben, “I was watching that man Cameron as he ‘set’ and ‘got away’ each time. I must practise his way of doing things. You know I am going to try to make the midget relay team in my class when we get back.”

“Well, Ben, perhaps I can help you with some good advice. I was very good in the hundred-yard dash in the old days, myself. So, the sooner I begin the better. First, you must learn correct posture, or how to carry yourself — and this is something the girls must learn, too. Correct posture means:

Weight on the balls of the feet,
Head up,
Chest up, '
Waist flat.

“That’s the way we had to carry ourselves at the Naval Academy and I should like you children to try to do it. Will you?”

And each one answered, “I will.”

“The evening is coming on,” continued Uncle Jack, “and we must hasten to the hotel.”

So they walked through the cedar grove near by, taking a short cut to the main road.

“Hear the birds chirping,” said May, when they were about half way through, “I wonder what they are saying?”

“You remember my friend Te-ka-hion-wa-ke?” asked Uncle Jack in reply.

“Oh, yes,” said Belle. “He is the Mohawk chief who told grandfather the story about the robin.”

“Told grandfather and me,” corrected Uncle Jack; “and a strange coincidence, — I remember now that it was in these very woods that he told us the story!”

“That is a coincidence,” said Ben.

“Well,” said Uncle Jack, “Te-ka-hion-wa-ke

had a sister, who was highly gifted as a poet. At the time of her death, there was published a volume of her poems, entitled 'Flint and Feathers.' One of the poems in that book tells what the birds say at twilight. It is called:

THE BIRDS' LULLABY.*"

Sing to us, cedars; the twilight is creeping
With shadowy garments, the wilderness through;
All day we have carolled, and now would be sleeping,
So echo the anthems we warbled to you;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; the night-wind is sighing,
Is wooing, is pleading, to hear you reply,
And here in your arms we are restfully lying,
And longing to dream to your soft lullaby;
While we swing, swing,
And your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

Sing to us, cedars; your voice is so lowly,
Your breathing so fragrant, your branches so strong;

* Reproduced by permission of the publishers, The Musson Book Co., Limited, Toronto.

Our little nest-cradles are swaying so slowly,
While zephyrs are breathing their slumberous song.
And we swing, swing,
While your branches sing,
And we drowse to your dreamy whispering.

— *E. Pauline Johnson*
(*Te-ka-hion-wa-ke*)

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Disperse** (dis=apart) break up, scatter, separate.
2. Copy and memorize the first stanza of "The Birds' Lullaby."
3. Make a list of the following verbs, and write after each its antonym: *to ask, to begin, to blacken, to borrow, to cry, to die, to end, to finish, to laugh, to lie*.
4. The suffix *al* when combined with a noun makes an adjective. It means *relating to* or *belonging to*; as *person al*, relating to a person. Analyze and define the following in the same way: *naval*; *manual*; (manu = hand); *celestial* (cel = heaven); *maternal* (mater = mother); *paternal* (pater = father).

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercises 3 and 4 may be either oral or written.

Review, pp. 419-424.

THIRTIETH DAY

At breakfast Father said to Uncle Jack, "When do we leave Toronto, Jack?"

"If we wish to spend a little time at Niagara Falls, we should leave on the 12 M. train to-day," was the reply.

It was so arranged, and at 11:50 they were seated in the train.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed May, pointing to two little barefooted urchins who were seated near by on an upturned box, eating a muskmelon. "I wonder where they got that big melon!"

"It's a Montreal melon that has dropped out of that broken box standing there. Montreal raises some of the finest, largest, and most high-priced muskmelons in the world," said Uncle Jack, "which are shipped to all the adjacent cities and towns."

"I wish I had a piece of that one," said May, as the train started.

"You remind me, May, of the way I felt the first



Murillo, 1617-1682

THE MELON EATERS

Munich

1000

1000

time I saw Murillo's picture of the melon-eaters in Munich," said Uncle Jack.

"Why?"

"Because I felt then as you do now, I think. You will have to do as I did."

"What was that?"

"Enjoy a Barmecide feast."

"What kind of a feast is that?"

"It's an imaginary feast. The story is from the Arabian Nights — here it is:"

It is related that one Shacabac had become so poor that he had to beg his bread. In this occupation he did very well. His chief aim was to procure admission, by bribing the officers and domestics, into the houses of the great and, by having access to their persons, to excite their compassion.

By this means he one day gained admission to a magnificent building, in which, reclining on an expensive divan in a room richly furnished, he found the master, a Barmecide, who, in the most obliging manner, thus addressed him: —

"Welcome to my house. What dost thou wish, my friend?"

SHACABAC: I am in great want. I suffer from hunger, and have nothing to eat.

The Barmecide was much astonished at this answer. "What!" he cried. "What! Nothing to eat! Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I can not endure. Thou shalt be happy as heart can wish. Thou must stay and partake of my salt. Whatever I have is thine."

SHAC.: O my master! I have not patience to wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger. I have eaten nothing this day.

BARMECIDE: What! is it true that even at this late hour thou hast not broken thy fast? Alas! poor man, he will die with hunger. — Halloo, there, boy! bring us instantly a basin of water, that we may wash our hands.

Although no boy appeared, and Shacabac observed neither basin nor water, the Barmecide nevertheless began to rub his hands, as if some one held the water for him; and while he was doing this he urged Shacabac to do the same. Shacabac by this supposed that the Barmecide was fond of fun; and, as he liked a jest himself, he approached, and pretended to wash his hands, and afterwards to wipe them with a napkin held by the attendant.

BARM.: Now bring us something to eat, and take care not to keep us waiting. Set the table here. Now lay the dishes on it. — Come, friend,

sit down at the table here. Eat, and be not ashamed; for thou art hungry, and I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger.

Saying these words, although nothing had been brought to eat, he began as if he had taken something on his plate, and pretended to put it in his mouth and chew it, adding, "Eat, I beg of thee; for a hungry man, thou seemest to have but a poor appetite. What thinkest thou of this bread?"

SHAC.: (*to himself*) Verily this is a man that loveth to jest with others. (*To the Barmecide.*) O my master, never in my life have I seen bread more beautifully white than this, or of a sweeter taste. Where didst thou procure it?

BARM.: This was made by a slave of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold. (*Calling aloud.*) Boy! bring to us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings. — Eat, O my guest! for thou art hungry, — violently so, — and in great need of food.

SHAC.: (*twisting his mouth about as if eating heartily*) Verily this is a dish worthy the table of the great Solomon.

BARM.: Eat on, my friend. — Boy! place before us the lamb fattened with almonds. — Now,

this is a dish never found but at my table, and I wish thee to eat thy fill of it.

As he said this, the Barmecide pretended to take a piece in his hand, and put it to Shacabac's mouth. Shacabac held his head forward, opened his mouth, pretended to take the piece, and to chew and swallow it with the greatest delight.

SHAC.: O my master! verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor.

BARM.: Do justice to it, I pray, and eat more of it. The goose, too, is very fat. Try only a leg and a wing. — Ho there, boy! bring us a fresh supply.

SHAC.: O no, my lord! for in truth, I can not eat any more.

BARM.: Let the dessert, then, be served, and the fruit brought. Taste these dates: they are just gathered, and very good. Here, too, are some fine walnuts, and here some delicious raisins. Eat, and be not ashamed.

Shacabac's jaws were by this time weary of chewing nothing. "I assure thee," said he, "I am so full that I can not eat another morsel of this cheer."

BARM.: Well, then, we will now have the wine. — Boy, bring us the wine! — Here, my friend, take

this cup: it will delight thee. Come, drink my health, and tell me if thou thinkest the wine good.

But the wine, like the dinner and dessert, did not appear. However, he pretended to pour some out, and drank the first glass, after which he poured out another for his guest.

Shacabac took the imaginary glass, and, first holding it up to the light to see if it was of a good bright color, he put it to his nose to inhale its perfume; then, making a profound reverence to the Barmecide, he drank it off with every mark of keen enjoyment.

The Barmecide continued to pour out one bumper after another so frequently, that Shacabac, pretending that the wine had got into his head, made believe to be tipsy. This being the case, he raised his fist, and gave the Barmecide such a violent blow that he knocked him down.

BARM.: What, thou vilest of creation! Art thou mad?

SHAC.: O my master! thou hast fed me with thy provisions, and given me old wine; and I have become intoxicated, and committed an outrage upon thee. But thou art of too great dignity to be angry with me for my ignorance!

He had hardly finished this speech before the

Barmecide burst into laughter. "Come," said he, "I have long been looking for a man of thy character. Let us be friends. Thou hast kept up the jest in pretending to eat: now thou shalt make my house thy home, and eat in earnest."

Having said this, he clapped his hands. Several slaves instantly appeared, whom he ordered to set out the table and serve the dinner. His commands were quickly obeyed, and Shacabac now enjoyed in reality the good things of which he had before partaken only in dumb show.

Just here the train began slowing up. "Niagara Falls!" shouted the conductor. "All out for the Falls!"

And, headed by Uncle Jack, they soon found themselves on the station platform ready to start for the Falls.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Substitute synonyms or synonymous expressions for the following, in the paragraph on p. 270, beginning "Although no boy appeared": *Appeared, observed, began to rub, he urged, liked a jest, pretended to wash, to wipe them.*

2. **Viands** means articles of food, victuals; **bumper**, a glass brimful.

TO THE TEACHER:

This entire episode should be dramatized often.
Vary the cast.

Call attention to the mark of courtesy mentioned in the paragraph beginning "As he said this," p. 272.

Note that *near by* cannot properly be used as an adjective. It is always an adverbial phrase.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY

“Hurrah!” shouted Ben. “Home again!” . . .

On the way home, Niagara Falls had been visited, they had seen the rapids and the Cave of the Winds, and everyone was glad now to be at home.

“Home again, from a foreign shore,” it should be,” said May.

“So be it,” said Uncle Jack, as he sat down to the piano, and played while they all sang.

HOME AGAIN

Arr. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

MARSHALL S. PIKE



1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, From a for - eign
2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in
3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft Lin - gers round the



shore! And oh, it fills my soul with joy To
glee, But oh, the friends I loved in youth Seem
place, And oh, I feel the child-hood charm That



meet my friends once more. Here I dropped the parting tear, To
hap - pi - er to me; And if my guide should be the fate Which
time can - not ef - face. Then give me but my homestead roof, I'll

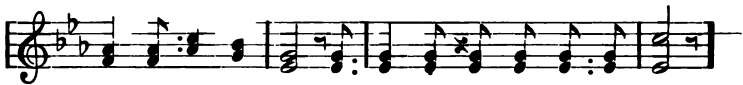


cross the o - cean's foam, But now I'm once a - gain with those
bids me long - er roam, But death a - lone can break the tie
ask no pal - ace dome, For I can live a hap - py life

CHORUS



Who kind - ly greet me home. Home a - gain, home a - gain,
That binds my heart to home.
With those I love at home.



From a for - eign shore! And oh, it fills



my soul with joy To meet my friends once more.

“And now,” said Uncle Jack, as he rose from the piano, “I must look over the morning paper.” . . .

“Here’s an interesting item,” he exclaimed, after a few minutes. “It’s about the battleship *Wyoming*.”

“Oh, I remember the *Wyoming*!” exclaimed May.
“We saw her at Provincetown.”

“What does it say about her, Uncle Jack?”
asked Ben.

“It’s a cablegram from France, as follows:

MARSEILLES, FRANCE. — The American battleships *Wyoming*, *Utah*, and *Delaware* sailed from here this afternoon. As they drew slowly out, the *Wyoming*’s band struck up the “Marseillaise,” and thousands of spectators who lined the shores fluttered handkerchiefs and cheered the departing visitors.

The ships of the American fleet will join company off Gibraltar and proceed together to the Azores.

The American sailors won all hearts during their stay here, and their departure is viewed with genuine regret. One of our newspapers voices the general sentiment in an editorial, in which it says:

“Now that the fine American naval division is leaving us, we should like to place on record our admiration for the remarkably good behavior of the crews, not only aboard their ships where the discipline is strict, but ashore. Altogether, they behaved like real gentlemen. Their bearing was irreproachable; their manners showed good education. They taught a lesson to us French, who pay

no heed to the 'Marseillaise,' when they stood rigidly at attention during the playing of 'The Star-spangled Banner'."

"That is interesting, Uncle Jack," said Ben.

"Where are the Azores, Uncle Jack?" asked Belle.

"The Azores are a group of islands a little over half the way between Cape Cod and Lisbon. Let me tell you a story about them and an American vessel in the War of 1812 as it was told by C. G. Leland.

"It was in September, 1814. Samuel Chester Reid, Captain of the privateer the *General Armstrong*, seven guns and ninety men, anchored his vessel in Fayal Roads, the Azores, as it was a neutral harbor.

"Three British men-of-war, mounting together one hundred and thirty-six guns, and carrying crews of two thousand men, entered the harbor also shortly after.

"The *General Armstrong* was attacked after nightfall by the boats of this squadron.

"Captain Reid and his gallant crew beat off their assailants, in a terrific hand-to-hand fight in the moonlight, killing and wounding nearly three hun-

dred and losing but two killed and seven wounded himself, — though later he scuttled the *Armstrong* to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

“Here is what James Jeffrey Roche says of this battle:

•

‘Tell the story to your sons
Of the gallant days of yore,
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night —
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won
the fight,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.’ ”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Make three headings:

<i>yesterday</i>	<i>to-day</i>	<i>to-morrow</i>
I saw	I see	I will see

Use each of the verbs in group 24, page 427, in a similar way, changing the subject, however, in each case.

2. Phrases to be used in sentences:

hearts' content	foreign shore
ocean's foam	burst into laughter
violent blow	hardly finished

3. Write in a column the 23rd group of adjectives,

page 430. Consult your dictionary, and after each adjective write its antonym.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 1 should be written; Exercise 2 should be oral.

Review pp. 419-424.

THIRTY-SECOND DAY

When the children came home from school, they found Uncle Jack waiting for them.

"Come on, Ben," said he, "you are to begin to practice *starting*, this afternoon. Should you like to come with us, girls?"

"Of course we should like to come, Uncle Jack! Please wait till we put our books away," exclaimed Belle, as she and May ran in doors. In a few minutes they returned and all started off.

"Now," said Uncle Jack, as they reached a smooth stretch of road, "here is a good place to practice. Since this is only a bypath, few people ever come here. The girls can sit on the stone wall over there and watch."

Belle and May started for the wall, but just then Uncle Jack cried out: "Don't go near it! It's full of poison ivy. Come farther over this way. It's safe here."

"And now," continued he, "before we begin practicing, I had better tell you about poison ivy

and some other poisonous plants, as many people find it difficult to distinguish the beautiful and harmless Virginia creeper from the equally beautiful but poisonous ivy.

“So, in your country walks, before you sit down on a stone, or a grassy slope, or climb over a stone wall, look at the leaves of the vines you are almost sure to find growing there. The Virginia creeper is five-lobed; the poison ivy is three-lobed. If you find the three-lobed leaf — beware!

“Some people are so sensitive to the poison of this plant that they are affected even by the pollen that the wind wafts from the blossom, while others escape unless they come into direct contact with the plant. A lucky few seem to be able to handle it freely. However, it is safer to let it severely alone.

“Animals seem not to be affected by eating the leaves, and as some birds are unfortunately very fond of the seeds, they help spread this plant over a wide range.

“In many sections of the country it is believed that the plant is most harmful at night, or when the sun is not shining on it during the day.

“Poison ivy is kind to stone walls and dead trees, climbing by rootlets over them, and covering them with a beautiful growth of glossy green which the

first gentle nips from Jack Frost change to a beautiful crimson.

“A celebrated naturalist once called this plant ‘a vile pest.’

“There is another very common plant which is



POISON SUMAC, STRAMONIUM, AND WATER HEMLOCK

even more poisonous than the poison ivy,” continued Uncle Jack, “and this is the beautiful white poison sumac.

“The poison sumac grows in swamps throughout the United States and Canada, and belongs to

the same family as the poison ivy or poison oak. It is a tall shrub, growing from six to eighteen feet high, which you children would doubtless call a little tree, or a young tree, because of its size.

“And doubtless, too, you would say that it had from seven to thirteen little leaves growing on red stems. But your teacher will tell you that botanists call such leaflets, growing on the same leaf-stalk, a single leaf. In other words, we say that the leaf of the poison sumac is a compound leaf.

“The flowers of this plant grow in drooping clusters which later form clusters of white berries, — not red like the harmless sumac of the dry fields and roadsides.

“The whole plant is very poisonous either to taste or touch, and even the air around a sumac swamp is noxious. It is said that people have been made insane by the peculiar poison of this very beautiful sumac.

“It is much more dangerous than poison ivy, and when one is perspiring freely the poison enters the system very quickly.

“There are many names given to still another poisonous plant, that we find in almost every vacant lot, no matter how poor the soil, nor how high the heaps of rubbish. Among these names are

Jamestown weed, potato family; Jimson weed, thorn apple; *stramonium*.

“It was brought to us from the old world and is one of the things we could very well do without.

“Every child should know this plant at sight, for its juice and its seeds are both poisonous when taken into the stomach. It belongs to the nightshade family, from which we also get our white potato, tomato, and egg-plant. But other plants of this family are as dangerous as the Jamestown weed.

“It grows from two to five feet high, with stout, branching, greenish stems, and white flowers. The flowers are showy and attractive and, although the smell is rank, little children sometimes pluck them and suck the juice, — always with disastrous results.

“The pod is globular, as botanists say, and covered with prickles. When ripe it bursts, and the seeds drop out. You might then see that the pod is four-celled, the seeds flat and about the size of the seeds of the buckwheat. The seeds are very poisonous, and children sometimes eat a sufficient quantity to cause death.

“The water hemlock, belonging to the carrot

family, is also called spotted cowbane, beaver poison, musquash root, and snake weed, and has most respectable relatives, such as green parsley and carrots. But unlike them it is unfit to eat.

“It grows in shallow water, and is another of the very poisonous plants that every one should know. No cure has ever been found for its poison, and year after year people make mistakes and gather the roots for horse-radish or some other edible root. Indeed, the poison contained in the root is one of the most deadly vegetable poisons we have in our country.

“The plant grows from three to eight feet tall, and the stems are smooth and hollow, sometimes streaked and spotted with purple. It somewhat resembles the wild carrot, the leaves being compound, and the white flowers growing in umbels. Look carefully at the picture, and find out what an umbel is.

“The poison hemlock is another member of the same family, and was called by the ancient Greeks *conium*, which means a top, probably because the poison causes dizziness, and perhaps makes the victim feel as if he were spinning.

“The seeds of both plants give out a most disagreeable odor when bruised.



. . . "GET ON YOUR MARK, BEN" . . .

"History tells us that the ancient Greeks gave Socrates poison hemlock to drink when they wished to put him to death.

"I hope you children will bear in mind what I have told you about these poisonous plants, and let them severely alone. . . .

"Now," said Uncle Jack, turning to Ben, "get on your mark, Ben. . . . Get set! . . . Go!"

But Ben was called back before he had run ten yards.

"You got off before the word 'go,' Ben, and that

won't do. Try it again, but don't try to beat the signal," said Uncle Jack.

"On your mark!

"Get set!

"Go!"

Off went Ben on the instant.

After a few more trials, Ben said he was a little tired, so they started for home.

On their way, they passed through a stretch of evergreens known as the Orde woods.

"Aren't these trees beautiful?" said May. "They look so dark and so cool after that sunny road."

"The ground under evergreen trees is always cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the ground under other trees or in the open," said Uncle Jack. "In addition to keeping away the sunlight, the wind, and the gentle showers, the growth of evergreens has a peculiar effect upon the soil, so that there is never much undergrowth in an evergreen forest. Bushes, other kinds of young trees, and flowers do not spring up in the dark, still, evergreen woods. It is said that any mushroom growing under or near an evergreen tree is more or less poisonous."

"These are the finest trees I've ever seen," said Belle.

“Yes,” replied Uncle Jack. “Mr. Orde takes great care of them. He is like the poet”; and Uncle Jack repeated:

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown,
Are spread o'er land and sea —
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kissed me here —
My father pressed my hand —

Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

— *George P. Morris*

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Pollen**, the fine powdery substance that comes from the anther of the flower, the anther being that part of the stamen that contains the pollen; **noxious**, (*nox* harm, *ous* full of) harmful, unwholesome; **vacant**, empty, unoccupied; **edible**, that may be eaten.

2. The suffix *ist* means *one who*; as, *botanist*, one who knows botany. Define the following: *artist*, *humorist*, *novelist*, *dentist*, (*dent* = tooth), *florist*, (*flor* = flower), *royalist*, *optimist* (*opt* = best).

3. The suffix *ar* means *relating to, having*; as, *globular*, having the shape of a globe. Define *lunar*, (*lun* = moon), *popular* (*popul* = people), *solar* (*sol* = sun), *circular*.

4. Memorize the first stanza of Morris's poem.

TO THE TEACHER:

Compare the suffixes *ous* and *ful* in Exercise 1.

Exercise 2 should be written by the pupils, papers exchanged and corrected from your work at the Bb., and returned to their respective owners.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY

It was beginning to rain when the children got home, so there could be no fun out of doors with Uncle Jack that day. But they felt it was no hardship to be in doors with him.

"Uncle Jack," said Ben, as they trooped into the sitting room, "my teacher told us to-day we should not kill either toads or birds. And one of the fellows on the way home said that if you killed a toad it would surely rain. Is that so?"

"Your teacher was right, Ben," said Uncle Jack: "toads should not be killed because they are great insect eaters. Most birds should be protected for the same reason. Shall I tell you what the poet says of boys' traditions about toads and rabbits, and what the naturalist says of the farmers' best friends, birds?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Jack, please do," was the reply. This is the poem which Uncle Jack read to the children: —

BAD LUCK*

Once a rabbit crossed my road
When I went to see my aunt;
And another time a toad
Hopped right in my way. — You can't
Kill toads, for that makes it rain,
And would spoil your day again.

But the rabbit — if I could
I'd have killed him. For one day
Once a boy he told me, "Should
A wild rabbit cross your way,
Look out for *bad* luck — that is,
If your fingers ain't cross-criss."

But if I had shot him dead
I'd not been unlucky; no;
And not fallen out of bed
That same night; nor stumped my toe
Playing "I spy"; nor the string
Broken when I went to swing.

Talk about bad luck! I guess
That old rabbit brought it. — Well;
Maudie had on her new dress,
And I pushed her, and she fell
In a creek-hole, where you're bound
To get wet — so Maudie found.

* From "The Giant and the Star," Copyright, 1909, by Madison Cawein,
and used by his permission.

I — I pulled her out — that is,
Buddie helped me. — Bud's a boy
Who was fishing there. — And Liz,
Maud's old nurse, she took my toy,
My toy whip, and — she was mad —
Whipped my legs and called me bad.

Then she said Maud might have drowned;
And the creek was full of "dumb
Pollywogs and snakes"; a sound
Whipping just might help me some:
Maybe Maud would catch a cold,
And — *my mother should be told.*

No, sir. I don't want to see
Any rabbits anyways
Cross my road. Why, gemenie! —
(That's a swear-word Maudie says —)
If I saw *one* — *only one*,
I would turn and run and run.

— *Madison Cawein*

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Write a sentence of not more than fifteen words telling why toads should not be killed.
2. Give the names of at least two or more things which have one or more of each of the qualities mentioned: *bad, buoyant, huge, faithful, graceful.*

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 should be written. Have the five adjectives placed on the Bb. during the recitation, as column headings. Write the different names given by your pupils, each under the appropriate adjective.

THIRTY-THIRD DAY (*continued*)

This is what Uncle Jack promised to read to the children about birds:

THE FARMER'S BEST FRIEND: — BIRDS*

Birds live to eat. It is lucky for men they do; for if the birds did not breakfast, man would not dine. Some years ago a French naturalist told the world that, if all the birds should suddenly die, man would have only a year's lease of life left to him. The Frenchman proved his point to the satisfaction of other scientists, but laymen laughed and the usual proportion of them kept on killing.

It always has been my belief that the sin of bird persecution had its beginning with other sins in the Garden. Adam probably saw a robin picking away at a cherry and instantly said, "The bird is a thief." Then Eve very likely saw a scarlet tanager sunning itself, and straightway coveted its

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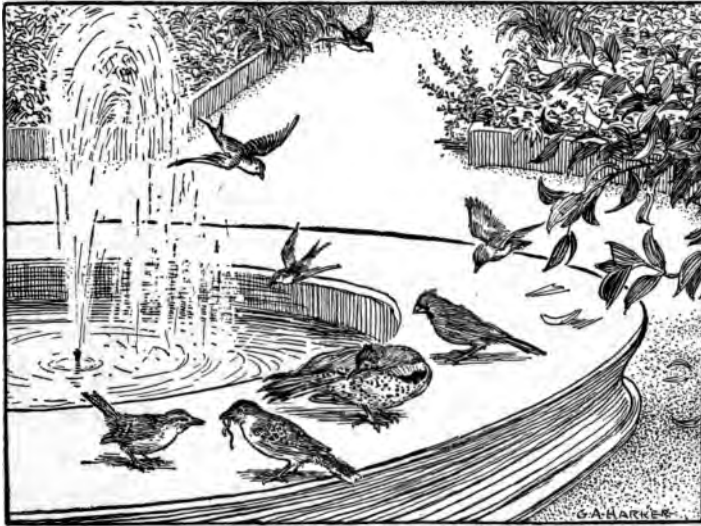
plumage. So it is that the hand of man and the head of woman have been raised against the bird ever since.

Why should not a robin or a cedar bird or a cat-bird or any other bird eat an occasional cherry? Their dinners of cutworms, caterpillars and other things noxious make cherry dessert their due.

There is no farmer in the land who does not know the kingbird, although the chances are that he calls it the bee martin. This bird underwent years of persecution because it was supposed to be the deadly enemy of the honey bee. It lives entirely upon insects and once in a while it eats a bee. The man who owned hives saw the kingbird snap up a bee and, apparently, instantly concluded that it ate nothing else. This bird lives almost wholly on winged insects of a kind injurious to man.

Persecution marked the kingbird. Then two scientists of Uncle Sam's Biological Survey had a suspicion that the kingbird was being badly treated. In order to prove their suspicion, it was necessary to kill a good many of the birds. An examination of the stomachs showed that nearly everything the kingbird ate was something which, living, was an enemy to the farmer's interests.

As for the bee matter, a strange and almost unbelievable thing developed. Bees were found in some numbers in the stomachs which were examined, but it seems that the kingbird was able to distinguish between bees and bees; he had let the workers alone to dine off the worthless drones.



WRENS, KINGBIRD, GROSBEEK AND FLICKERS

The bee keepers laughed at the report of the scientists. Then they did a little investigating on their own account and after a few months' observation they were willing to allow the kingbird to nest in comfort in the apple tree shadowing the beehives.

The kingbird is the guardian of the poultry yard and the corn field. If a pair has chosen for a summer home a tree near the newly planted field, no crow will be allowed to come within thieving distance. The kingbird hates the crow and the crow fears the kingbird. No hawk will come within swooping range of a chicken if this bird is on guard.

The house wren is the busiest of all American birds. When it is not eating, it is either singing or building make-believe nests. Until about ten years ago the house wren was one of the most abundant of garden birds. It nests in a hole in a tree, in a crevice under the porch roof, or, if it is given a chance, in a box or a tin can put up for its use. The wren has been disappearing from many of the localities where it was abundant because of the English sparrow.

Wrens raise big families and every member of those families is hungry. I once watched a wren which was busy feeding its nestlings. It carried food to the young, one hundred and ten times in an hour. Both parent birds were about the nest and it is possible that each had a share in the feeding process, but as near as I could determine one bird did all the work, although as a usual thing both

father and mother wren labor side by side in the care of their nestlings.

Is it worth while to have the wren in the doorway? Its song alone makes it worth while, and then if you add to the service of song its daily sixteen hours of work in the destruction of grasshoppers, cutworms, weevils, spiders and stink bugs, the question answers itself.

Years ago when the potato bug appeared in the West, naturalists tried to find out whether or not it had a bird enemy. Close observation for weeks made it seem that finally a pest had appeared which could be checked only by poison. A brave man tasted a potato bug and then he thought he had found the reason why no bird would eat it. His description of the vileness of that taste has kept anybody from repeating the experiment.

An Iowa farmer once sprinkled his potato plants liberally with Paris green. The next morning he went into the patch and found three rose-breasted grosbeaks dead on the ground. They had been eating potato bugs and they had taken an overdose of poison. Now the rose-breasted grosbeak is accounted the dandy of the bird race. It dresses with simple elegance in black and white, but always wears a crimson rose at its breast. From

its appearance you would say it was the last bird in the world likely to find the acrid potato bug eatable. But the grosbeak likes potato bugs, and where it is an abundant species — and it is not rare in spring and summer anywhere in the Northern states — the farmer can save his Paris green money to buy gasoline for his automobile.

Everybody in the United States who has looked twice at a bird knows the flicker, although perhaps he does not know him by that name, for the flicker rejoices, or grieves, over the fact that he carries thirty-six local names round with him. He is the yarrup of the Canadians, the high-hole, the yellow hammer, the pigeon woodpecker and a score or so of other things to the people who live in between.

Of all the woodpeckers the flicker is the most abundant. It has been persecuted unmercifully in accordance with the old English tradition that the Anglo-Saxon must go out every fine day to kill something. The flicker literally shines as a mark and persons of the kind who at the first pinch of hunger would eat a baby, consider this golden-winged woodpecker a pot and a pan delicacy.

Perhaps back in the centuries the flicker was

wholly a woodpecker; to-day he spends as much time on the ground as he does in the tree. His specialty is ant hunting, his appetite for these industrious and frequently injurious creatures being as great as that of the tapir. An apartment house owner in Chicago, in order to increase the value of his property, bought some adjoining land and made a lawn of it. The ants appeared and raised their little hills all over the place, making it unsightly, ruining the grass and resisting all attempts to clear them out. One morning in September twelve flickers appeared, took possession of the lawn, and worked all day. They stayed three days and when they took up their journey southward there wasn't an ant left. The flicker is no halfway workman.

There are probably not more than a dozen, or at the outside a score, of American birds in whose lives the evil outweighs the good. There are nine hundred or more American species all told, and one might pick out the good-deed subjects haphazard, with little fear of going wrong. What is true of the wren, the grosbeak, the kingbird, and the flicker is true of their kindred. The familiar birds are those whose work can be easily and quickly seen and understood. The unfamiliar birds are at the

same good work in the hedges of osage, privet, and wild honeysuckle. They work in retirement and without ostentation, but they work well and constantly.

The insect eaters are not only birds of service. The seed eaters, like the goldfinch and the scores of species of the native sparrow tribe, forage daily for their thistle seeds and their weed seeds and help the farmer keep down the choking pests. . . .

The bird's dinner hour begins at sunrise and ends an hour after sunset. All the song birds and all the silent birds give their service to man and they ask no pay for it except to be let alone.

And the farmer who is wise will let the old shotgun rust out before he turns it on his best friends — the birds.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Covet**, to desire eagerly; **acrid**, of a cutting, burning taste, harshly bitter; **palatable**, pleasant to the taste; **tapir**, a South American and East Indian animal something like a pig in shape and size; **ostentation**, show, putting on airs; **forage**, to search for, to collect; **rodents**, gnawers, as field mice, squirrels, etc.; **predatory**, constituted for living by preying on others; **incessant**, unceasing, never stopping; **provender**, food.

2. Put the proper vowel in each of the following blank spaces:

av - lanche

am - teur

lat - tude

jug - lar

for - ge

cem - tery

mut - nous

par - ntal

hyg - ene

rod - nts

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise number 2 may be used as a Bb. exercise.

Review, pp. 419-424.

THIRTY-FOURTH DAY

“Oh, Uncle Jack,” said May, as she came skipping in from school. “My teacher has given me a beautiful piece to learn. Won’t you teach it to me?”

“Certainly, May, with pleasure.” So Uncle Jack and May — and Ben and Belle too — learned the piece because it was so beautiful.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF WONDERFUL THINGS*

The world is full of wonderful things —
I saw a flower that opened its wings
And flew from the sweet syringa tree —
It seemed a beautiful sight to me
To see a blossom up in the sky.
Mother called it a butterfly;
But it *was* a flower that came to life.

I saw another wonderful sight,
I saw a star that danced in the night
When all the rest of the stars were still.

* From the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

It flashed its way through the sky until
 At last it fell where the poplars are.
 Mother called it a shooting star;
 But it *was* a star that came to life.

And once I heard a wonderful thing —
 A chestnut tree that had learned to sing —
 The clear sweet voice of the chestnut tree
 Was such a beautiful voice to me.
 It sang all night till the stars grew pale.
 Mother called it a nightingale;
 But it *was* a tree that came to life.

— *May Berkeley*

“And here,” said Uncle Jack, as he sat down at
 the piano and began to play, “is

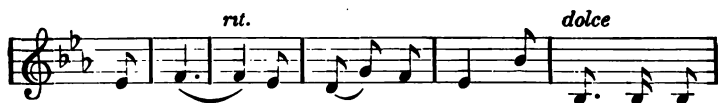
THE NIGHTINGALE



1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of



all was still, It sang in the gold-en moon-light,
 you by night: I wake and would you were here, love,



From out . . the wood-land hill. I o - pened my
And tears . are blind-ing my sight. I hear a low



win - dow so gen - tly, I looked on the dream - ing
breath in the lime tree, The wind is float - ing



dew, . . And oh! the bird, my darl - ing,
through, And oh! the night, my darl - ing,



Was sing - ing, sing-ing of you, of you.
Was sigh - ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the stanza that you like best of "The World Is Full of Wonderful Things."
2. Tell what each of the following suffixes means, illustrating by an example: *ous*, *ful*, *less*, *ish*, *al*. All these suffixes form adjectives.

TO THE TEACHER:

- Test the pupils' knowledge of the poem.
No. 2 should be a Bb. exercise on your part.
Review, pp. 419-424.

THIRTY-FIFTH DAY

“By the way, Ben,” asked Uncle Jack, one stormy September afternoon, just after the children had finished a late luncheon, “do you happen to know a boy named Orde?”

“There is a new boy named Bobby Orde in my class. I think they have just moved here,” replied Ben.

“Yes, they have,” said Belle. “They live over by the Park in one of the new houses.”

“Well, Ben, you had better watch Master Bobby. They tell several good stories about Bobby and his exploits in the town they have just left.”

“Oh, do tell us one, Uncle Jack,” said Ben.

“Yes, do,” said Belle, eagerly; “as we had one session to-day on account of the rain, we do not have to go back to school.”

“And I hope it will be a good long story, Uncle Jack,” added May, “because we can’t go out this afternoon.”

“Well, bring up your chairs,” said Uncle Jack,
“and I will begin.”

*The old Orde homestead covered about three acres of ground. The city had grown up around it. The house was a three-storied stone structure, built fifty years before, steep of roof, gabled, low-ceilinged, old-fashioned, and delightful. Bobby loved it. . . . The three acres were a joy. Outside the picket fence were the shade trees, their trunks nearly two feet in diameter. Then stretched the wide deep lawn. . . .

And close by the front gate the Big Tree. Bobby firmly believed this the largest tree in the world. It was a silver maple so great about the trunk that Bobby could trot about it as around a race-track. . . . The big tree was full of orioles' and vireos' nests, old and recent, representing the building of many summers. Out behind was the orchard, a dozen sturdy old apple trees, now passing the meridian of their powers.

Here Bobby labored hard with hammers and a few old boards until he had constructed a shield on which to tack his target. He leaned the affair

* From “The Story of Bobby Orde” by Stewart Edward White. Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company, and used by permission.

against the thickest and tallest wood-pile, placed a saw-horse for a rest at fifteen yards from his mark and brought out his Flobert rifle.

At the third snap of the little weapon, he looked up to discover a row of interested heads lined up along the top of the high board fence that was the Ordes' eastern boundary. He pretended not to see, but shot again, very slowly and carefully.

"Say," shouted a voice, "I'm coming over!"

Bobby looked up once more. One of the heads had given place to a very sturdy back and legs suspended on the Orde side of the fence. The legs wriggled frantically, the toes scratched at the boards.

"Aw, drop!" said another voice, and the second head produced a hand and arm which proceeded calmly to rap the knuckles of the one who dangled. The latter let go. Finding himself uninjured by the three-foot fall, he looked up wrathfully at his late assailant.

That youth was in the act of swinging his own legs over. The first-comer, with a gurgle of joy, seized the other by both feet and tugged with all his strength. His victim kicked frantically, tried to hang on, had to let go and came down all in a heap on top of his tormentor. Immediately they



HIS VICTIM KICKED FRANTICALLY, TRIED TO HANG ON. . . .

clinched and began to roll over and over. Bobby stared, vastly astonished.

Before he could collect his thoughts a third figure was dangling down the boards. This one was feminine. It displayed a good deal of long black leg, of short dull plaid skirt, a reefer jacket, two pigtails, and a knit blue tam-o'-shanter. Further observation was impossible, for it dropped without hesitation, and the moment it struck ground pounced on the two combatants. Bobby saw those gentlemen seized, shaken, and slapped

with hurricane vigor. The next he knew, three flushed visitors were descending on him with friendly grins.

The first, he of the pounded knuckles, was a short, sturdy, very fair-haired youth with a wide red-lipped mouth, wide and winning blue eyes, and a bit of a swagger in his walk. He was about Bobby's age.

The second, he of the pulled feet, was brown-haired, slightly stooped, rather nervous-faced, but with the drollest twinkle to his brown eyes and the quaintest quirk to his sensitive lips. He was about twelve years old.

The third, the girl, was tawny-haired, gray-eyed. Her face was almost the exact shape of the hearts on valentines; her nose turned up just enough to be impudent. . . . Her figure was long and lank, but moved with a freedom and a confidence that indicated her full control of it. She was probably just short of her 'teens.

"Jiminy!" said the first boy, "is that gun yours?"

"Let's see it," said the second.

"It's a beauty, isn't it? Look at the gold mounting," said the girl.

"Look out how you handle it!" warned Bobby.

"Why, is it loaded?" asked Number One.

"It doesn't matter whether it's loaded or not!" insisted Bobby stoutly. "It ought never to be pointed toward anybody."

"Oh, shucks!" said Number One, reaching for the rifle.

But Bobby interposed.

"You mustn't touch it unless you handle it right," said he.

"Shucks!" repeated the light-haired boy, still reaching.

Bobby, his heart beating a little more rapidly than usual, thrust himself in front of the other.

"Ho!" cried the other, the joy of battle lighting up his dancing blue eyes. "Want to fight? I can lick you with one hand tied behind me."

"This is my yard," said Bobby, "and that is my gun! And besides I didn't ask you to come in here, anyway."

"Well, I can lick you, anyway," replied the other.

The girl had been watching them narrowly, her hands on her hips, her head on one side. Now she interfered.

"Now, Johnnie!" said she sharply. "No fighting! You're bigger than he is and it *is* his yard and his gun, and, anyway, he isn't afraid of you."

Johnnie looked at her doubtfully, then turned to Bobby as to a companion under tyranny.

"That's just like her," he complained. "She always spoils things! You aren't smaller than I am, anyhow. Never mind, we'll try it sometime when she isn't around. Let's see your old gun. I won't point it at anybody. Show me how she works."

Bobby, a little stiffly at first, for he could not understand fighting without animosity, showed them how it worked.

"Let me try her," urged Johnnie.

But Bobby would not until he had asked his mother, for permission to shoot had been obtained only at expense of a very solemn promise.

"Fräidy!" jeered Johnnie, "tied to his mammy's apron-strings!"

Bobby flushed deeply, but stood his ground.

"It's my gun," he pointed out again. "If you don't like my yard, you needn't come into it."

"Oh, all right, we don't want to stay in your old yard," replied Johnnie. "Come on."

"Johnnie, come back here," commanded the girl sharply. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself! He's perfectly right! Suppose one of us *should* get shot!"

"I'll get papa to shoot with us, if he will," promised Bobby.

"Johnny, you come back here!" ordered the girl in more peremptory tones. "You come back or — or — *I'll sit on your head again!*"

Johnny came back, entirely good-natured, his attractive blue eyes glancing here and there in restless activity.

"Oh, all right," said he. "Let's play robbers and policemen."

"We've left Carrie over the fence," insisted the girl.

"Bother Carrie! Why doesn't she climb?"

"You come over with us," the girl suggested to Bobby. "You're Bobby Orde, of course; we know. I'm May Fowler. I live in the big square house over that way. The boy with the yellow hair is Johnny English. The other one is Morton Drake. Come on."

"Where is it?" asked Bobby.

"Just over the fence. That's where the Englishes live. Haven't you been there yet?"

"No," said Bobby.

He leaned his rifle in the barn and followed the disappearing trio. His doubt as to how the smooth board fence was to be surmounted was

soon resolved. The newcomers evidently knew all the ins and outs. In the very end of the long woodshed stood a chicken-feed bin. By scrambling to the top of this, it was just possible to squeeze between the edge of the roof and the top of the fence. Once there, one had the choice of descending to the other side or climbing to the shed roof.

The expedition at present led to the other side. Here was no necessity of dangling, for the two-by-fours running between the posts offered a graduated descent. Bobby found himself in the back yard of a tall house that occupied nearly the entire width of the lot. It was a very fine-looking cream-brick house. A cement walk led around it from the front. There were no stables, no clothes-lines, no pumps, nothing to indicate the kitchen end of a residence. The swift curve of a grassed terrace dropped from the house-level to that on which Bobby stood. Four large apple trees threw a thick shade here in summer. That the shade was utilized was proved by the presence of a number of settees, iron chairs, and a rustic table or so.

"There's Carrie!" cried May Fowler. "Why didn't you come on over? This is Bobby Orde who lives over there. This is Caroline English."

"We're going to play robber and policeman," announced Johnny English, cheerfully.

"All right," said Carrie.

She sat down behind one of those rustic tables.

"She's police sergeant," confided Morton Drake to Bobby. "She's always police sergeant because she doesn't like to get her clothes dirty."

"Goody! Here come the rest!" cried the alert Johnny, as four more children came racing around the corner of the house.

"Robber and policemen" was a game absurd in its simplicity. The policemen pursued the robbers, who fled within the specified limits of the Englishes' yard. When an officer caught a robber, he attempted to bring his prize before the police sergeant. The robber was privileged to resist. Assistance from the other policemen and rescues by the other robbers were permitted. That was all there was to it. The beautiful result was a series of free fights.

Bobby as a new-comer, was made a robber. So were Grace Jones, Morton, and Walter. . . .

At a signal from Carrie the robbers scurried away. At another the sleuths set out on the trail. Each policeman selected a robber as his especial prey. Bobby ran rapidly around the front of the

house, dodged past the front steps and paused. Behind him he heard stealthy footsteps approaching the corner of the house. Instantly he ducked forward around the other corner and ran plump into the arms of Johnny English.

That youngster immediately grappled him.

Johnny was no bigger than Bobby, but he was practised at wrestling and his body was harder and more firmly knit. Bobby tugged manfully, but almost before he knew it he was upset and hit the ground with a disconcerting whack. Of course, he continued to struggle, and the two, fiercely locked, whirled over and over through the leaves, but in a brief period Johnny had twisted him on his back and was sitting on his chest.

"There, I told you I could lick you!" he cried triumphantly.

"Let me up! Let me up, I tell you!" roared Bobby, kicking his legs and threshing his arms in a vain effort to budge the weight across his body.

Johnny looked at him curiously.

"Why! You aren't *mad*, are you!" He shrieked with the joy of the discovery. "Oh, fellows! Come here and see him! He's getting mad!"

Bobby's eyes filled with tears of rage. And then he seemed to see quite plainly the top of a sand-hill

and the village lying below and the blue of the River far distant, and to hear Mr. Kincaid's voice.

"But, sonny, you can always be a sportsman, whatever you do," the voice said, "and a sportsman does things because he likes them, Bobby, for no other reason — not for money, nor to become famous, not even to win —— "

He choked back his rage and forced a grin to his lips — very much the same sort that he had once accomplished when he "jumped up and laughed" at his mother's spanking, simply because he had been told to do that whenever he was hurt.

"I'm not mad," he disclaimed and heaved so mighty a heave that Johnny, being unprepared by reason of shouting to the others, was tumbled off one side. Instantly Bobby jumped to his feet and scudded away.

He was captured finally, — so were the others, but only after fierce struggles. Even if a policeman could catch and hold a robber, to drag the latter to jail was no easy problem. For if he summoned the help of a brother officer, that left a robber at large who would make trouble and attempt rescues. At times all eight were piled in a breathless, tugging, rolling mass, while Carrie,

behind her rustic table, looked on serenely lest some of the simple rules of the game be violated. . . .

Bobby returned home at lunch time to be received with horror by Mrs. Orde.

"You're a sight!" she cried. "*Where* have you been, and *what* have you been doing? I never saw anything like you! And look at those holes in your stockings."

"I've been playing robber 'n' policeman with Johnny English and Carter Irvine and all the others," explained Bobby blissfully.

After lunch Mr. Orde kissed his son good-bye.

"Going up in the woods for a week, sonny," said he.

"Papa," asked Bobby, holding tight to the man's hand, "may I have the boys shoot with my rifle?"

"No, indeed!" cried Mr. Orde emphatically. "Not until I get back. Then maybe we'll have a shooting-match and invite all hands."

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Trio** means three; a **graduated descent** (de = down), a going down step by step; **utilized**, made use of; **rustic**, pertaining to the country, — hence, not costly or showy, plain, homely; **meridian** means midday, — the meridian of their powers, their best days; **quirk**, a

short or sharp turn or twist; animosity, enmity, hostility, ill-will.

2. Take the adjectives in group 26, page 430, and place each one before an appropriate noun.

3. Give the meaning of each of the following suffixes, illustrating each with an example: *let*, *ling*, *er*, *ist*, *or*, *ar*, *kin*. Note that these suffixes form nouns.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 may be oral.

Exercise 3 should be a snappy one.

Review, pp. 419–424.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY

“Let us sit down under that tree,” said Uncle Jack as, during an afternoon walk, they approached a spreading oak growing by the wayside. “Let us rest awhile.”

So they sat down, but hardly had they done so when May exclaimed: “Oh, Uncle Jack! There’s a bee buzzing about my head. I’m afraid he’ll sting me!”

“No, never fear, May. He won’t bother you, if you don’t bother him. Let me tell you what one poet says about him.”

A MORE ANCIENT MARINER*

The swarthy bee is a buccaneer,
A burly, velveted rover,
Who loves the booming wind in his ear
As he sails the seas of clover.

*From Burroughs’ “Songs of Nature,” copyright by Small, Maynard, & Co., and used by their permission.

A waif of the goblin pirate crew,
With not a soul to deplore him,
He steers for the open verge of blue
With the filmy world before him.

His flimsy sails abroad on the wind
Are shivered with fairy thunder;
On a line that sings to the light of his wings
He makes for the lands of wonder.

— *Bliss Carman*

“Uncle Jack,” said May, when he had concluded,
“tell us something about buccaneers, won’t you,
please?”

“Of course I shall, since you ask me,” was Uncle
Jack’s reply. “Just listen to this,” he continued:*

The buccaneer was a picturesque fellow when you
regard him from this long distance away. He be-
longed to no country and recognized no kith nor kin
nor human nationality. He spent his money like a
prince, and was very well satisfied to live rapidly,
even if in so doing his death should come upon him
with equal celerity.

He clothed himself in a picturesque medley of

* From “Adventures of Pirates and Sea-Rovers” by Howard Pyle. Copy-
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THE BUCCANEER . . . CLOTHED HIMSELF IN A MEDLEY OF RAGS, rags, tatters, and finery. He loved gold and silver ornaments — ear-rings, finger-rings, bracelets, chains — and he ornamented himself profusely with such gewgaws.

He affected a great deal of finery of a sort — a tattered shirt or even a bare skin mattered not very much to him provided he was able to hide his seminakedness beneath some such finery as a velvet cloak or a sash of scarlet silk; patched breeches were not regarded when he had a fine leather belt with a silver buckle and a good sword hanging to it. And always there were a long-barrelled pistol or two and a good, handy knife stuck in a waist-belt, with which to command respect.

Such was the buccaneer of the seventeenth century.

“But, Uncle Jack, we want to hear a *story* about a buccaneer,” said Belle.

“I’m sure Uncle Jack can tell a good one, too,” said Ben.

“If you children will wait until to-morrow you shall have the finest buccaneer story in my collection,” said Uncle Jack, laughing.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Filmy** means gauzy, unsubstantial, cobwebby; **picturesque**, like a striking picture; **celerity**, swiftness; **gewgaw** (gū gā), a toy, a splendid plaything, a showy trifle.

2. Take group 10 of adjectives, p. 429, and place each before an appropriate noun.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 may be taken up orally.

Review, pp. 419–424.

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY

Uncle Jack's story of a buccaneer who was as great a pirate as was Captain Kidd:

CAPTURED BY PIRATES *

I am going to tell you a sea story, a true story, of an adventure of nearly two hundred years ago, when my great-great-grandfather, after whom I am named, was an apprentice on board of the fishing-sloop *Bonito*, belonging to the port of Boston, in Massachusetts.

In those times the entire Atlantic coast and the West Indies were infested with pirates, the most cruel and notorious among whom was one by the name of Ned Low, a native of New England.

One summer afternoon in the year 1720 the *Bonito* was riding to a small anchor off Halfway Rock, which is just outside the harbor of Marblehead — an Eastern port famous in these days as the head-

* From "Adventures of Pirates and Sea-Rovers" by Paul Hull. Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Brothers, and used by permission.

quarters of the great yacht-club that takes its name from the locality.

The sloop had made a goodly catch of rock-cod, and was about to sail for home, when a brig was observed to round the point of high land which acts as a natural breakwater for the harbor of Marblehead, and steer a course that promised to carry her close to the sloop.

To all appearances the former was a peaceful trader, and the numerous guns of a caliber large for those days did not offer occasion for alarm, as it was usual for merchant-ships to be provided with batteries as a means of defence against pirates and other foes.

When the brig had drifted down close to the sloop she lowered a boat, and remained hove to while it pulled in the direction of the fisherman. Thinking that the brig's captain had sent to purchase a mess of fish, no suspicion was entertained when the half-dozen seamen rowed alongside. The instant, however, that the deck was gained they drew pistols, and ordered the crew into their boat.

Resistance being useless, the three men and the boy obeyed the order, and were speedily conveyed to the brig. No sooner did they set foot on her decks than the character of the vessel was plainly

read in the villainous countenances of the crew, and in the finery and arms of various descriptions with which their persons were adorned.

A tall figure was walking the high poop deck of the pirate, dressed in a gorgeous green velvet coat ornamented with gold lace and buttons of precious metal. Buff trousers clasped with diamond buckles; silk stockings and fancy-colored boots with wide tops which fell in graceful folds just below the knee; a wide-brimmed hat of true buccaneer pattern overhanging a handsome and powerful face, and adding a shadow to skin made swarthy by long exposure to wind and weather; a long, thin nose slightly hooked; a determined jaw; piercing gray eyes and a luxuriant mustache which did not fully conceal the cruel curves of the delicately cut mouth — these were the striking features of the pirate chief whose name has been already mentioned.

After a short time, Captain Low addressed the newcomers, informing them that they could have the option of signing the articles of the ship or being pitched overboard with a weight at their feet.

The master of the *Bonito* attempted to argue, but was cut short by being told that he was not given permission to talk; that if he tried any fur-

ther remonstrance it would be a signal for him to be sent after his boat, which, having been brought alongside and relieved of its cargo, had been sent adrift with a big hole in its bottom.

In order to save their lives, the three men signed the agreement whereby they bound themselves to fight, steal, and murder under the command of the pirate captain; but when my great-great-grandfather was told to put his name to the contract he ~~he~~ resolutely refused, saying that he would sooner be ~~be~~ killed than become a pirate.

The captain laughed at him at first, claiming that he was a brave boy, and would soon learn to cut a throat in an artistic way and become a respectable pirate; that when the gold pieces and jewels were being distributed he would be as greedy for his share as any one on board.

To all the chief's coaxing he turned a deaf ear, and held out against putting his name to such a wicked paper. His stubbornness at last enraged the captain to such an extent that he struck Paul over the head with the butt end of a pistol, knocking him senseless to the deck.

When Paul opened his eyes he found himself lying close to the bulwarks between two of the guns, where he had been tossed by one of the pirates to

get him out of the way of the crew as they moved about the deck. It was now late in the day, and looking through one of the ports, he saw with a sorrowful heart that they were on the ocean and that the land had disappeared.

Shortly after this the captain again asked him to sign, and being again refused, he ordered Paul to be confined below until his stubbornness wore away. Here, in the dismal hold of the brig, without food or water, and overrun at times by the rats as they scampered over the flooring, the boy passed the long, weary night.

When the early morning came the cover of the little booby-hatch was slid back and the brig's cook, a savage, burly negro, descended into the hold to chop kindlings for his fire.

Paul chanced to be sitting on a section of log that the sable individual took a fancy to, so without saying a word he politely kicked the boy away and was about to break it up with an ax, which was stuck into the big keelson, when an idea came to him that he was too big and strong to work, so he pitched the instrument to the young captive, saying:

“Come hyar, yo’ boy, an’ split de wood; wha’ fo’ yo’ sit still an’ see gem’men work?”

Paul took the ax, and soon broke up enough wood to satisfy the negro, who departed, saying:

“Dat’s all yo’ good fo’, yo’ no account chile. Now chop plenty mo’, an’ I won’t kick yo’ when I come down ’gain.”

Shortly after this, fierce commands and a hurried scurrying of feet overhead convinced Paul that something unusually exciting was taking place. Next, the booming of cannon but a short distance away was answered by rapid discharges of the guns on deck, accompanied by the sound of splintering wood and the curses and shrieks of the pirate crew.

Suddenly a slight shock was felt, and a stream of light poured into the hold. A cannon-ball had entered just under the deck, and passed out on the opposite side a little lower down. By means of the cook’s kindling-logs Paul climbed high enough to look out through the splintered timbers.

About an eighth of a mile away, sweeping after the pirate with every sail set and the English flag flying from her gaff, was a small man-of-war — so small, in fact, that Paul’s sudden glow of joy at the thought of rescue was immediately followed by a chill of disappointment and fear, for he knew the vessel on which he was a prisoner to be superior in size to the ship of George I, and he remembered

that on the preceding day, when he had been brought on board, he had counted enough guns to far outnumber those plainly to be seen on the king's cruiser.

Here the luncheon bell rang, and Uncle Jack and the children went into the dining room.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Breakwater** means any structure or contrivance to break the force of waves, and thus afford protection; **caliber**, diameter, size; **option**, choice, choosing; **bulwarks** (würk), the sides of a ship above the upper deck.

2. Write two sentences of the *a* type, and two of the *d* type. Place a single line underneath the subject noun, and double lines under the predicate verb, in each case.

3. Write in a column the 5th group of adjectives, page 428. Consult your dictionary, and after each adjective write its antonym.

TO THE TEACHER:

Examine the results as you go about the room while the pupils are working. Have several of the pupils do the work of Exercise 2 at the Bb.

Review, pp. 419-424.

THIRTY-EIGHTH DAY (*continued*)

After luncheon, the children ran to the sitting room and found places around Uncle Jack's favorite chair, so that, when he followed a few moments later, no time was lost in settling themselves for the rest of the story.

The thought of their own superiority seemed all at once to suggest itself to the pirate captain, for, instead of continuing his flight, he shortened sail with the intention of having a pitched battle with his antagonist.

The commander of the man-of-war was as brave as the other was desperate, for he too reduced his canvas and ranged alongside, continuing to pour in his broadsides as quickly as the guns could be served.

All at once a cry of exultation burst from the fiends on deck, and Paul saw the foremast of the cruiser pitch overboard and leave her a helpless hulk to be battered to pieces by her relentless foes.

The pirates at once drew ahead, and crossed the bows of their enemy so as to rake her. On board the latter heroic exertions were made to clear away the wreck and bring her bow guns to bear upon the vessel from whose mast-head fluttered the sinister flag.

An inspiration came to Paul. Mounting the ladder, he tried the hatch slide and found it unlocked. Descending, he seized the ax, and fell to work low down upon the side of the vessel between the frames. The bombardment and trampling on deck drowned the noise made by chopping into the planking, and after a few minutes he succeeded in hacking three of the timbers so thin in places that little jets of water penetrated into the hold; then stepping to one side, so that he would not be overwhelmed by the inpour, he struck the weakened planks each a heavy blow with the back of the ax, commencing with the one lowest down, and in an instant a great volume of water surged into the brig with a fierce roar. Paul retreated to the short ladder that led to the deck, and watched with awe the water rushing in.

Between the two vessels the fight went stubbornly on, for the man-of-war's men knew that no quarter was to be expected, and that it was better



... HE STRUCK THE WEAKENED PLANKS ... WITH THE
BACK OF THE AX ...

to die at their guns than to suffer a more ignoble end at the hands of their bloodthirsty foes.

The water was halfway up the ladder before the pirates realized that their vessel was sinking. The shouts of the officers directing the men to man the pumps could be heard above the din, and a moment afterwards the quick clank, clank of the pump brakes gave evidence that the crew were endeavor-

ing to free their vessel. Despite their exertions, Paul could see that the water was growing higher at an alarming rate, as the brig had now settled sufficiently low to bring some of the shot-holes even with the sea.

The fact that their ship was doomed soon dawned upon the crew. The captain's voice was heard ordering: "Lower the boats. The cruiser isn't able to chase us, and we can get away!"

On board the man-of-war they had detected the condition of the pirate, as their cries of satisfaction testified.

Paul heard the boats splash into the water, and the mad rush to leave the ship; then all was still, except the gurgling and boiling of the water that now lapped close to his feet.

After waiting a moment longer the young hero pushed back the hatch slide and looked out, but except for several dead and dying men, who had lately fought under the black flag, the ship appeared to be deserted. Jumping out on deck, Paul ran to the railing and saw, a short distance away, three boats filled with the pirates, who had hoisted lug-sails, and were speedily widening the distance between them and the cruiser, which had drifted about a quarter of a mile to leeward.

Mounting the poop-ladder, Paul got hold of the signal halyards and hauled down the hateful piece of bunting. While he was thus engaged, the crew of the *Bonito* made their appearance from beneath the poop, where they had hidden when the pirates rushed for the boats. Joyful, indeed, were the greetings exchanged between the three seamen and the boy, and after the latter had told them how he had scuttled the brig to save the man-of-war and secure their own release, their admiration for the daring lad knew no bounds.

As soon as the pirates deserted their ship, the cruiser lowered a boat, which was pulled for the brig. It now ran alongside, and none too soon, for the vessel was in the last throes, staggering and lurching like a drunken person. Before the boat had gained a hundred yards on its return, the pirate-ship swayed once or twice from side to side, then slowly and gracefully sank, her masts remaining upright until the wind-vane at the masthead reached the level of the water and fluttered its good-bye.

Paul became a hero on the cruiser, which made temporary repairs and sailed into the port of Boston several days later. The notorious pirate captain and his evil crew escaped to continue for a

number of years their unholy calling, but at last the red-handed chief was captured and hanged in chains on the rocks where Execution Lighthouse stands at the entrance to Long Island Sound.

“You will recall,” said Uncle Jack, “that on our trip from New York to Boston, I told you that some day I would tell you a story about Execution Light. I have kept my promise, you see.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Superiority** means quality or state of being superior, excellence, preëminence, advantage; **antagonist**, one who contends with another, especially in combat, an adversary, an opponent; **exultation**, elevation of spirits over victory, triumph; **fiends**, intensely wicked or malicious persons, evil spirits, demons; **relentless**, unmoved by appeals for sympathy or forgiveness, indifferent to the pain of others, unyielding; **rake**, to fire at a vessel from one end in the direction of its length; **sinister**, evil, dishonest, corrupt, unlucky; **inspiration**, act of inspiring or breathing in, a happy thought; **throes**, extreme pains, anguish, agony.

2. There are four sentences in the following. Rewrite it, punctuating and capitalizing properly:

the school is my place of business at school i am working for myself and for nobody else our teacher is

our helper the rules of the school are made to assist us in
doing our work well

TO THE TEACHER:

Papers should be exchanged, and corrections marked
from your work on the Bb.

Review, pp. 419-424.

For dictation:

THE CRUISE.*

The crescent moon's a yellow boat
Upon the evening sea,
And every little star afloat
Doth bear her company.

Nightly they cruise their ocean o'er,
Until, the darkness gone,
They anchor by some silent shore
Upon the isle of dawn.

— *Robert Loveman*

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THIRTY-NINTH DAY

When the children came home from Sunday school, they found Uncle Jack waiting for them on the porch, so they sat down with him.

“Uncle Jack,” said Belle, as soon as they were seated, “our lesson for to-day was about Jacob, his dream, and his serving seven years for Rachel. But we didn’t have time to finish it. Won’t you tell us about him?”

“I shall be glad to,” was the reply. “The best way will be for me to read to you about him. May, please get my Bible. It’s in my room.”

May went off and soon returned with it. Uncle Jack turned to chapter xxviii of Genesis and read as follows:

And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he

took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed.

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and

took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

And he called the name of that place Beth-el: but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.

And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,

So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God:

And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

Then Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east.

And he looked, and behold a well in the field, and, lo, there were three flocks of sheep lying by it; for out of that well they watered the flocks: and a great stone was upon the well's mouth.

And thither were all the flocks gathered: and they rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the sheep, and put the stone again upon the well's mouth in his place.

And Jacob said unto them, My brethren, whence be ye? And they said, Of Haran are we.

And he said unto them, Know ye Laban the son of Nahor? And they said, We know him.

And he said unto them, Is he well? And they said, He is well: and, behold, Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep.

And he said, Lo, it is yet high day, neither is it time that the cattle should be gathered together: water ye the sheep, and go and feed them.

And they said, We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep.

And while he yet spake with them, Rachel came with her father's sheep: for she kept them.

And it came to pass, when Jacob saw Rachel the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the sheep of Laban his mother's brother, that Jacob went near, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother.

And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice, and wept.

And Jacob told Rachel that he was her father's brother, and that he was Rebekah's son: and she ran and told her father.

And it came to pass, when Laban heard the tidings of Jacob his sister's son, that he ran to meet him, and embraced him, and kissed him, and

brought him to his house. And he told Laban all these things.

And Laban said to him, Surely thou art my bone and my flesh. And he abode with him the space of a month.

And Laban said unto Jacob, Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serve me for nought? tell me, what shall thy wages be?

And Laban had two daughters: the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the younger was Rachel.

Leah was tender eyed; but Rachel was beautiful and well favoured.

And Jacob loved Rachel; and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter.

And Laban said, It is better that I give her to thee, than that I should give her to another man: abide with me.

And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her.

When Uncle Jack had concluded, Ben said: "Do you recall two men who sat near us in the car coming from Toronto to Niagara Falls, and their conversation?"

"No, I can't say that I do," was Uncle Jack's reply.

"They spoke about climbing Jacob's Ladder while they were on an automobile trip. What did they mean by that?"

"That Jacob's Ladder is in the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts," Uncle Jack answered. "It is so called, because it is a very difficult bit of road for automobiles to climb, on account of its steepness."

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy paragraph 2, on page 341; also paragraph 7, on page 345.

2. Use the following phrases in sentences:

between you and me	from here to there
among us four	from her and me
with him and me	at the door

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 should be oral.

Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTIETH DAY

When Uncle Jack walked into the sitting room, he found May playing with her dolls. As she was talking to herself out loud, Uncle Jack heard something like this:

“I don’t know what’s the matter with my dolls. Not one of them will take her afternoon nap. I wonder if they don’t like the new doll I got in Montreal,—the papoose! Now do be quiet, Dinah. What! You won’t? The first thing you know, you’ll get a whipping that will do you good. Hm! So you don’t want to associate with an Indian baby. Why not, I’d like to know? Because she has a red skin, I suppose. Don’t you know that beauty is only skin deep? That’s not the reason? Well, what is, then, I should like to know? Oh-h-h-h! Because she’s from Canada and you are from South Carolina! I never heard of such a thing! Where are your manners? Don’t you know that we should be particularly kind to strangers? That’s what Mother says. You are

acting like a little savage. Now between you and me, if you won't be quiet, I shall whip you!"

"But, May, child, why don't you take your own advice?" said Uncle Jack, interrupting the soliloquy. "Try kindness, and see what that will do. You know, if she is a little savage, that 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.'

So he sat down at the piano with May by his side, holding Dinah in her arms, and they sang:

SLUMBER SONG

Arr. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

BRAHMS,



1. Lul - la - by and good-night, To cheeks ro - sy bright,
2. Lul - la - by and good-night, Till glad morning light,



1. Lul - la - by and good night, To cheeks ro - sy, ro - sy bright,
2. Lul - la - by and good night, Till glad morn-ing, morning light



To fin - gers safe hid 'Neath cov - er - let
While fair - est of forms In dreams fill the



To fin - gers safe hid . . . 'Neath cov - er - let
While fair - est of forms . In dreams fill the

white; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou
sight; And a - gain, if God will, Shalt thou

white; . And a - gain, if God will, . Shalt thou
sight; . And a - gain, if God will, . Shalt thou

wake with the morn, And a - gain,

wake with the morn, And a - gain, if

if God will, shalt thou wake with the morn.

God will, Shalt thou wake with the morn.

“Thank you, Uncle Jack,” said May, as they finished the song. “Dinah is fast asleep, now.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Soliloquy means the act of talking to one's self.
2. Arrange the following as four lines of poetry, observing proper capitalization, spelling, and punctuation. Indent the second and fourth lines.

if your lips you'd keep from slips five things observe
with care of whom you speak to whom you speak and
how and when and where.

TO THE TEACHER:

Have the pupils exchange papers, and correct them
from your work on the Bb.

Review, 419-424.

FORTY-FIRST DAY

When the children came in from school they all looked somewhat glum.

"What's the matter, Ben?" asked Uncle Jack.

"I didn't do very well in my history to-day, Uncle Jack," replied Ben. "And besides, Pudgy fouled me when we were practicing our relay racing, and I fell and hurt myself."

"That's too bad, Ben. Better luck next time," said Uncle Jack. "And what about you, Belle?"

"It's that old geography, again, Uncle Jack. Sylvia and I both missed to-day. So we had to stay in to make it up, and she got out before I did," was her response.

"And you, May?"

"Oh, Uncle Jack, it was the multiplication table again. I don't care whether twelve times nine are one hundred and twelve or one hundred and sixteen. I don't see what difference it makes, anyway. Can't I always count on my fingers?"

"Well, let us see," said Uncle Jack: "Suppose

that you went to the toy shop to buy nine dollies at twelve cents apiece. Wouldn't you be a strange sight if you counted up on your fingers what you owed the shopkeeper for the dolls?"

"But, Uncle Jack, I needn't do that. He could tell me what the dolls would cost," said May triumphantly.

"Suppose he were not honest? As you don't know how much twelve times nine are, he could charge you anything he chose!"

"That's so," said May. "I never thought of that."

"Now I am going to read you something which all three may copy in your commonplace books, and then learn by heart:"

A LESSON OF SCHOOL*

So you failed in your class, my lad?

You couldn't quite make the mark?

You failed — and you feel so blue and sad

And all of the world looks dark?

You lost, and your heart is sore

And you wish you could go and cry?

Well, let us not worry a minute more

Or give it another sigh.

*Courtesy of the New York *Times*.

You failed, and you stand in fear
Of the things that the boys will say?
Why, there isn't a boy who is worth a tear
But who knows he may fail some day.
For it isn't to win that's good
And it isn't the head held high,
But to know you did the best you could,
And the best we can do is try.

You failed, and you know how sad
Were the ones who have failed before;
And what did you say to them, my lad,
When you knew that their hearts were sore?
Did you come to them, near and near,
With a kindly word and a smile,
And bid them dry that very tear
That came to you after a while?

Ah yes — you didn't know
What it meant to the ones who lost;
And maybe you said some boy was slow
And you didn't count the cost
Of the sorrow it was to him
When he heard what his fellows said,
But you know it now, when your eyes are dim
And the sorrow is yours instead.

So, lad, we have failed, maybe,
And the other boys may pass,
But we've found a lesson for you and me
That's finer than one in class;
We've learned what the bitter tear
And the sorrow of boys may be,
We've learned the need of a word of cheer,
So we haven't failed, you see!

— *J. W. Foley*

"I wonder if you children were not just a little dull to-day in school!" said Uncle Jack, when he had finished. "The rainy weather has kept you in doors for the last two or three days. I think I shall give you the exercises which I take every day. I want you to begin to-morrow morning; will you?"

"All right, Uncle Jack, I will," said Ben.

"And so will I," said Belle, "and I," repeated May.

UNCLE JACK'S SUGGESTIONS FOR HOME PHYSICAL TRAINING

Rise as soon as awake.

Exercise for Deep Breathing:

Face open window. Place hands on chest and breathe deeply 4 times.



BEN KEEPING HIS PROMISE TO UNCLE JACK

Exercise for Good Posture:

1. Arms forward, (shoulder high).
2. Arms sideways, (height of ear, palms up).
3. Press arms and shoulders back, (chest high, head up).
4. Hands at side, palms front.

Repeat 5 to 10 times.

Exercises for Circulation:

Chopping:

1. Swing both hands over the left shoulder, lift chest.

2. Swing both hands between feet, bend knees and look down (chop).

3. Swing both hands over right shoulder, etc.

Repeat 5 to 10 times.

Running (in place):

1. Raising the knees high.

2. Raising the heels.

Breathing:

Place hands on chest and breathe deeply 4 times.

Washing:

1. Warm water; soap and brush on face, ears, neck, hands and chest.

2. Cold water; douche on face, neck and chest, at least; or, take a plunge or a shower bath.

3. Dry well with towel.

4. Clean teeth.

Dress quickly.

Clean finger nails.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Glum, moody, silent, sullen, frowning.

2. Memorize the suggestions for Home Physical Training.

TO THE TEACHER:

Test the pupils' knowledge of this.

Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTY-SECOND DAY

Among Uncle Jack's mail on the morning of October twelfth was a letter from Ben. Uncle Jack opened the letter with surprise and read:

October 11, 1914.

DEAR UNCLE JACK:

You have probably been wondering why we children have been getting home from school too late for your accustomed afternoon story, and now I can tell you that we have been practicing every day for a Columbus Day program. Belle, May, and I are going to take part in the exercises, and we all hope that you can come to our entertainment in the Assembly Hall of the school, at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of October twelfth. We hope that you will enjoy it as much as we have enjoyed practicing for it. I am enclosing a program of the exercises.

Your loving nephew,

BEN.

Uncle Jack was very much pleased to receive this invitation, and quickly unfolded the program.

This is the program of the school exercises:

COLUMBUS DAY PROGRAM

PART ONE

THE COLUMBUS STORY, A PLAY . . FIFTH GRADE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Columbus	Carter Irvine
Queen Isabella	Sylvia Jones
King Ferdinand	Bobby Orde
First Sailor	Pudgy Kincaid
Second Sailor	Sylvester Jones
Third Sailor	Billy Blue
Fourth Sailor	Johnny English
Fifth Sailor	Rodney Drake
A Page	Morton Drake
A Trumpeter	Fred Fowler
A Flag Bearer	Six other boys from the Fifth Grade
A Guard	
Four Indians	

PART TWO

RECITATION: COLUMBUS . . . JOAQUIN MILLER
Belle

RECITATION: THE BOY COLUMBUS
Ben
358

PART THREE

POSTLUDE: A SPANISH DANCE . . . THIRD GRADE
Led by May and Alice

A few minutes before half-past ten that morning Uncle Jack found a good seat on the middle aisle of the Assembly Hall of the children's school. You are now going to read what he heard and saw at the Columbus Day exercises.

THE COLUMBUS STORY*

SCENE I

Wharf scene — sailors sitting on boxes and barrels. An oar, a coiled rope, and other things suggestive of sea life about.

FIRST SAILOR: The last time that I went to Iceland we were nearly lost in a storm. If we had gone much farther west, I fear we should have come to the edge of the world; then we surely would have fallen over.

SECOND SAILOR: So you still believe that the earth is flat, do you? I have heard that some wise men are actually trying to make

*From "Colonial Plays for the Schoolroom," copyright by Educational Publishing Co., and used by their permission.

the people believe that the world is round.
(*All laugh.*)

THIRD SAILOR: Now, isn't that ridiculous when you can see the edge of it right over there? (*Points toward horizon.*) Why, how could the world be round? If that were true the people on the other side would be walking with their heads down. (*All laugh.*)

FOURTH SAILOR: To-morrow we go on a trip down the African coast. We may stop for some negro slaves before we return.

FIFTH SAILOR: Do any of you believe there is any truth in this scheme of Henry the Navigator's to reach India by sailing around this Africa?

FIRST SAILOR: Why yes, I do, although most people believe it can't be done. We've got to have a new route to India, and why not an ocean route? The Turks will surely leave us alone then.

SECOND SAILOR: Yes, we must have new routes to India. 'Tis said that the Turks grow bolder every month now. Every caravan reports some trouble that they have had with the robbers. It grows harder and harder to make up caravan trains. Few men wish

to risk their lives between the Turks and the desert.

THIRD SAILOR: I don't see, though, how Henry of Portugal expects his schemes to succeed. Does he not know that there are terrible monsters in the ocean that would swallow a ship, and who knows but that in sailing to the south they will find that dreadful place where the water boils? Indeed, I think Henry's plan very dangerous.

FOURTH SAILOR: I have been to Iceland and to Africa also, and yet no terrible monsters have I seen. To-morrow I go to Africa again and I am not afraid.

COLUMBUS: (*a barefoot boy, who has been listening intently to the sailors' stories — jumps up and stands before the fourth sailor*) O sir! Do you think that your Captain would let me sail with him to-morrow? My father is a wool-comber and we are so poor that I must do something to earn a living. I want to be a sailor more than anything else in the world.

FOURTH SAILOR: (*rising*) We'll ask the Captain, my boy. Come down to the dock with me if you are willing to work. A sailor's life is a hard one these days.

COLUMBUS: (*going out with the fourth sailor*) Indeed, I shall not mind work if I can but go.

FIFTH SAILOR: (*rising after the two have gone*) It is time we were all at the docks. It might be possible that a ship has arrived from meeting a caravan. If so, the people of Genoa will be very glad, for the bales of silk and the boxes of spices are most eagerly longed for all over western Europe.

SECOND SAILOR: Yes, let us go down and see whether the Turks have left anything.

[*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II

A student's room. A map of the known world on the wall. Other maps, charts, compasses, rules, pencils and a globe on a table. Columbus — a young man — drawing a design while consulting an open book on the table.

COLUMBUS: (*pausing in his work and looking around*) Yes, yes, it must be true. Marco Polo has seen a wonderful land where the houses are roofed with gold and even the pavements are made of gold. Think of what it would be to discover a route to such

a land! Why, I am sure, from studying all of these maps and charts, that the world must be globular, and so, if I should but sail west far enough, I could reach the east and the rich Indies. But alas! I am a poor man and it takes money to buy ships, and where could I get any sailors to go on such a trip over the great ocean? Perhaps the King of Portugal will give me men and ships. I will draw my plans carefully and present my scheme to him. Oh! if the great Navigator were only alive he would listen to me gladly.

SCENE III

The Queen of Spain is seated on her throne. Guards and courtiers grouped around her. Columbus is ushered before the throne by a page.

PAGE: (*presenting Columbus*) Christopher Columbus of Italy, your Majesty.

COLUMBUS: (*bowing low before the Queen*) Your Majesty, I crave a last audience with you in regard to my plan for reaching the Indies.

THE QUEEN: You are Christopher Columbus, the Italian from Genoa, are you not, who

has been haunting my court for seven years with some wild scheme for reaching the east by sailing west? Explain to me how and why you think such a thing possible.

COLUMBUS: Your Majesty, I will explain my plan once again. Here is an orange (*produces orange from pocket*) shaped round, as I believe the earth to be. Now here I will stick a pin for the Indies and here I will place another pin for Spain. If I start from Spain and go west but far enough, I will reach the East and the rich Indies, the wealth of which will make Spain the richest nation in the world.

THE QUEEN: Why did you not present your plan to the King of Portugal? The Portuguese, you know, are much interested in finding a route to India.

COLUMBUS: Your Majesty, I did present my scheme to Portugal and bitterly was I deceived. They took my plans and secretly sent out a ship, which went but a short distance and then returned, saying there was no land to be seen. I then took my plans and came to Spain.

THE QUEEN: Our trouble with the Moors is

practically over now, and since your friends and my old Confessor have begged me to help you, I will at last consent to fit you out with ships and men to make this perilous voyage. Yes, you shall go, even if I have to sell my jewels in order to provide for you.

COLUMBUS: (*kneeling and kissing the hem of the Queen's robe*) Noble Queen! you shall never regret the trust you have given me this day. I will bring back to you the riches of the East. Farewell, your Majesty. (*Rises and bows adieu. He must not turn his back to the Queen in retiring.*)

THE QUEEN: Farewell, Columbus, and may the saints attend thee.

SCENE IV

Throne of the King and Queen of Spain. Their Majesties seated on the throne in holiday attire. An empty chair near by. Guards and courtiers as before.

PAGE: (*enters and bows low before the King and Queen*) Columbus, the great explorer, has arrived, and comes to pay tribute to your Royal Majesties. In his train are the



COLUMBUS' THREE SHIPS, THE *PINTA*, THE *NIÑA*, AND THE *SANTA MARIA*

natives of that wonderful India that he has discovered.

KING: You may tell him that we await his coming with gladness.

PAGE: (*bowing again*) Very well, your Majesty.
[*Exit Page.*]

TRUMPETER: (*enters — blowing horn*) All hail to Columbus, the great explorer!

(Page enters with large banner on which is written — COLUMBUS, THE DISCOVERER OF THE INDIES. Behind him walks Columbus attended by a man carrying the Spanish flag. Columbus is dressed in handsome cape and wears a sword. He is followed by four Indians all carrying something from the new world: such as fur, some corn, bow and arrows, or Indian baskets. Sailors follow with a box of gold. Columbus kneels before the throne.)

ISABELLA: *(extending her hand)* Arise, honored explorer, and be seated while you tell us your story. We desire to hear about your voyage.

COLUMBUS: *(sitting in vacant chair)* I thank your Majesties for this great honor, and most gladly will I relate my story:

On the third day of August in the year 1492, I sailed from the port of Palos with three ships, the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*. My course was first directed toward the Canary Islands, which were the last known lands to the west. Beyond these islands, men called the ocean a sea of darkness, but we braved this sea and left the Canaries, though the sailors believed we

were going to our death. They wept and wailed as the last bit of land disappeared from sight.

For days and days, we sailed on, seeing no signs of land, nothing but water everywhere. At one time the sailors threatened to throw me overboard and return, but I calmed their fears and begged them to wait a little longer. Then one day we saw a thorn branch floating by, and a flock of birds flew over us. These gave us much encouragement.

On the night of October 11, I saw a light moving in the distance. At dawn, a sailor gave the glad cry of "Land!" and there on the morning of October 12, 1492, I raised the Spanish flag on shore and took possession of the land in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

This island, for such I found it to be, I called San Salvador, and it is, I am sure, but one of the islands off the mainland of India. I visited several of the islands and left a colony on one. These strange men I have with me are natives of that new land. I wish to present them to you together with my discoveries. (*Rises.*)

ISABELLA: (*rising*) A great explorer have you proved yourself, Columbus, and we gladly bestow honors upon you. Through your discoveries, Spain stands to-day the greatest nation of the world. The man who has sailed west to find the east and who has succeeded in that attempt is Spain's greatest subject. All hail to Columbus!

KING: (*rises and lifts his hand*) All hail to Columbus!

COLUMBUS*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him, not the ghost of shores,
Before him, only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

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What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now, speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —
He said: "Sail on, sail on, and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate,
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night:

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leaped like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck;
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

— *Joaquin Miller*

THE BOY COLUMBUS

"'Tis a wonderful story," I hear you say,
"How he struggled and worked and plead and prayed,
And faced every danger undismayed,
With a will that would neither break nor bend,
And discovered a new world in the end —
But what does it teach to a boy of to-day?
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course,
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:
There is nothing left for a boy to find,
If he had ever so much a mind
To become a discoverer famous;
And if we'd much rather read a book
About someone else, and the risks he took,
Why nobody, surely, can blame us."

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known —
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown
They have carried a venturing prow?

Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,
That await their discoverer's footfall; spread fair
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene

And await their Columbus securely.

There are new worlds in Science and new worlds in Art,
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart
Will discover his new world surely.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Memorize the first stanza of "Columbus."
2. Use an adjective expressing a sound to describe each of the following:

a dove

a bee

a baby

a dog

a cat

a horse

a canary

a boy

a girl

3. Ridiculous, droll, funny, silly, trifling; schemes, plans or theories of something to be done, projects, systems; **crave**, to ask with earnestness, to ask with submission or humility, to implore, to entreat.

4. Analyze the following words by separating the suffix from the stem, and give the meaning of each word *parental, humorous, healthful, republican, courageous, merciful, personal, American.*

TO THE TEACHER:

No. 4 may be oral.

Review, pp. 419-424.



FORTY-THIRD DAY

“Well, how did you like our entertainment, Uncle Jack?” asked Belle the day after the exercises.

“Very, very much. I couldn’t help thinking, when May and Alice danced so prettily, of something Sir John Suckling wrote,” was the reply.

“Who was he, Uncle Jack?” asked May.

“An English poet who lived in the seventeenth century,” was Uncle Jack’s response. “Here is part of the lyric:

'Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.'"

"That is very pretty, Uncle Jack," said Belle,—
"pretty enough to be in my commonplace book."
"That will be a very good place for it, although
your memory would be better," said Uncle Jack.
"By the way, children, I am going away on business, and may not be back until Thanksgiving, as I shall probably run down to Philadelphia to see the Army-Navy game. Before I go, however, I will give Ben the suggestions I have written out for him with regard to his practicing. Here they are:"

RELAY RUNNING

HYGIENIC HABITS:

Sufficient sleep. Avoid late hours.
Regular eating.
 (Avoid eating between meals).
Good food, all kinds.
 (No candies from street vendors).
No cigarettes.
Keep body pure and clean.

STARTING:

Know how to get on your mark : — get set, — and then, at the word, go. Do not try to beat the command. This practice should be repeated five or six times as a preliminary part of each day's training. The importance of getting a good start cannot be overestimated.

Full distance at top speed should not be run at each practice. That would soon make you stale. Short distances should be alternated with longer distances. The shorter distances of twenty to thirty yards should be run with speed. The longer distances of one hundred to one hundred and twenty yards should consist of a fast jog repeated several times for endurance.

TOUCH OFF:

The "touch-off" is most important and must be practiced daily in order to gain facility.

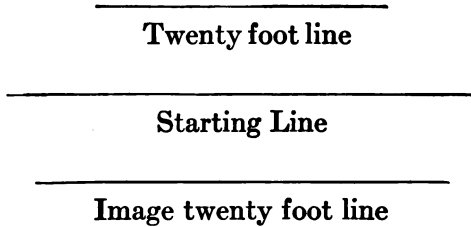
At each start a line twenty feet in advance of the starting line is marked off. This permits the next runner in the relay to get started before being touched by the last runner. If the runner fails to touch the succeeding runner, or if he fails to touch off inside the twenty foot line, a foul is committed, and the team is penalized by being disqualified.

When the runner reaches the twenty foot line on the near side of the finishing line, the succeeding

runner should start, so that he will be well under way at the time he receives the touch-off.

STARTING LINE:

The following diagram will show the starting line and the twenty foot line.



TO THE PUPIL:

1. Lyric means of or pertaining to a lyre or harp, fitted to be sung to the lyre; hence, a song.
2. Give the suggestions for relay running in your own words.
3. Write in a column the 16th group of adjectives, page 429. Consult your dictionary, and after each adjective write its antonym.

TO THE TEACHER:

Have considerable oral composition on Exercise 2, before it is committed to paper.

Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTY-FOURTH DAY

“Here,” said Uncle Jack, as the children came in, “here’s a letter from Grandpa,” and he read: —

Paris, France,
September 28, 1914.

DEAR CHILDREN,

I am just about to leave Paris for Nuremberg, where I rejoin Grandma.

I have much to tell you. Perhaps the best way to do it, is to begin at the beginning.

You must know that on the steamer coming over, there was a very sweet little child who reminded me much of our May, though her name is Elizabeth.

Elizabeth and I grew very fond of each other, and I used to tell her fairy stories. She was always interested, and always when I finished she would say: “You, humbug — and I, humbug, too!”

Miss Edith M. Thomas, the poetess, was on board, and she, too, used to tell fairy stories to Elizabeth — with the same result. So Miss Thomas wrote this poem about Elizabeth:

MISTRESS ELIZABETH

*(Respectfully offered by a friend, aboard the steamsh
Mesaba.)*

Mistress Elizabeth, most sweet
(A wind-blown blossom far at sea!)
Stands square upon her two small feet
Looks up, and speaks her mind to me, —
With dimpling cheek and eyes of blue —
“You, humbug — and I, humbug, too!”

Mistress Elizabeth, most sweet —
She has no joke so fine as this,
Which she at all times may repeat,
Even when I ask her for a kiss
(The daintiest kiss one ever knew!) —
“You, humbug — and I, humbug, too!”

Mistress Elizabeth, most sweet!
Upon this floating isle, — the ship,
This one salute to all you meet,
Though fun, upon your baby lip,
Perhaps, perhaps it is but true, —
“You, humbug — and I, humbug, too!”

Mistress Elizabeth, most sweet!
You flatter in your artless art:
For, if the sum of our deceit



Leonardo da Vinci, 1452-1519

Paris

MONNA LISA : LA GIOCONDA

Were only such as fills your heart,
Small penance would we need to do —
“You, humbug — and I, humbug, too!”

— *Edith M. Thomas*

While in London I did all the things a good American should do: visited the Tower, the Monument, Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Cathedral.

I went also to a concert, where nothing but real English songs were sung, excepting one encore, and that was a Welsh song.

I enclose a copy of the English song that pleased me best, as well as a copy of the Welsh one. Get Uncle Jack to teach them to you.

You know of course, that Leonardo da Vinci's great painting, *Monna Lisa*, was stolen from the Louvre some time ago, and has since been found in Florence. I have just found a very good copy of it, which I am sending for May's birthday. I hope she will like this picture, and that some day she, too, will see the original.

I know that you must be having pleasant days with Uncle Jack, and I hope you will write to your Grandmother and me, telling us all about them.

Your loving

GRANDFATHER.

OLD ROSIN THE BOW

Arr. by GEORGE H. GARTLAN

Old English Song



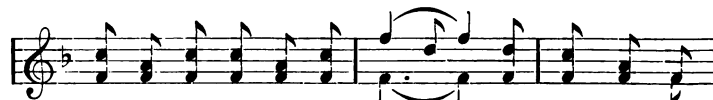
1. I've trav-el'd the wide world o-ver, And now to an -
2. Then get you a couple of tomb-stones, That all who pass
3. I feel the grim tyrant approach-ing, That cru-el, im -



oth - er I'll go; I know that good quar - ters are
by, as they go, May read in the let - ters you
plac - a - ble foe, Who spares nei - ther age nor con -



wait - ing To wel - come Old Ro - sin the Bow; To
put there, The name of Old Ro - sin the Bow; The
di - tion, Nor e - ven Old Ro - sin the Bow; Nor



wel-come Old Ros-in the Bow, . To wel-come Old
name of Old Ros-in the Bow, . The name of Old
e - ven Old Ros-in the Bow, . Nor e - ven Old



Ros - in the Bow; I know that good quar - ters are
Ros - in the Bow; May read in the let - ters you
Ros - in the Bow; Who spares nei - ther age nor con -



wait - ing To wel - come Old Ros - in the Bow.
put there The name of Old Ros - in the Bow.
di - tion, Not e - ven Old Ros - in the Bow.

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the first stanza of "Mistress Elizabeth."
2. Use an adjective expressing a motion to describe each of the following:
trees a steamboat an automobile
a snake a man an avalanche
3. Why is the parenthesis used in the first stanza?

TO THE TEACHER:

Test the pupils' knowledge of the stanza.
Exercises 2 and 3 may be oral.
Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTY-FIFTH DAY

Thanksgiving Day had come and gone, but still Uncle Jack had not come back.

As a consequence he missed this school play, in which the three children had taken part:

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING*

CHARACTERS

PRUDENCE

DO-WELL

FAITH

PILGRIM BOY

MAKEPEACE

INDIAN

SCENE

A kitchen. Two Pilgrim women working at kitchen table. One is cutting pumpkin for pies, the other mixing pie dough.

PRUDENCE: Who would think that it has been almost a year since the *Mayflower* first came to Plymouth?

* From "Colonial Plays for the Schoolroom," copyright, 1912, by the Educational Publishing Company.



PREPARING FOR THE FIRST THANKSGIVING FEAST

FAITH: Ah yes! and what a bitter time that was too. We knew not how we should live through the winter.

PRUDENCE: 'Tis well that the Governor bids us be thankful for our bountiful harvest this autumn. Methinks a thanksgiving day a most befitting way by which to show our rejoicing.

FAITH: Makepeace says that the Indians of Massachusettsit's tribe are coming to feast with us. Truly, these Indians have taught us many things and we should be glad to have them with us.

PRUDENCE: I well remember the first day that Samoset walked into our village. How frightened I was! and then when Squanto came and could talk a little English, how glad we were! Without his help, I fear we would not have learned to grow this wonderful Indian corn.

(Enter Makepeace and Do-well, also in Pilgrim costume. They carry guns over their shoulders.)

FAITH: What luck, brothers?

MAKEPEACE: Twenty wild turkeys have we killed for the feast, and Massasoit says that his Indian hunters will bring venison enough for all. The Thanksgiving will be a time of rejoicing and plenty, most surely.

DO-WELL: Methinks that we will fare better this winter with corn and beans in our granaries. I liked not the diet of clams and eels last winter.

PRUDENCE: *(sternly)* Be not ungrateful, Do-well, but glad that such food was at hand, else we surely should have starved.

MAKEPEACE: I had a talk with Captain Standish this morning and he said that the Narragansett Indians are angry with us for favor-

ing Massasoit. There may be an Indian war ere the winter is past.

FAITH: With Captain Standish as our leader, we Pilgrims need not be afraid. He is a brave and honest man and the Indians fear him greatly.

(Enter Indian in costume carrying a bowl or basket filled with pop-corn.)

PRUDENCE: Oh, how beautiful! What is it?

INDIAN: *(presenting basket)* I bring good pop-corn for children's feast.

FAITH: *(taking basket)* Oh, isn't that good! we thank you kindly.

(Enter Pilgrim Boy hurriedly.)

PILGRIM BOY: Come quickly to the meeting-house. Massasoit and his Indian warriors are there with five deer and other game. They have painted their faces in honor of the feast day to-morrow and wear many feathers in their hair.

DO-WELL: Come, let us go.

[Exit men]

FAITH: We must get these pies done to-day, but surely it will not hurt if we run over to the meeting-house for a few minutes.

PRUDENCE: No, we won't stay long, let us go.

(Prudence sets her pan of pumpkin on the table and Faith brushes the dough from her hands.)

[Exeunt both]

TO THE PUPIL:

Copy group 25, p. 428, syllabifying, and marking the accented syllable.

2. Phrase spelling:

cannon ball	has rung
sew seams	has sung
orange peel	have known
apple parings	have hidden

TO THE TEACHER:

Both exercises should be written.

Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTY-SIXTH DAY

Uncle Jack had at last returned, and the youngsters and he were sitting in the gloaming, the children having just come in from play.

Suddenly from the hearth came a chirping sound.

“What’s that?” exclaimed May.

“’Tis a cricket, lassie ” replied Uncle Jack, “and the sound brings to mind some lines written by John Keats, one of the most melodious of our English poets.”

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

The poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:

That is the grasshopper’s — he takes the lead

In summer luxury; he has never done

With his delights; for when tired out with fun,

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

— *John Keats*

There was silence after Uncle Jack had finished, broken after a while by Ben's asking, "Uncle Jack, how did you enjoy the Army and Navy football game?"

"Very much, Ben. We won. It was most exciting. Several times I found myself standing up and yelling like an Indian, while at the same time I was frantically waving my hat in the air."

"Won't you tell us about the game, Uncle Jack?" asked Belle.

"Please do, Uncle Jack," said May, "I like your stories much better than I do the multiplication table."

"All right," responded Uncle Jack. "It's too late to begin to-day, however. To-morrow you shall hear the story of the great Army and Navy game."

TO THE PUPIL:

1. Copy and memorize the first four lines of Keats's poem.
2. Copy group 27 of adjectives on p. 430 and place after each an appropriate noun.

TO THE TEACHER:

Test the pupils' knowledge of the four lines. Exercise 2 should be collected, corrected, and returned.

Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTY-SEVENTH DAY

This is the story which Uncle Jack told to the children about the Army-Navy football game:*

Out on Franklin Field [Philadelphia] thousands and thousands of Americans, from the President of the United States down, waited impatiently for the excitement of the day to begin.

On each side of the field some hundreds of seats were still left vacant. The music of a band now floated out, proclaiming that one set of seats was soon to be filled. Then in through a gate marched the Military Academy band at the head of the corps of cadets. Frantic cheers broke loose on the air, and there was a great fluttering of the black and gray banners carried by the Army's supporters in the audience. Gray and steel-like the superb corps marched across the field, and over to the seats assigned to them.

*From "Dave Darrin's Fourth Year at Annapolis" by H. Irving Hancock. Copyright by Henry Altemus Co., the publishers, and used by their permission.

Barely had the Army band ceased playing when another struck up in the distance. It was now the turn of the fine Naval Academy band to play the brigade of midshipmen on to the field. Again the air was filled with the loyal cheers that greeted the middies. . . .

“All out for practice!” called Wolgast [the middy captain]. Team men and subs. bunched, the Navy players trotted on to the field, amid a tempest of wild cheering.

No sooner had Dave Darrin halted for an instant, than he broke into a whirlwind of sprinting speed. Dan Dalzell tried to keep up with him, but found it impossible.

“Good old Darry!” yelled a hoarse voice from one of the grandstands. “That’s the way you’ll go around the end to-day!”

Some of the other Navy players were kicking a ball back and forth. The Army team was not yet on the field, but it came, a few moments later, and received a tremendous ovation from the solid ranks of its own friends.

This time Darrin barely glanced at any of the Army players. He knew that Prescott and Holmes were not there [two of the best players on the West Point team, who were not permitted

to play]. Whoever else might be interested, he was not.

Only a very few minutes were allowed for practice. During this exercise the Army and Navy bands played alternately.

Then the referee signaled the bands to stop.

Tr-r-r-rill! sounded the whistle, and Army and Navy captains trotted to the center of the field to watch the toss of the coin. Wolgast won, and awarded the kick-off to the Army.

Then the teams jogged quickly to places, and in an instant all was in readiness.

Over the spectators' seats a hush had fallen. Even the Army and Navy cheer leaders looked nearly as solemn as owls. The musicians of the two bands lounged in their seats and instruments had been laid aside. There would be no more noise until one team or the other had started to do real things.

Quick and sharp came the signal. West Point kicked and the ball was in play.

Navy's quarterback, after a short run, placed himself to seize the arching pigskin out of the air. Then he ran forward, protected by the Navy interference.

By a quick pass the ball came into Dave Dar-

rin's hands. Dalzell braced himself as he hit the strong Army line.

It was like butting a stone wall, but Darrin got through, with the aid of effective interference.

Army men bunched and tackled, but Dave struggled on. He did not seem to be exerting much strength, but his elusiveness was wonderful.

Then, after a few yards had been gained, Dave was borne to the earth, the bottom of a struggling mass, — until the referee's whistle ended the scrimmage.

Annapolis players could not help shooting keen glances of satisfaction at each other. The test had been a brief one, but now they saw that Darrin was in form, and that he could be depended upon to-day, unless severe accident came to cripple him.

Again the ball was put in play, this time going over to Farley and Page on the right end.

Only a yard did Farley succeed in advancing the ball, but that was at least a gain.

Then again came the pigskin to the left flank, and Dave fought it through the enemy's battle line for a distance of eight feet, ere he was forced to earth with it.

By this time the West Point captain was beginning to wonder what ailed his men. The cadet players themselves were worried. If the

Navy could play like this through-
looked as though Annapolis might wipe out, in
one grand and big-scored victory, the memory
of many past defeats.

“Brace up, Army!” was the word passed
through West Point’s eleven.

“Good old Darry!” chuckled Wolgast, and,
though he did not like to work Darrin too hard
at the outset, it was worth while to shake the Army
nerve as much as possible. So Wolgast signaled
quarterback to send the ball once more by
Midshipman Dave.

Another seven yards was gained by Darrin. The
West Point men were gasping, more from chagrin
than from actual physical strain. Was it going to
prove impossible to stop these mad Navy rushes?

Then Wolgast, as he saw Dave limp slightly,
decided, much against his will, upon working Page
and Farley a little harder just at present. So back
the ball traveled to the right flank.

Even while the line-up was making, however,
the Navy cheermaster started a triumphant ye’
in which nearly eight hundred midshipmen join
with all their lung power.

Of course, the Army cheermaster came b
with a stirring West Point yell, but one spect

behind the side lines, turned and bawled at the Army cheerleader:

"That's right, young man! Anything on earth to keep up your crowd's courage!"

In the laugh that followed, many a gray-clad cadet joined simply because he could not help himself.

"If we don't break at some point it's all ours to-day," Wolgast was informing the players nearest him. "I've never seen Darry so wildly capable as he is right now. The demon of victory seems to have seized him."

Dave's limp had vanished. He was ready for work — aching for it. Wolgast worked his left flank once more, and the Army was sorely pressed.

"Brace up, Army!" was the word passing again among the West Point men. Douglass, captain of the Army team, was scolding under his breath.

But straight on Darrin and Dalzell worked the ball. It was when Wolgast decided to rest his left that Farley and Page came in for more work. These two midshipmen were excellent football men, but the Army's left was well defended. The Navy lost the ball on downs. But the Army boys were sweating, for the Navy was now within nine yards of their goal line.

The Army fought it back, gaining just half a

yard too little in three plays, so the ball came back to the blue and gold ranks of the Navy.

“Brace, Army!” was the word that Cadet Douglass passed. “And look out, on the right, for Darrin and Dalzell!”

There was a feint of sending the ball to Farley, but Darrin had it instead. The entire Army line, however, was alert for this very trick. Playing in sheer desperation, the cadets stopped the midshipmen when but a yard and a half had been gained. With the next play the gain was but half a yard. The third play was blocked, and once more the cadets received the pigskin.

Both Army and Navy cheermasters now refrained from inviting din. Those of the spectators who were for the Army were now silent, straining their vision and holding their breath. It began to look, this year, as though the Navy could do with the Army as it pleased.

Wolgast lined his men up for a fierce onslaught. Darrin and Dalzell, panting, looked like a pair who would die in their tracks ere allowing the ball to go by them.

In a moment more the Army signal was being called out crisply. The whistle sounded, and both elevens were in instant action.

But the cadets failed to get through. The middies were driving them back. In sheer desperation the cadet with the ball turned and dropped behind the Army goal line — a safety.

Just at this point, a bell rang.

“Oh, Uncle Jack!” cried May. “It’s dinner time! What a shame!”

“Well, well,” laughed Uncle Jack, “that is a good place in the story to stop, and if Mother should decide that we haven’t time after dinner to finish, I promise to tell you the rest to-morrow.”

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Alternately** means one after the other, so as to succeed or follow by turn, (as the tide rising and falling); **effective**, efficient, efficacious, successful; **exerting**, putting forth strength, force or ability; **elusiveness**, quality of being able to slip away or escape; **demon**, see *fiend*, already defined; **feint**, that which is feigned, a pretense, stratagem, a make-believe; **alert**, watchful, moving with celerity, prompt, quick, agile, lively, brisk; **sheer**, utter.

TO THE TEACHER:

Review, pp. 419-424.

FORTY-EIGHTH DAY

On the next afternoon, Uncle Jack began the story early, so that there would surely be time enough to finish it. This is what he told:

All at once the Navy band chopped out a few swift measures of triumphant melody.

The entire brigade of midshipmen cheered under its cheermaster. Thousands of blue and gold Navy banners fluttered through the stands.

That safety had counted two on the score for the Navy.

Given breathing time, the Army now brought the ball out toward midfield, and once more the savage work began. The Navy had gained ten yards, when the timekeeper signaled the end of the first period.

As the players trotted off the Navy was exultant, the Army depressed. Captain Douglass was scowling.

"You fellows will have to brace!" he snapped.

"Are you going to let the little middies run over us?"

"I shall have no bad feeling, suh, if you think it well to put a fresh man in my place, suh," replied Cadet Anstey.

"Hang it, I don't want a man in your place!" retorted Douglass angrily. "I want you, and every other man, Anstey, to do each better work than was done in that period. Hang it, fellows, the middies are making sport of us."

Among the Navy players there was not so much talk. All were deeply contented with events so far.

"I've no remarks to make, fellows," Captain Wolgast remarked. "You are all playing real football."

"At any rate Darry and his grinning twin are," chuckled Jetson. "My, but you can see the hair rise on the Army right flank when Darry and Danny leap at them!"

In the second period, which started off amid wild yelling from the onlookers, the Army fought hard and fiercely, holding back the Navy somewhat. During the period two of the cadets were so badly hurt that the surgeons ordered them from the field. Two fresh subs. came into the eleven, and after

that the Army seemed endowed with a run of better luck. The second period closed with no change in the score, though at the time of the timekeeper's interference the Navy had the ball within eleven yards of the Army goal line.

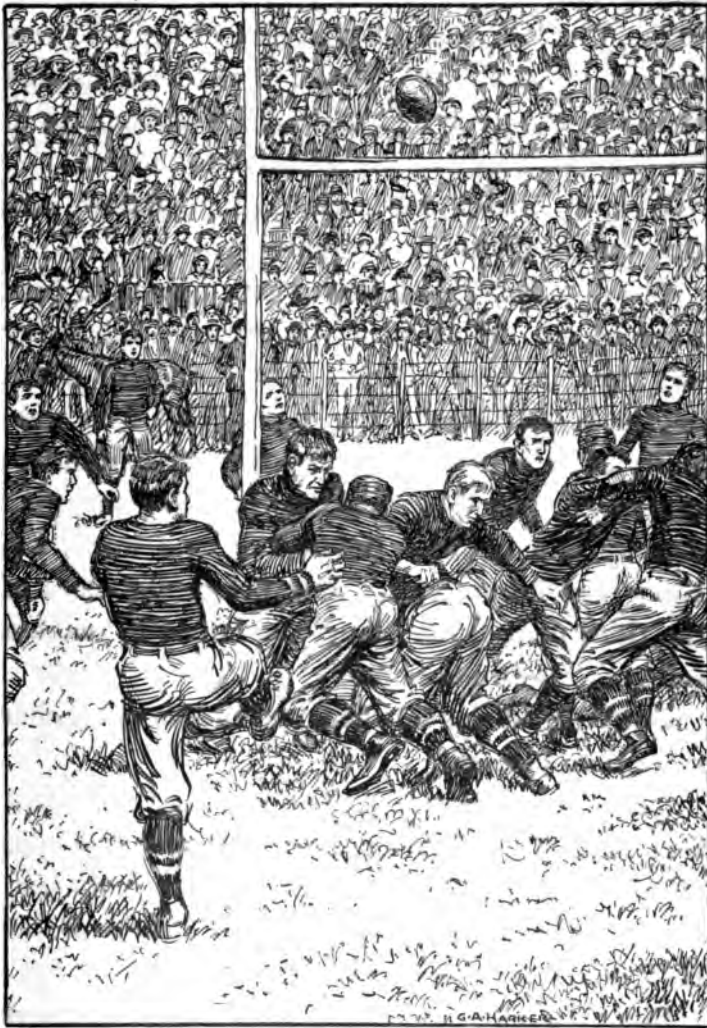
"We've got the Navy stopped, now, I think," murmured Douglass to his West Point men. "All we've got to do now is to keep 'em stopped."

"If they don't break our necks, or make us stop from heart failure, suh," replied Cadet Anstey, with a grimace.

"We've got the Army tired enough. We must go after them in the third period," announced Captain Wolgast.

But this did not happen until the third time that the Navy got the pigskin. Then Darrin and Dalzell, warned, began to run the ball down the field. Here a new feint was tried. When the Navy started in motion every Army man was sure that Wolgast was going to try to put through a center charge.

It was but a ruse, however. Darrin had the pigskin, and Dalzell was boosting him through. The entire Navy line charged with the purpose of one man. There came the impact, and then the Army line went down. Darrin was charging,



WOLGAST HIMSELF MADE THE KICK TO FOLLOW

Dalzell and Jetson running over all who got in the way. The half back on that side of the field was dodged. Dalzell and Jetson bore down on the victim at the same instant, and Dave, running to the side like a flash, had the ball over the line.

Wolgast himself made the kick to follow, and the score was now eight to nothing.

The applause that followed was enough to turn wiser heads. When play was resumed the Army was fighting mad. It was now victory or death for the soldier boys. The West Point men were guilty of no fouls. They played squarely and like gentlemen, but they cared nothing for snapping muscles and sinews. Before the mad work, the Navy was borne back. Just before the close of the third period, the Navy was forced to make a safety on its own account.

But Wolgast was satisfied, and the Navy coaches more than pleased.

"There's a fourth period coming," Wolgast told himself. "But for Darry and his splendid interference the Army would get our scalp yet. Darry looks to be all right, and I believe he is. He'll hold out for the fourth."

Eight to two, and the game three-quarters finished! The Army cheerleader did his duty,

but did it half dejectedly, the cadets following with rolling volumes of noise intended to mask sinking hearts. When it came the Navy's turn to yell, the midshipmen risked the safety of their windpipes. The Naval Academy Band was playing with unwonted joy.

"Fellows, nothing on earth will save us but a touchdown and a kick," called Douglass desperately, when he got his West Point men aside. "That will tie the score. It's our best chance to-day."

"Unless, suh," gravely observed Anstey, "we can follow that by driving the midshipmen into a safety."

"And we could do even that, if we had Prescott and Holmesy here," thought Douglass, with sinking heart. He was careful not to repeat that sentiment audibly.

"Holmesy ought to be here to-day, and working," growled one of the Army subs. "He's a sneak just to desert on Mr. Prescott's account."

"None of that!" called Doug sharply.

The Army head coach came along, talking quietly but forcefully to the all but discouraged cadets. Then he addressed himself to Douglass, explaining what he thought were next to the weakest points in the Navy line.

"You ought to be able to save the score yet, Mr. Douglass," wound up the coach.

"I wish some one else had the job!" sighed Doug to himself.

"Fellows, the main game that is left," explained Wolgast to the midshipmen, "is to keep West Point from scoring. As to our points, we have enough now — though more will be welcome."

Play began in the fourth period. At first it was nip and tuck, neck and neck. But the Army braced up and put the pigskin within sixteen yards of the Navy's goal line. Then the men from Annapolis seemed suddenly to wake up. Darrin, who had had little to do in the last few plays, was now sent to the front again. Steadily, even brilliantly, he, Dalzell and Jetson figured in the lime-light plays. Yard after yard was gained, while the Army eleven shivered.

At last it came to the inevitable. The Army was forced to use another safety. Stinging under the sense of defeat, the cadet players put that temporary chance to such good advantage that they gradually got the pigskin over into Naval territory. But there the midshipmen held it until the timekeeper interposed.

The fourth period — and the game — was over.

West Point had gone down in a memorable, stinging defeat. The Navy had triumphed, ten to two.

What a crash came from the Naval Academy Band! Yet the Military Academy Band, catching the spirit and the tune, joined in, and both bands blared forth, the musicians making themselves heard faintly through all the tempest of huzzas.

Dave Darrin smiled faintly as he hurried away from the field. All his personal interest in football had vanished. He had played his last game of football and was glad that the Navy had won; that was about all.

Yet he was not listless — far from it. On the contrary, Dave fairly ran to dressing quarters, hustled under a shower and then began to towel and dress.

For out in the audience, well he knew, had sat Belle Meade and her mother.

“Darry, you’re a wonder!” cried Wolgast. “Every time to-day that we called upon you, you were ready with the push.”

But Dave, rushing through his dressing, barely heard this and the other praise that was showered on him.

"I'll get along before assembly time, Davy," whispered Dan Dalzell.

"Come along now," Dave called back.

"Oh, no! I know that you and Belle want some time to yourselves," murmured Dalzell wisely. "I'll get along at the proper time."

Dave didn't delay to argue. He stepped briskly outside, then into the field, his eyes roving over the thousands of spectators who still lingered. At last a waving little white morsel of a handkerchief rewarded Darrin's search.

"Oh, you did just splendidly to-day!" was Belle's enthusiastic greeting, as Dave stepped up to the young lady and her mother. "I've heard plenty of men say that it was all Darrin's victory."

"Yes; you're the hero of Franklin Field, this year," smiled Mrs. Meade.

"Laura Bentley and her mother didn't come over?" Dave inquired presently.

"No; of course not — after the way that the cadets used Dick Prescott," returned Belle. "Wasn't it shameful of the cadets to treat a man like Dick in that fashion?"

"I have my opinion, of course," Dave replied moodily, "but it's hardly for a midshipman to criticize the cadets for their administration of in-

ternal discipline in their own corps. The absence of Prescott and Holmes probably cost the Army the game to-day."

"Not a bit of it!" Belle disputed warmly. "Dave, don't belittle your own superb work in that fashion! The Army would have lost to-day if the West Point eleven had been made up exclusively of Prescotts and Holmeses!"

As Belle spoke thus warmly her gaze wandered, resting, though not by intent, on the face of a young Army officer passing at that moment.

"If the remark was made to me, miss," smiled the Army officer, "I wish to say that I wholly agree with you. The Navy's playing was the most wonderful that I ever saw."

Dave, in the meantime, had saluted, standing at attention until the Army officer had passed.

"There!" cried Belle triumphantly. "You have it from the other side, now — from the enemy."

"Hardly from the enemy," replied Dave, laughing. "Between the United States Army and the United States Navy there can never be a matter of enmity. Annually, in football, the Army and Navy teams are opponents — rivals perhaps — but never enemies."

TO THE PUPIL:

1. **Exultant** and **depressed** are antonyms. If *joyous* is a synonym for *exultant*, what is a synonym for *depressed*? **Endowed** means furnished, given; **ruse**, stratagem, feint, trick; **impact**, coming together, blow; **unwonted**, unaccustomed, not used to; **temporary**, for a short time; **inevitable**, that cannot be helped, sure to happen.

2. Write down four adjectives that would help to describe an ideal American.

TO THE TEACHER:

Exercise 2 should be taken up orally after each pupil has written down his four adjectives.

FORTY-NINTH DAY

It was Christmas Day. Santa Claus had left a fine fir tree, beautifully decorated, and filled with all kinds of suitable presents for everybody. Mid-day dinner was over, and all were gathered in the sitting room to enjoy still further the pretty Christmas tree.

“Uncle Jack, let’s sing Grandpa’s Welsh song,” said Belle.

“Let us all sing!” answered Uncle Jack, rising and walking over to the piano.

THE ASH GROVE



1. Down yon-der green val - ley where streamlets me - an - der,
- 2 Still glows the bright sunshine o'er val - ley and mountain,



When twi - light is fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly rove;
Still war - bles the black-bird its note from the tree;



Or at the brightmoontide, in sol - i - tude wan-der
Still trembles the moon-beam on streamlet and foun-tain,



A - mid the dark shades of the lone-ly Ash Grove.
But what are the beau-ties of na-ture to me?



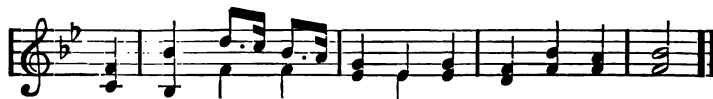
'Twas there, while the black-bird was cheer-ful - ly sing-ing,
With sor - row, deep sor - row, my bos - om is la - den,



I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart.
All day I go mourn-ing in search of my love.



A - round us for glad-ness the blue-bells were ring-ing;
Ye ech - oes, oh! tell me, where is the dear maid-en?



Ah! then lit - tle thought I how soon we should part.
She sleeps 'neath the green turf, down by the Ash Grove.

“I am going to write to Grandpa and Grandma to-day,” said Belle, “and I can tell them how we



SINGING GRANDPA'S WELSH SONG ON CHRISTMAS DAY

sang Grandpa's song on Christmas day, with him and Grandma in our hearts."

"That is very thoughtful of you, little girl," said Uncle Jack. "And now, I think it is a good time to read the Christmas letter written by Grandpa's friend, Dr. Henry van Dyke, to all public school children. Belle, I am sure Grandpa would like to know about our reading Dr. van Dyke's letter as well as about our singing his own Welsh song."

"I'll tell him that, too, Uncle Jack," answered Belle. "What is Dr. van Dyke's letter?"

In reply, Uncle Jack began to read:

A CHRISTMAS GREETING FROM DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

Here's a Merry Christmas to you, girls and boys of the public schools!

I know you come from many different lands and races and have been brought up in many different creeds. But you all belong to America now, and twenty years from now America will belong to you and other boys and girls like you. The old people will have disappeared, and the children who are in the schools to-day will be the owners and rulers of the country. So I wish you all a Merry Christmas now, in the days of your youth.

What does that mean? Think about it for a little while.

Certainly it means that joy, — clean, pure, honest

merriment — is good for people. It is better than medicine for the health. It helps the soul and the body to grow. I would not trust a boy or a girl who could not laugh. But I could not love one who laughed at the pain or shame of others. It you want to grow up, and not down, you must find happiness in wholesome things, and you must share it with others. Isn't that the first and simplest meaning of a Merry Christmas?

Another meaning is this: it is more blessed to give than to receive. Christmas has become the general festival of gifts. Some of them are large and costly, others are little and of small money value. But none of them is worth anything at all unless the heart of the giver goes with it. Then, the giving is a merry thing just because it does you good to feel that you can add something, however little, to the happiness of others.

But there is another and a broader meaning in Merry Christmas. It means good will to all. Even where there are no gifts, — and think how few there are in this great, big world to whom we can make them, — this season of the year brings us the chance to express a friendly feeling and a kind wish for the welfare of everybody. People talk about fraternity, — brotherhood. That is what fraternity means; to wish good to other people. Of course, the wish is a helpless thing without the deeds to follow it. But you will never find the right deeds unless, first of all, you have the kind wish. Ask

yourself, then, whether you really wish well to your parents and your brothers and sisters and all the other folks. For good will is the biggest part of a Merry Christmas.

Now, you see, all this lies outside of the region of the law. Nobody can compel you to do it. Nobody can forbid you to do it. It really belongs to the region of religion. And in this country we say that no laws must be made about religion; everybody must be free to follow the dictates of heart and conscience. But you understand that the best part, and the most important part, of this human life of ours always lies beyond the reach of the laws. You may change them and improve them ever so much, and yet the world will not really be much happier or better off, unless you and I and the other folks are kinder and more generous and more helpful. And the only thing that will bring that about is an influence inside of our hearts, — something that we call faith, and hope, and love.

So, if you are going to keep Christmas, my last wish for you is that this influence may come into the holidays for you. Whatever your church or creed may be, may your first thought on Christmas day be one of thankfulness and your first action be one of kindness! Then you will understand how good it is to be merry in the right way, — the Christmas way.

Sincerely your friend,
HENRY VAN DYKE.

As Uncle Jack drew near the close of the reading, he was forced to turn the page toward the light, for dusk was falling. When he finished the letter, Mother said, "Ben, it is getting so dark that I think we might have the curtains drawn and the gas lighted."

"Oh, Mother," said Belle, "before Ben lights the gas, may I recite my new poem, — the one I have been learning for Christmas evening?"

"Certainly, Belle," replied Mother, "and I am sure twilight will be more suitable than gaslight as the setting for your recitation."

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

— *Longfellow*

ADDENDA

Teachers should strive to set proper standards [in phonics] by persistent use of clear cut and correct speech. Moreover, they should be able to justify the time spent by the class in this subject by the increased clearness and accuracy of the pupils' speech. A phonic element or combination taught to and not absolutely mastered by the pupils had better not have been taught at all. Toleration of colloquial and slovenly speech by a single teacher in the group is absolutely fatal to general progress.

—GRADY

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR PHONIC WORK

A good device by which to get quality of tone and purity of enunciation is to combine the phonic exercises with physical drill, with breathing exercises, and sometimes with music. It has been proved that this device develops the power of attention, to a marked degree. A treatment of it may be found in the Teachers' Manual of the Second Year (*Sea-Brownie Readers*). Following is a résumé for the class:

1. Stand erect. Raise the arms slowly till the backs of the hands meet overhead, inhaling slowly through the nostrils, the lips closed. Drop the arms slowly to the sides, at the same time making a long, slow exhalation.
2. Stand erect. Arms extended sideways, palms down; inhale. Hands reversed; exhale.
3. Similar to 2. Turn head slowly to right or left, inhaling; turn the head to the front with the exhaling breath.
4. Similar to 2, rising on tiptoes.
5. Inhale! Hold! Inhale again! Exhale! with *f*, *v*, *sh*, *zh*, or *th*, or the table:

BREATHING EXERCISE

br	ber	bl	ba
cr	cer	cl	be
dr	der	dl	bi
fr	fer	fl	bo
gr	ger	gl	bu
pr	per	pl	boy
tr	ter	spl	bow
str	ster		

6. Inhale! Hold! Exhale, hold, exhale! Inhale, hold, inhale. Exhale and whisper the alphabet or any part of the following tables. Remember that the sounds must be made by the pupil while he is *exhaling*.

SQUARE TABLES

ă	ě	ŷ	ð	ŭ	ā	ē	ī	ō	ū
ab	eb	ib	ob	ub	abe	ebe	ibe	obe	ube
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc	ace	ece	ice	oce	uce
ad	ed	id	od	ud	ade	ede	ide	ode	ude
af	ef	if	of	uf	afe	efe	ife	ofe	ufe
ag	eg	ig	og	ug	age	ege	ige	oge	uge
ack	eck	ick	ock	uck	ake	eke	ike	oke	uke
al	el	il	ol	ul	ale	ele	ile	ole	ule
am	em	im	om	um	ame	eme	ime	ome	ume
an	en	in	on	un	ane	ene	ine	one	une
ap	ep	ip	op	up	ape	epe	ipe	ope	upe
as	es	is	os	us	ase	ese	ise	ose	use
at	et	it	ot	ut	ate	ete	ite	ote	ute
av	ev	iv	ov	uv	ave	eve	ive	ove	uve
					āre	ere	ire	ore	ure
ă	ě	ŷ	ð	ŭ					
an	en	in	on	un					
ang	eng	ing	ong	ung					
ank	enk	ink	onk	unk					

LINEAR TABLES

br	ber	sp	bl	ble	ou	ow	wh
cr	ker	st	cl	cle	oi	oy	th
dr	der	sc	dl	dle	ai	ay	ch
fr	fer	spr	fl	fle	ea	ee	sh
gr	ger	str	gl	gle	ew	oo	
pr	per	scr	pl	ple	ew	ū	
tr	ter	sm	sl	sle	er	ir	ur
	mer	sn	tl	tle	ōw	ō	oa
	ner				ook	ood	ould
	ser						
	ver						
	ler						
	her						
all	aw	ight	old	other	any	ind	ful
						or	ar
						y	ȳ
						w	

CONSONANT CHART

PHONICS COMPARISON TABLE

Sounds in the Same Horizontal Row Have the Same, or Nearly the Same, Position of the Vocal Organs.

<i>Breath</i>	<i>Voice</i>	<i>Nasal</i>
p	b	m
t	d	n l r
f	v	
s }		
c }	z	
k		
e } eh (chorus) }	g	ng
th (thin)	th (then)	
ch (chin; arch) }	j	
tch (watch) }		
wh	w	
sh	zh (azure)	
h		

To teach the pupil to differentiate breath, voice, and nasal sounds by touch: With his hand on his throat he can feel no motion when breath sounds are emitted by him, but he can when voice sounds are sent out. The nasal sounds may be felt by placing the first two fingers alongside the nose, with the tip of the thumb at the throat.

SOME PHONIC MISTAKES TO BE AVOIDED

Pŭ for *p* (blow out a candle); dŭ for *d*; wŭ for *w* (oo); whŭ for *wh* (blow an imaginary feather-hoo); f for *th* (place the tongue between the teeth and send the breath or voice over it); tŭ for *t*; kŭ for *k*.

Improper breathing will cause mistakes; sound on the expiration.

In sounding the hissing *s* and hushing *sh*, the breath must flow over the point of the tongue. Therefore, the tip must not touch the front palate or the teeth, or a lisp will result.

In sounding *l*, the tip of the tongue must touch the anterior part of the hard palate just at the gums, or the proper ringing sound will be lacking.

In sounding *ing*, the tip of the tongue must not be lowered, otherwise the nasal quality will be lost.

Following are the pages in the Finger-Play Reader, Part I, in which certain sounds are explained: *m*, 3 and 12; *s*, 2; *ee*, 12; *n*, 12; *p*, 14; *h*, 24; *l*, 30; *ay*, 34; *wh*, 40; *w*, 44.

Have the pupils use a mirror when practising.

Oral gymnastics should be indulged in when necessary.

If you have a class of foreign-born children, you will have to combat many peculiarities in the action of their vocal organs, which have become fixed through many years' practice in their native tongue. Let each pupil use the mirror in these exercises, as this will be found helpful.

EXERCISES FOR ORAL GYMNASTICS

1. Projection of the tongue as far as possible anteriorly.
2. Movement of the tongue freely within the buccal cavity.
3. By order: Tongue between teeth; tip of the tongue at top of the upper teeth; tip of tongue at roof of mouth. To be done slowly at first, and then gradually more rapidly.
4. Open the mouth wide (two fingers). Say, *ah*, *ee*, *oo*, slowly.
5. Move the lower jaw from side to side.

These exercises, used sufficiently, will give flexibility where needed; a few minutes' practice each day on the square and linear phonic tables (*see p. 420*) will not only give accuracy in enunciation, but will also attune the pupils' ears to nice distinctions in speech.

The teacher should always use the pitch pipe in this exercise. Sound either D flat or C, and have the pupils make their responses in the tone you have given. Occasionally, the scale may be sung, using one of the phonograms instead of Do, Re, Mi, Fa, etc. The exercise may also be varied by asking the pupils to sing the phonogram in intervals which the teacher dictates or places on the board in musical notation; as, 1-3-5-8; 2-4-6; or 1-5-8, etc.

Sing slowly



Ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung,



ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung, ung.

Quality of tone very soft and pure. Pronounce final consonants very clearly, even if exaggerated. Use the phonogram selected by the teacher.

WORDS TO BE PRACTISED FOR PRONUNCIATION

DICTIONARY MARKINGS:

courtesy	(kûr' tẽ sỹ)	elementary	(ẽl' ẽ mẽn' tà rỹ)
athlete	(ãth' lêt)	compulsory	(kõm pũl' sỏ rỹ)
mosquito	(mỗs kẽ tỗ)	cereal	(sẽ' rẽ al)
corpse	(kỏps)	licorice	(lĩk' ỏ rĩs)
route	(rỏot or rout)	English	(ĩn' glĩsh) (<u>n</u> like ng)
envelope	(ẽn' vẻl ỏp or ẽn' ve lỏp')	dessert	(dẻz zẻt')
government	(gũv' ẻn ment)	depot	(dẻ' pỏ; <i>French</i> , dỏ pỏ)
parochial	(pỏ rỏ' kĩ al)	boundary	(bound' ỏ rỹ)
swollen	(swỏl' 'n)	gesture	(jẻs' tũr)
recognize	(rẻk' ỏg nĩz)	diploma	(dĩ plỏ' mã)
colonel	(kỏr' nel)	draught	(drỏft)
yacht	(yỏt)	drought	(drout)
lilac	(lĩ' lak)		

This list is used through the courtesy of Dr. James Lee, District Superintendent of Schools, New York City.

DIACRITICAL MARKINGS:

brỏn ẻhĩ' tĩs	dỏc' ỉle	fỏrt' nĩght	dẻ' mỏn
drỏ' mã or drỏ' mã	jũ' vẻ nẻle	lĩ' lac	nỏpe
mỏs cỏn' strẻe	nỏ' sỏl	ỏ' ỏ sẻs	pỏr' ẻnt
pẻ' ỏ nẻ	pỏ' ẻm	fiẻnd	rẻ' al ỉỹ

WORD CHOICE:

The italicized word in each of the following sentences is wrongly used. Put the proper word from the given lists in its place.

let
leave

like
as

can
may

those
them

sweet
sweetly

1. It is not so good *like* mine.
2. *Leave* me go, please.
3. *Can* I leave the room?
4. He gave me *them* books.
5. The candy tastes *sweetly*.

FOREIGN IDIOMS

If the class is addicted to the use of foreign idioms, the teacher should strive to cure this defect. When a pupil uses a foreign idiom, an effort should be made to get him to restate it in correct form. Thus, for "It stood in the paper," "I find this in the paper," or some equivalent expression. When the following exercise is found necessary, the pupils should be asked to use the English equivalents, or paraphrases, of the foreign idioms.

FOREIGN IDIOMS

I didn't was there.
 I didn't help it.
 I couldn't mean it.
 I didn't do him nothing.
 I kill him every night.
 Who'll pay the eats?
 Who'll pay the house?
 He gave me such a clap!
 My foot sticks me.
 I'm going by my aunt on a ball.
 Clap on the door!
 I am getting ten years.
 I bought it by Harper's.
 He made me a punch.
 Yesterday night.
 To-day night.
 Over yesterday.
 Over to-morrow.
 A ring from sure gold.
 He behinds my pencils.
 A pencil fails.
 It fails a pencil.
 My mother says like this, I must
 stay at home.
 Knock it in the basket.
 Till I ate my supper, it's late already.
 He peddles with apples.
 I will play with you basket-ball.
 He extra did that.
 He went the stairs up.

ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS

I wasn't there.
 I couldn't help it.
 I didn't mean it.
 I didn't hurt him.
 I punish him every night.
 Who will pay for food?
 Who will pay the rent?
 He struck me!
 My foot hurts me.
 I'm going to a ball with my aunt.
 Knock on the door.
 I am ten years old.
 I bought it at Harper's.
 He punched me.
 Last night.
 To-night.
 Day before yesterday.
 Day after to-morrow.
 A real gold ring.
 He hides my pencil.
 A pencil short.
 " "
 My mother says that I must stay
 home.
 Throw it into the basket.
 When I ate my supper, it was late.
 He peddles apples.
 I will play basket-ball with you.
 He did that also.
 He went up the stairs.

VOCABULARY

FIFTH YEAR, FIRST HALF

1	a void az ure bal dric	cit a del cit i zen clut tered co in ci dence com bat ants com bi na tions com mon com pet i tor	9	dis port ing di ver sion dog ged ly donned doubt less dra ma dunes ed i ble e lu sive ness e merge
	4			
ab rupt ac cept a ble a cet y lene ac rid ad age ad ja cent ad join ing a ghash al ders a lert	blob bot a nist bowl der break wa ter bronze bul warks bum per buoys ca lam i ty cal i ber	7		
2	5	com pre hen sion con scious con spir a tors cor o ner cor po ral cour te sies cov et ed crag crisp ly cruise	10	en dowed en er get ic al ly e ter nal et i quette ex al ta tion ex ert ing ex haus tion ex ploit ex plored ex qui site ly
al ter am a t eur am pler an i mos i ty an nals an tag o nist an ti ci pa tion a pol o gy ap par a tus ap par ent ly	Cape Cod ca reer ing Cas co Bay ce ler i ty cen ten ni al cen ti ped cer e mo ny cha grin char ac ter is tic chauf feur	8		
3	6	cum ber cu po la dazed de fi ance de mon de pressed des per a tion de vice dis par ag ing dis perse	11	ex ter mi nate ex ult ant feint fiend film y for age for eign ers
ar bor ar dent as signed au di bly au di to ri um au to mat ic al ly av a lanche	chest nut Chris to pher Co-lum bus			

for ti fi ca tions	15	me rid i an	Port land
free board		mi nute	Por tu gal
freight	in quir y	mod i fy	Por tu guese
	in spi ra tion	Mont gom er y	pos ter i ty
	in tent ly	Mont re al	
12	in ter vals	moored	22
ga ble	in ter ven ing	move ment	pred a to ry
Gael	in ti mate	Nar ra gan sett	pred e ces sor
ges tures	Irv ing, Wash ing-		pre lim i na ry
gin ger ly	ton		pre lude
glim mer	It a ly	19	pre scribed
glob u lar	James town	nau tic al	pre sump tion
grad u a ted	Jer e mi ah	not a ble	pri va teer ing
gre nades		nox ious	priv i leged
gren a diers	16	nudg ing	pro pel
grist	jest	oc cu pant	pro pose
	keen	om i nous	
	kilts	op po nents	23
13	knots	op tion	pros trate
gur gle	La chine	or ni thol o gist	prov en der
Hal i fax	land lub bers	os ten ta tion	Prov ince town
hap haz ard	lat i tude		prun ing knife
hav oc	lease	20	quaffed
haws ers	Lev is	Ot ta wa	quar ter mas ter
hem lock	Lis bon	o va tion	Que bec
his tor ic		pal a ta ble	quirk
hoar y		par al lel	rack
Holmes, Ol i ver	17	Par lia ment	rake
Wen dell	lobed	pars ley	
hos pi tal i ty	lon gi tude	phan tom	
	hull	phy sique	
	lured	pic tur esque	24
14	lurk ing place	pi rate	re belled
hud dle	lyr ic		re cline
im ag i na ry	Ma chi as		reel ing
im pact	mag nif i cent	21	re lent less
im pet u ous	mag ni fied	plea	re luc tant ly
im press ive	ma nip u la ting	Ply mouth	re strict ed
im pulse		poise	re tort ed
in ces sant	18	poi son	rev e nue
In dies	mel an chol y	pol len	ri dic u lous
in cv i ta ble	mem o ra ble	pop lar	ro dent
in hale			

25	sou ve nir Span ish	sy rin ga tan a ger ta pir tem po ra ry Ten ny son throes	va cant val or ve hi cle verge ver ti cal vi ands vil lain ous Vir gin i a
route ruse sa ble scan ning schemes schoon er seine sen si tive sheer shoal	27 spec tral spin drift spume squall sta ple sta tion a ry stealth y St. John St. Law rence Stowe, Har ri et Beech er	29 thwart ti mid i ty tot ter treach er ous tri o tri umph tri um phant triv i al tro phy ty ran nic al	31 void vo tive wan West min ster Ab- bey whim per whorl Wolfe woo ing Wy o ming
26 si mul ta ne ous ly sin is ter site sleuths Soc ra tes so lil o quy som ber South Ca ro li na	28 stud ded su mac su pe ri or i ty sym bol	30 um bel un wont ed	

A LIST OF THE ADJECTIVES USED THUS FAR IN THE SERIES

1	angry anxious ashamed astonished Augean azure backward bad beautiful	bonny bright bronze brown busy	5 close-fisted cloudy cold comfortable common conscious correct courteous cozy crafty
2	2 Biblical big black blind blue	4 calm capable careful careless centennial charming Chinese chubby clear clever	6 crestfallen crooked cruel
ampler (comp. de- gree)			

curious	10	impetuous	manly
dangerous		impolite	many
dark	fifty	important	mean
dazed	filmy	impossible	melancholy
deaf	fine		memorable
dear	first	14	merry
defiant	foolish	impressive	minute
	foreign	impure	miserable
7	fragrant	incessant	
delicious	French	industrious	18
delighted	furious	inevitable	
depressed	gentle	innocent	miserly
desolate		inquisitive	narrow
difficult	11	insolent	naughty
dirty	globular	intimate	nautical
disagreeable	golden	invisible	necessary
disparaging	good		new
divine	gradual	15	noble
dreadful	grateful	Italian	notable
	gray	Japanese	noxious
8	great	jealous	obedient
dreary	greedy	jolly	
drowsy	green	joyous	19
dull	grimy	juicy	
Dutch		just	odd
eager	12	keen	old
economical	gusty	kind	ominous
edible	handsome	lame	painful
eighth	happy		palatable
eleventh	heavy	16	pathetic
elusive	high	large	patriotic
	historic	late	peremptory
9	hoary	lazy	perfect
empty	horrible	lifeless	persistent
English	huge	light	
evil	hungry	little	20
extravagant		lonely	
exultant	13	long	phantom
false	idle	loud	picturesque
fat	ill	loyal	polite
few	imaginary		poor
fierce	immense	17	powerful
fiery	immortal	lucky	precious
	impatient	magnificent	predatory
			preliminary

pretty privileged	salty scarce	stupid sweet	27
			vain
			vast
		25	vertical
21	23	tall	victorious
prodigious	sensitive	tawny	villainous
proud	shallow	temporary	votive
pure	sharp	tender	wan
quaint	sheer	thick	weak
queer	shoal	thirsty	wealthy
quick	sinister	thrifty	weary
radiant	sleepy	tight	
rational	slender	tiny	
reckless	small	triumphant	28
red	soft		
		26	weird
			wicked
22	24	trivial	wide
		true	wild
relay	somber	tyrannical	wilted
relentless	Spanish	uncanny	wise
rich	spectral	uncomfortable	wistful
ridiculous	stationary	ungrateful	wonderful
righteous	stealthy	unhappy	wondrous
rosy	stormy	unlucky	yellow
rustic	straight	unwonted	
sable	strong	vacant	

TYPES OF SENTENCES

There are four types of sentence:

- (a) showing what things do; as, *The boy strikes.*
- (b) showing what is done to things; as, *The boy is struck.*
- (c) showing the quality of things; as, *That poem is beautiful.*
- (d) showing what things are; as, *Samson was a strong man.*



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